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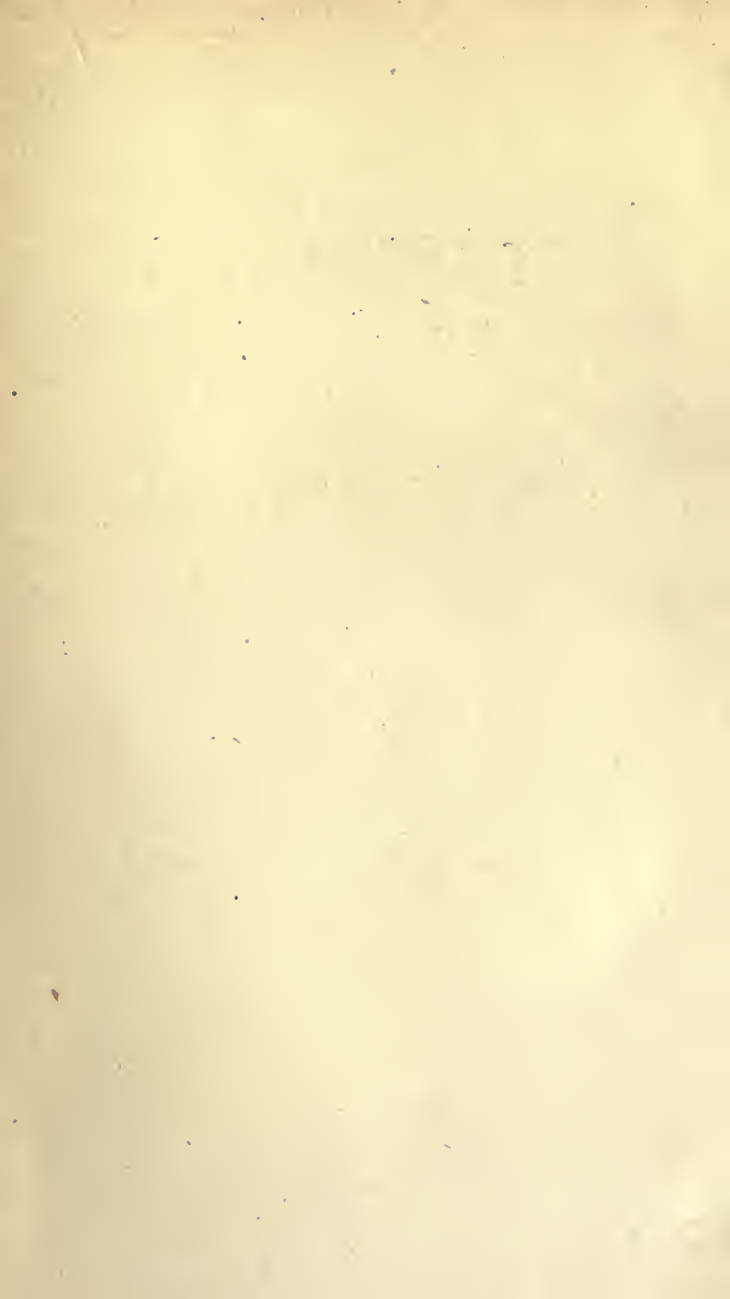
OF

THOMAS CAMPBELL

(COMPLETE EDITION)



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LIFE OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the poet, was born in his father's house, High Street, Glasgow, on the 27th July, 1777. He was the eighth son, the eleventh and last child of Alexander and Margaret Campbell, both of the same clan and name, although not of the same kin.

The poet's father had been educated for a commercial life, and after spending some years in Falmouth, Virginia, had established himself as a merchant in Glasgow, where he was very prosperous at the time of his marriage in 1756. In 1775, however, nearly all the fruits of a life-long industry perished in the commercial crisis which followed the outbreak of war between Great Britain and her American colonies; and old Campbell, being then sixty-five years of age, instead of tempting fortune again, preferred to husband the moderate means which he was able to save from the general wreck; so that, when the poet was born to him, he was living as a retired, and, in means, a broken-down merchant. This family reverse, and the spectacle of his father surviving it for six and twenty years, with dignity and cheerfulness, must have had a powerful effect upon the poet's youthful mind, and doubtless contributed not a little to the development of that sympathy with misfortune, and that defiant hope when things are at the worst, which are the chief moral characteristics of his poetry, and made him the true expression of an age whose calamities and aspirations were alike gigantic.

The poet's father, notwithstanding his reverse, remained on terms of intimacy with Adam Smith, and was the confidential friend of his successor, Dr. Thomas

Reid, after whom, indeed, the poet was named. When that philosopher published his "Inquiry into the Human Mind," he gave a copy to Mr. Campbell; and when the latter expressed the pleasure and edification he had derived from its perusal, Dr. Reid is said to have replied: "I am glad to hear you are pleased with it. There are now at least two men who understand my work, and these are Alexander Campbell and myself." He who received such a compliment from Dr. Reid must have been a man of superior parts: yet he is styled "a good easy man," in distinction from his wife, who is designated "an admirable manager, and clever woman."

An anecdote told at large by Dr. Beattie, Campbell's biographer, illustrates the difference between the parents, and represents the future poet in a truly boyish predicament. Either Thomas or his brother Daniel was sent every morning a distance of about two miles, to inquire for a cousin of their mother's, a bedridden old lady, and the performance of this commission sometimes interfered with an intended blackberry-gathering, or other similar play. At length Thomas learned from Daniel the perilous art of deception, and, having gathered his blackberries, was in the habit of returning with a fictitious message to this effect, "Mrs. Simpson's kind compliments to mamma; has had a better night, and is going on very nicely." In the course of time, however, the boys were caught in their own trap, for, after a long succession of these satisfactory bulletins, there came suddenly an announcement of the old lady's death. All were speechless at first—the culprits from the sense of suddenly discovered guilt, and the parents from grief and astonishment. "At last," says the poet, in recounting the circumstance, "my mother's grief for her respected cousin vented itself in cuffing our ears. But I was far less pained by her blows, than by a few words from my father. He never raised a hand to us; and I would

advise all fathers, who would have their children love their memory, to follow his example." Campbell was, however, indebted to his mother for his introduction to music and song. "My Poor Dog Tray" was one of her favourites, and from Campbell's afterwards writing "The Harper" to the tune of this song, it appears that his infant memories, responsive to the echo of his mother's voice, survived all cuffs which his boyish misdeemeanours no doubt richly deserved.

After distinguishing himself at the grammar school of Glasgow by a precocious talent for versification, which he employed even then most happily in metrical translations from the classic poets, Campbell entered the university of that city at the age of fourteen. Here he passed through the usual curriculum of four years, mingling his studies—as Scotch students generally do, with great disadvantage to their scholarship, though not to their development as men—with miscellaneous reading, newspapers not certainly excepted, attendance on debating societies, flute playing, and social meetings, and eking out his subsistence by private tuition. Whenever a prize was offered for a metrical translation or an original poem, Campbell was sure to carry it off; and he seems to have paid considerable attention to the languages, particularly Greek; but he made a poor figure in mathematics. Poetry was his element, whatever was or should have been his work; and accordingly, we find him writing verses even in the mathematical class-room. A too-confident youth having one day retreated from before the *Pons Asinorum* with a confusion of face, which excited only the risibility of his fellows, Campbell penned on the spot a few mock heroics on Miller's Hussars, as he called the students of that professor, charging this redoubtable *tête de pont*. The dashing spirit, which gallops triumphantly in Campbell's great national lyrics, may be clearly discerned in the opening stanzas.

Of all which happened during Campbell's university career that which produced the most lasting impression upon his mind was his presence at the trial of the Scottish Reformer, Gerald, in Edinburgh, 1794. How he obtained this gratification is so well told by himself, and the narrative presents so pure and beautiful a picture of middle-class life in Scotland, half a century ago, that it deserves to be given in his own words:—"I watched my mother's *molliæ tempora fandi*.*—for she had them, good woman;—and, eagerly catching the propitious moment, I said, 'Oh! mamma, how I long to see Edinburgh! If I had but three shillings I could walk there in one day, sleep two nights, and be two days at my Aunt Campbell's, and walk back in another day.' To my delightful surprise she answered: 'No, my bairn: I will give you what will carry you to Edinburgh, and bring you back; but you must promise me not to walk more than half the way in any one day,'—that was twenty-two miles.—'Here,' said she, 'are five shillings for you in all; two shillings will serve you to go, and two to return; for a bed at the half-way-house costs but sixpence.' She then gave me,—I shall never forget the beautiful coin!—a King William and Mary crown piece. I was dumb with gratitude; but sallying out to the streets, I saw, at the first bookseller's shop, a print of Elijah fed by the Ravens. Now, I had often heard my poor mother saying confidentially to our worthy neighbour Mrs. Hamilton,—whose strawberries I had pilfered,—that, in case of my father's death,—and he was a very old man,—she knew not what would become of her.' 'But,' she used to add, 'let me not despair, for Elijah was fed by the ravens.' When I presented her with the picture, I said nothing of its tacit allusion to the possibility of my being one day her supporter; but she was much affected, and evidently felt a strong presentiment." Young Campbell did in-

* Moments of good humour.

deed afterwards become his mother's support; meanwhile he trudged off to Edinburgh, with four and sixpence in his pocket.

The circumstances of Campbell's father became still more straitened, during the poet's university career, by the loss of a suit in Chancery; but, by taking in students as boarders, the family managed to live on in their own station. The diminution of his father's means made the choice of a profession more necessary, but also more difficult than ever to the poet. At the close of his second session, he entered a lawyer's office on trial, but left it after a few weeks, as too uncongenial. Then he thought of entering the Church; and, towards the close of his university career, he says himself that he would have studied for the Bar, had he only had a few hundred pounds to subsist upon in the meantime.

Twice during the long summer recess of the Scotch universities, Campbell acted as tutor in the Highlands, first at the solitary house of Sunipol, on the northern coast of Mull, and then at Downie in Cantyre, on the Sound of Jura. A gentle but commanding height near the latter place is still called, from his having almost daily ascended it, "The Poet's Hill;" and the former is remarkable, because there, first of all, the title at least of his great poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," occurs in his correspondence, though not in a letter of his own. He had found the solitude of Sunipol oppressive, and Hamilton Paul, one of his fellow-students, to whom he had unbosomed himself by letter, sent him a few stanzas entitled "The Pleasures of Solitude," by way of consolation, and added banteringly, "We have now three 'Pleasures,' by first-rate men of genius, viz., 'The Pleasures of Imagination,' 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and 'The Pleasures of Solitude!' Let us cherish 'The Pleasures of Hope,' that we may soon meet in Alma Mater!" "The Pleasures of Hope" were really com-

menced not long afterwards. During these retreats he translated largely and carefully from the Greek dramatists into English verse, and threw off a number of amatory pieces; for, like all poets, or rather like all men, he had his youthful attachments, to one of which he refers in the "Lines written on visiting a Scene in Argyllshire," where he sings somewhat defiantly,

"Yea! even the *name* I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again.

Above all, his fancy was stored with the wild scenery of the Highlands, which he has so grandly sketched in his latest poem, "The Pilgrim of Glencoc."

In May, 1797, he went to Edinburgh to work his way, as best he might, by means of the pandects and poetry. He accepted the drudgery of a copying clerk, and endured it for two months, when he was accidentally introduced to Dr. Anderson, author of "Lives of the British Poets." This gentleman, on seeing an Elegy written during his melancholy in Mull, predicted Campbell's success as a poet, and immediately became his patron, introducing him to Mundell the publisher, who offered him £20 for an abridged edition of Bryan Edwards' "West Indies." With this engagement he returned to Glasgow. Here Miss Stirling of Courdale induced him to compose various lyrics to favourite airs, one of which, "The Wounded Hussar," became universally popular, and was sung even in the streets of Glasgow, though this last circumstance seems to have been more annoying than gratifying to Campbell himself. On completing his abridgment, he returned to Edinburgh, and was engaged in other hackwork for the booksellers, when an invitation from certain of his brothers to join them in Virginia took him back to Glasgow. This invitation, however, was withdrawn before it could be acted on, and so he returned to Edinburgh,

where private tuition became his chief dependence for support. "Gertrude of Wyoming" is a monument of the affectionate interest with which he at one time regarded America as his probable home.

Campbell now worked hard at "The Pleasures of Hope" in a dusky lodging in Rose Street, lauding that noble and most necessary passion all the more fervently, because despondency sometimes quenched it in himself. Somerville, the landscape-painter, then a young man like Campbell, and whose lodging adjoined the poet's, has borne explicit testimony to Campbell's dark hours, even when "The Pleasures of Hope" were passing through the press. One of his gloomy outbursts is as follows: "Supposing they should all find out one day, as I did this morning, that the thing is neither more nor less than *trash*, would not the author's predicament be tenfold worse than if he had never written a line?—I assure you that to-day I could not endure to look at my own work. 'Twas an absolute punishment, and there are days, Somerville, when I can't abide to walk in the sunshine, and when I would almost rather be shot, than come within the sight of any man, or be spoken to by any mortal! This has been one of these days. How heartily I wished for night!"

On the 27th April, 1799, just three years after the death of Burns, the publication of the "New Poem" was announced, and its success was immediate and complete. In his own reminiscences Campbell says, "The Pleasures of Hope" appeared exactly when I was 21 years and 9 months old. It gave me a general acquaintance in Edinburgh. Dr. Gregory, Henry Mackenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling,' Dugald Stewart, the Rev. Archibald Alison, the 'Man of Taste,' and Thomas Telford the engineer, became my immediate patrons." The mature strength and beauty of Campbell's chief poem, as the production of a youth, will ever be remarkable; but it

needs not that consideration to enhance its merits. The French Revolution, the partition of Poland, and the abolition of negro slavery, were then the reigning topics of the day, and the enthusiasm with which the poem was received, arose no doubt in part from the noble expression which it gave to public feeling on these matters. But the true humanity of the sentiments pervading it was then, and ever will be, its most potent charm. As long as men remain imperfect, and heavy-laden, yet struggling and hopeful creatures, their hearts will be won by a poem, which is distinguished by the frank acknowledgment of human ills, and the bold utterance of eternal Hope. The short lyric "Gilderoy" was composed during the autumn of the same year.

The copyright of the "Pleasures of Hope" had been sold for £60, and the author was presented with another £50 in consideration of a second edition of 2,000 copies. With these moderate means, Campbell gratified a desire, which he had long entertained, of visiting the Continent, and, in June, 1800, he set sail from Leith for Hamburgh. His fame had preceded him, and he received a poet's welcome from the English residents in Hamburgh. His movements were hampered, however, by the disturbed state of Germany; and, until he fixed himself in Altona for the winter, his head-quarters were at Ratisbon, in Bavaria, where was a Scotch monastery for the education of young Scotsmen as priests, for their native country. Here he was witness of a battle which gave the French possession of Ratisbon, and the deep impression which the terrible scene made upon his mind explains the awful solemnity of his "Hohenlinden." He himself says of it, "This formed the most important epoch of my life, in point of impressions. . . . At times, when I have been fevered and ill, I have awaked from nightmare dreams about these dreadful images."

The following pieces were either composed at Ratisbon

and Altona, or at least sent thence to England for publication. The "Exile of Erin," which was suggested by meeting Anthony M'Cann, one of the Irish exiles of 1798, walking lonely and pensive one evening on the banks of the Elbe. "The Beech-Tree's Petition," which refers to a noble beech-tree in the garden of Ardwell, that was to have been cut down at the gardener's request. Certain ladies who greatly admired the tree, applied to Campbell's sister, Mary, with whom they were acquainted, and at her request, Campbell wrote the "Petition," which would, no doubt, have had the merit of saving the tree, had not the intercession of the ladies themselves already prevailed. The "Ode to Winter," the concluding lines of which allude to the scenes of bloodshed then going on, and one of which he had witnessed at Ratisbon. "Ye Mariners of England," the subject of which was first suggested by hearing the air played in Edinburgh. Campbell entitled it, "Alteration of the old Ballad of 'Ye Gentlemen of England,' composed on the prospect of a Russian war," and the fortification at that time of every assailable point along the straits of Dover with Martello towers, is alluded to in the line,

"No towers along the steep."

"Lines on the Grave of a Suicide," which were written on seeing the unclaimed corpse exposed on the banks of a river.

In March, 1801, when hostilities broke out between Britain and Denmark, Altona was no longer a safe residence for Campbell. He, like many others, took timely warning, and embarked for Leith before the British squadron sailed for the Sound. The vessel, however, was chased by a Danish privateer, and forced to take refuge in Yarmouth, where Campbell took the mail for London. Here the news of his father's death reached him, and he hastened to Edinburgh to console his widowed mother. He found her seriously alarmed

by rumours of high treason that were current against him, and he immediately repaired to the Sheriff for the purpose of clearing himself, in which he succeeded without much difficulty. A box, full of Campbell's papers which he had ordered to be forwarded from Yarmouth to Edinburgh, was seized at Leith, on the supposition of its containing proofs of his treason. Its contents were examined by Campbell and the Sheriff over a bottle of wine; and among them was found a copy of "Ye Mariners of England!"

From this time forth Campbell was truly Elijah's raven to his mother and sisters. His earnings were the reward of literary task-work, so that they were neither large nor easily won; but such as they were, he shared them with his family. His circle of friends was now as wide as he chose to make it. Roscoe and Dr. Currie induced him to visit Liverpool twice in these years; and whenever he went to London, he was noticed with distinction; both by literati and men of rank. There, in 1802, he completed "Hohenlinden" and "Lochiel's Warning." The history of the oft-quoted line in the latter,

"And coming events cast their shadows before,"

is exceedingly interesting. In the summer of 1801, having already composed part of "Lochiel's Warning," he one evening went early to bed at Minto, and, meditating on the subject, fell sound asleep. During the night he suddenly awoke, repeating "*Events to come* cast their shadows before;" and, recognising this as the very thought for which he had been hunting a whole week, rang the bell till a servant came, from whom he requested a candle and a cup of tea. Over this cup of tea, at two A.M., at Minto, he completed the first sketch of "Lochiel's Warning," changing the words "*Events to come*" into "*And coming events*," as they now stand.

Notwithstanding his attachment to Edinburgh, Campbell was gradually gravitating towards the great centre of London; and all the more so, as an attachment sprang up between him and a cousin of his own, Matilda Sinclair, whose father had been a wealthy merchant in Greenock, and Provost of that town; but, through commercial reverses, had been led to transfer his counting-house to 'Trinity Square,' in the city of London. She was "a beautiful, lively, and lady-like woman;" and the father's only objection to the poet's suit was the inadequacy, and, above all, the uncertainty of his means. At length, however, he yielded, and on the 10th September, 1803, the marriage was celebrated in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

Neither was disappointed in the other; and, Campbell's reputation being now fairly established, numerous offers of handsomely remunerated literary work promised external security to their conjugal happiness. Their first home was in apartments in Pimlico; but, within a year after his marriage, Campbell removed to a cottage on Sydenham Common, where he passed seventeen years—the most laborious, and the most harassed, though, for all that, the happiest of his life.

In this suburban retreat were elaborated, in 1804, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Turkish Lady," which had all been sketched long before, among the scenes to which they refer; the first in the Island of Mull, and the two others at Ratisbon. A little later was produced "The Battle of the Baltic," to which his attention had been particularly called by its following so closely upon his own departure from Altona.

In 1805, his Majesty, under Fox's administration, bestowed an annual pension of £200 upon Campbell, which, however, diminished by office-fees, duties, etc., never amounted to more than £168, the greater part of which he generously divided between his mother and sisters.

In 1807, Campbell published "Annals of Great Britain, from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens," and in 1809, "Gertrude of Wyoming." It not only supported his reputation in Britain, but procured for him a whole nation of enthusiastic admirers in America. Some years afterwards, Campbell met with a son of "the monster Brandt" in England, and became so well convinced that the Mohawk chief, so named, instead of being a "monster," was one of nature's noblemen, that he publicly retracted the infamous epithet, and, in allowing the name to remain for the sake of the rhyme, declared the character to be a pure fiction. Towards the close of this same year, he finished the exquisite story of "O'Connor's Child," which was suggested by seeing, in his own garden at Sydenham, the flower called "Love-lies-bleeding."

In 1812, Campbell appeared for the first time before the Royal Institution in London as a lecturer on poetry, adding thereby to both his reputation and his means. In 1815, on the death of his Highland cousin, MacArthur Stewart of Ascóg, he inherited a legacy of nearly £5000, which, together with his pension, might have formed an ample foundation for that independence and leisure which he coveted so much, had he been either as close-fisted as Scotsmen are generally reputed to be, or gifted with ordinary prudence in pecuniary matters. What he had he spent generously, and never thought of providing for an exigency till it actually arrived.

Already, in 1814, Campbell had sought change of scene in Paris, where he spent two months, being attracted to that city in particular, by the desire of surveying the theatre of so many great cotemporaneous events. In 1820, he undertook a more extensive tour on the Continent, accompanied by his wife. He ascended the Rhine, and went as far as Vienna, dwelling with peculiar satisfaction on the scenes which had been endeared to him by his residence at Ratisbon, twenty years before.

On returning to London, he entered on the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, with a salary of £600 a-year. He held it for ten years, giving it up in 1830, because, according to himself, "it was utterly impossible to continue editor without interminable scrapes, together with a lawsuit now and then!" To the period of this editorship belong the highest honours and severest afflictions of Campbell's life. In 1821, his son Thomas, the first-born of his children, and the only one who survived childhood, fell a victim to a mild and intermittent form of mental derangement, which necessitated his transference to an asylum, and defied all human skill; and in 1828 death took away from him his wife.

How solemn to him was the bereavement may be judged from these lines, written to a friend within a week after:—"I am alone, and I feel that I shall need to be some time alone—prostrated in heart before that Great Being, who can alone forgive my errors; and in addressing whom alone I can frame resolutions in my heart, to make my remaining life as pure as nature's infirmities may permit a soul to be, that believes in His existence, and goodness, and mercy." These were his severest afflictions; and what he reckoned the crowning honour of his life, was his election as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in 1826, and the two following years. It was, indeed, a proud position for one to occupy, who, little more than thirty years before, had left its halls with the reputation, indeed, of a College poet, but unable to obtain any more congenial or better remunerated employment than that of a Highland tutorship, and who had been indebted for his rise only to native genius and untiring industry. To these years, also, belong Campbell's greatest activity as a public-spirited citizen. He took the liveliest interest in the establishment of London University; and in 1825 went to Berlin expressly to examine the University buildings and system there, if haply

he might bring back some useful suggestions. His generous sympathy with the Poles, too, must not be passed over. In his great poem, at a time when he hardly hoped for himself, much less that he should one day be able to succour the exiles, it had burst out in the memorable line,

“And Freedom shriek’d—as Kosciuszko fell!”

and now he devoted his eloquence, his interest, and his money to the relief of the Polish patriots who were stranded on the British shore. Greece also found him an enthusiastic Philhellen.

It was not easy for Campbell to make up, by miscellaneous literary labour, for the loss of the annual £600 attached to the editorship of the *New Monthly*. In 1831, he became editor of the *Metropolitan Magazine*, but soon relinquished it. Later still, he published “Letters from the South,” recounting his travels in France and Algeria, in the winter of 1834-5. But amidst all this labour his health declined; and as his health declined so his longing augmented for a quiet independence. In 1841 he went to Wiesbaden, for the sake of the waters; and in 1842, he made a hurried trip to Dinan, to see if living were really as cheap there as report represented. At length, however, in 1843, he settled in Boulogne, with a niece whom he had brought up, and to whom he bequeathed his all, for his only companion; and there he died on the 15th June of the following year, aged sixty-seven. His remains were brought to London, and on the 3rd July interred in Poet’s Corner, Westminster Abbey, close by the tomb of Addison. The most touching incident in these last sad rites was the throwing of some earth from Kosciuszko’s grave at Cracow, by the Polish Colonel Szyrma, upon Campbell’s bier. It was a tribute to the eternal charm of Campbell’s character and poetry, viz., that he had a heart to feel another’s woe, and a tongue to denounce another’s wrong.

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THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

ANALYSIS OF PART I.

THE Poem opens with a comparison between the beauty of remote objects in a landscape, and those ideal scenes of felicity which the imagination delights to contemplate—the influence of anticipation upon the other passions is next delineated—an allusion is made to the well-known fiction in Pagan tradition, that, when all the guardian deities of mankind abandoned the world, Hope alone was left behind—the consolations of this passion in situations of danger and distress—the seaman on his watch—the soldier marching into battle—allusion to the interesting adventures of Byron.

The inspiration of Hope, as it actuates the efforts of genius, whether in the department of science, or of taste—domestic felicity, how intimately connected with views of future happiness—picture of a mother watching her infant when asleep—pictures of the prisoner, the maniac, and the wanderer.

From the consolations of individual misery a transition is made to prospects of political improvement in the future state of society—the wide field that is yet open for the progress of humanizing arts among uncivilized nations—from these views of amelioration of society, and the extension of liberty and truth over despotic and barbarous countries, by a melancholy contrast of ideas, we are led to reflect upon the hard fate of a brave people recently conspicuous in their struggles for independence—description of the capture of Warsaw, of the last contest of the oppressors and the oppressed, and the massacre of the Polish patriots at the bridge of Prague—apostrophe to the self-interested enemies of human improvement—the wrongs of Africa—the barbarous policy of Europeans in India—prophecy in the Hindoo mythology of the expected descent of the Deity to redress the miseries of their race, and to take vengeance on the violators of justice and mercy

THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART I.

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity?
Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,
The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
'T is Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet HOPE! resides the heavenly light,
That pours remotest rapture on the sight:
Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,
That calls each slumbering passion into play.
Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,
On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,

And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,
To Pleasure's path or Glory's bright career.

Primeval HOPE, the Aonian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first decay;
When every form of death, and every woe,
Shot from malignant stars to earth below;
When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War
Yoked the red dragons of her iron car;
When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,
Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;
All, all forsook the friendless, guilty mind,
But HOPE, the charmer, lingered still behind.

Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels prepare
From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,
The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began,
Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man.

Auspicious HOPE! in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe;
Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid hour,
The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summer bower;
There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing,
What peaceful dreams thy handmaid spirits bring
What viewless forms th' Æolian organ play,
And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought
away.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore
Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore!
Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the
world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer
smiles,
On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles:
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow,
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow;

And waft, across the waves' tumultuous roar,
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm,
Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form !
Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark
delay ;

Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But HOPE can here her moonlight vigils keep.
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep :
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul ;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times,
His cottage home, his bark of slender sail,
His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thought ; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind ;
Meets at each step a friend's familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen's long embrace,
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear !
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !
While, long neglected, but at length caressed,
His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave ! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power ;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields,
When front to front the bannered hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted soil,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil !
As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow and spirit-speaking eye,
Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come,
And hears thy stormy music in the drum !

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—

In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
 Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
 'T was his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
 Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock,
 To wake each joyless morn and search again
 The famished haunts of solitary men;
 Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
 Know not a trace of Nature but the form.
 Yet at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
 Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued,
 Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar
 The moon's pale planet and the northern star,
 Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
 Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
 Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,
 He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
 A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
 Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend!

Congenial HOPE! thy passion-kindling power,
 How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled
 hour!

On yon proud height, with Genius hand in hand
 I see thee 'light and wave thy golden wand.

“Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words pro-
 claim)

'T is thine to search the boundless fields of fame!
 Lo! Newton, priest of Nature, shines afar,
 Scans the wide world, and numbers every star!
 Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply,
 And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye!
 Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,
 The speed of light, the circling march of sound:
 With Franklin grasp the lightning's fiery wing,
 Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string.

“The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers,
 His winged insects, and his rosy flowers;
 Calls from their woodland haunts the savage train.
 With sounding horn, and counts them on the
 plain—

So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came
To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in yon sequestered clime,
Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime;
Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye
The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high,
Admiring Plato, on his spotless page,
Stamps the bright dictates of the Father sage:
'Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span
The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man?"

"Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lightened eye
To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:
Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian
height,

From streams that wander in eternal light,
Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell
The mingling tones of horn, and harp and shell;
Deep from his vaults the Loxian murmurs flow,
And Pythia's awful organ peals below.

"Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed
Her moonlight halo on thy beauteous head;
Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined,
And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.
I see thee roam her guardian power beneath,
And talk with spirits on the midnight heath;
Enquire of guilty wanderers whence they came,
And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name
Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell,
And read the trembling world the tales of hell.

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy hue,
Flings from her golden urn the vesper dew,
And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,
Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy;
A milder mood the goddess shall recall,
And soft as dew thy tones of music fall;
While Beauty's deeply-pictured smiles impart
A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart—
Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain,
And plead in Beauty's ear, nor plead in vain.

“Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem,
 And steep thy song in Mercy’s mellow stream;
 To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile—
 For Beauty’s tears are lovelier than her smile;—
 On Nature’s throbbing anguish pour relief,
 And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief?

“Yes; to thy tongue shall seraph words be given,
 And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven:
 The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone,
 That never mused on sorrow but its own,
 Unlocks a generous store at thy command,
 Like Horeb’s rocks beneath the prophet’s hand.
 The living lumber of his kindred earth,
 Charmed into soul, receives a second birth,
 Feels thy dread power another heart afford,
 Whose passion-touched harmonious strings accord
 True as the circling spheres to Nature’s plan;
 And man, the brother, lives the friend of man.

“Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven’s command,
 When Israel marched along the desert land,
 Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,
 And told the path—a never-setting star:
 So, heavenly genius, in thy course divine,
 HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.”

Propitious Power! when rankling cares annoy
 The sacred home of Hymenean joy;
 When doomed to Poverty’s sequestered dell,
 The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell,
 Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame,
 Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts the same—
 Oh, there, prophetic HOPE! thy smile bestow,
 And chase the pangs that worth should never
 know—

There, as the parent deals his scanty store
 To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more,
 Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage
 Their father’s wrongs, and shield his latter age.
 What though for him no Hybla sweets distil,
 Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill;

Tell, that when silent years have passed away,
 That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray,
 These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build,
 And deck with fairer flowers his little field,
 And call from Heaven propitious dew to breathe
 Arcadian beauty on the barren heath;
 Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears,
 The days of peace, the sabbath of his years,
 Health shall prolong to many a festive hour
 The social pleasures of his humble bower.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
 Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
 She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
 Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
 And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
 No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
 No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;
 Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
 In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he!
 Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
 Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past—
 With many a smile my solitude repay,
 And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“And say, when summoned from the world and
 thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
 Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
 And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
 Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
 The tears of Memory o'er my narrow bed;
 With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
 Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
 Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low
 And think on all my love, and all my woe?”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
 Can look regard, or brighten in reply;
 But when a cherub lip hath learnt to claim
 A mother's ear by that endearing name;

Soon as the playful innocent can prove
 A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
 Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
 Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,
 Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
 The mournful ballad warbled in his ear;
 How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
 At every artless tear, and every smile;
 How glows the joyous parent to descry
 A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

Where is the troubled heart consigned to share
 Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
 Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
 To count the joys of Fortune's better day!
 Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume
 The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon gloom,
 A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored,
 Smiles at its blazing hearth and social board;
 Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,
 And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe.

Chide not his peace, proud Reason; nor destroy
 The shadowy forms of uncreated joy,
 That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour
 Spontaneous slumber on his midnight hour.
 Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale
 That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail;
 She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore,
 Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that
 bore,
 Knew the pale form, and, shrieking in amaze,
 Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening
 gaze:
 Poor widowed wretch! 't was there she wept in
 vain,
 Till Memory fled her agonizing brain;—
 But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe,
 Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow;
 Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam,
 And aimless HOPE delights her darkest dream.

Oft when yon moon has climbed the midnight sky,
 And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry,
 Piled on the steep, her blazing fagots burn
 To hail the bark that never can return ;
 And still she waits, but scarce forbears to weep
 That constant love can linger on the deep.

And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings never
 knew
 The world's regard, that soothes, though half un-
 true ;

Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
 But found not pity when it erred no more.
 Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
 'Th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by,
 Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam,
 Scorned by the world, and left without a home—
 Even he, at evening, should he chance to stray
 Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
 Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
 The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,
 Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while—
 Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
 Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form
 Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm !
 There should my hand no stinted boon assign
 To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine !—
 That generous wish can soothe unpitied care,
 And HOPE half mingles with the poor man's
 prayer.

HOPE ! when I mourn, with sympathizing mind,
 The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
 Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
 The boundless fields of rapture yet to be ;
 I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
 And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
 Thy handmaid arts shall every wild explore,
 Trace every wave, and culture every shore.

On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along,
 And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
 Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
 And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,
 There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
 And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day;
 Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
 Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
 And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
 The village curfew as it tolls profound.

In Libyan groves, where damned rites are
 done,
 That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the sun,
 Truth shall arrest the murderous arm profane,
 Wild Obi flies—the veil is rent in twain.

Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains
 roam,
 Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;
 Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines,
 From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
 Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
 And light the dreadful features of despair.—
 Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
 And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!
 Fierce in his eye the fire of valor burns,
 And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And HOPE, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression poured to Northern
 wars

Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet
 horn;

Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height sur-
 veyed,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—

Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country
save!—

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death,—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!—

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered
spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high ca-
reer;—

HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage
there,
Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark, as the smouldering piles with thunder
fall,

A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Oh! righteous Heaven; ere Freedom found a
grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy
rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God;
That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
Where was the storm that slumbered till the host
Of blood-stained Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot TELL—the BRUCE OF BANNOCK-
BURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall see
That man hath yet a soul—and dare be free!
A little while, along thy saddening plains,
The starless night of Desolation reigns;
Truth shall restore the light by Nature given,
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!
Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark,
And hate the light—because your deeds are dark
Ye that expanding truth invidious view,
And think, or wish, the song of HOPE untrue;
Perhaps your little hands presume to span
The march of Genius and the powers of man;
Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallowed shrine,
Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:—
“Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here
Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career.”

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring;
In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring:
What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand:
It rolled not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow?
Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furled?
Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
What! are thou triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!
Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire
The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!
Rapt in historic ardor, who adore
Each classic haunt, and well remembered shore,
Where Valor tuned, amidst her chosen throng,
The Thracian trumpet, and the Spartan song;
Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!
See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore,
Hath Valor left the world—to live no more?
No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
Encounter Fate, and triumph as he falls?
Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm?

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay.

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic HOPE may
trust,
That slumber yet in uncreated dust,

Ordained to fire th' adoring sons of earth,
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
 Ordained to light, with intellectual day,
 The mazy wheels of nature as they play,
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow
 And rival all but Shakspeare's name below.

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan
 Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man,
 When shall the world call down, to cleanse her
 shame,

That embryo spirit, yet without a name—
 That friend of Nature, whose avenging hands
 Shall burst the Libyan's adamantine bands?
 Who, sternly marking on his native soil
 The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,
 Shall bid each righteous heart exult, to see
 Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day
 That breaks your bitter cup, is far away;
 Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed,
 And holy men give Scripture for the deed;
 Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to save
 A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave!—

Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand
 Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,
 When life sprang startling at thy plastic call,
 Endless her forms, and man the lord of all!
 Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee,
 To wear eternal chains and bow the knee?
 Was man ordained the slave of man to toil,
 Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil;
 Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold?
 No!—Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould!
 She bade no wretch his thankless labor urge,
 Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!
 No homeless Libyan, on the stormy deep,
 To call upon his country's name, and weep!—

Lo! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,
 The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign;

With fires proportioned to his native sky,
 Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye;
 Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumin'd zone,
 The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own!
 Or led the combat, bold without a plan,
 An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came!—alas! no glory smiles
 For Congo's chief, on yonder Indian Isles:
 Forever fallen! no son of Nature now,
 With Freedom chartered on his manly brow!
 Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night away,
 And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day,
 Starts, with a bursting heart, for evermore
 To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; at that alarm knell
 His guardian angel took a last farewell!
 That funeral dirge to darkness hath resigned
 The fiery grandeur of a generous mind!
 Poor fettered man! I hear thee whispering low
 Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe,
 Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbor there
 A wish but death—a passion but despair?

The widowed Indian, when her lord expires,
 Mounts the dread pile, and braves the funeral fires.
 So falls the heart at Thralldom's bitter sigh!
 So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty!

But not to Libya's barren climes alone,
 To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone,
 Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye,
 Degraded worth, and poor misfortune's sigh!
 Ye orient realms, where Ganges' waters run!
 Prolific fields! dominions of the sun!
 How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!
 How long was Timour's iron sceptre sway'd,
 Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,
 From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,
 Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars
 bare,
 With blazing torch and gory scymetar,—

Stunned with the cries of death each gentle gale
And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale!
Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame,
When Brama's children perished for his name;
The martyrism led beneath avenging power,
And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape,
And braved the stormy Spirit of the Cape;
Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye?
Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save,
When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?
Ah, no!—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you!
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone;
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries;
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming
store,

While famished nations died along the shore:
Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

"Foes of mankind! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew;

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame,
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms
glow

Like summer suns and light the world below !
Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed,
Are shook ; and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

“To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plundered shore
With arts and arms that triumphed once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswatte wave her hallowed wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !—
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom !—rule for evermore !”

ANALYSIS OF PART II.

APOSTROPHE to the power of Love—its intimate connection with generous and social Sensibility—allusion to that beautiful passage in the beginning of the Book of Genesis, which represents the happiness of Paradise itself incomplete, till love was superadded to its other blessings—the dreams of future felicity which a lively imagination is apt to cherish, when Hope is animated by refined attachment—this disposition to combine, in one imaginary scene of residence, all that is pleasing in our estimate of happiness, compared to the skill of the great artist who personified perfect beauty, in the picture of Venus, by an assemblage of the most beautiful features he could find—a summer and winter evening described, as they may be supposed to arise in the mind of one who wishes, with enthusiasm, for the union of friendship and retirement.

Hope and Imagination inseparable agents—even in those contemplative moments when our imagination wanders beyond the boundaries of this world, our minds are not unattended with an impression that we shall some day have a wider and more distinct prospect of the universe, instead of the partial glimpse we now enjoy.

The last and most sublime influence of Hope is the concluding topic of the poem—the predominance of a belief in a future state over the terrors attendant on dissolution—the baneful influence of that sceptical philosophy which bars us from such comforts—allusion to the fate of a suicide—episode of Conrad and Ellenore—conclusion.

THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

PART II.

IN joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own ?
Who hath not paused while Beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh ?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name ?

There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow ;
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed :—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few !
Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you !
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between,
'T is yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet ;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet !

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead ?
No ; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy !
And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears.
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh ! what were man ?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower !
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air ;
In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep ;

In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
 Aërial notes in mingling measure played;
 The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
 The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
 Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
 And still the stranger wist not where to stray.
 The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
 And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may
 bring

Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
 Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
 By wealthless lot, or pitiless command:
 Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
 The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
 While Memory watches o'er the sad review
 Of joys that faded like the morning dew;
 Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
 A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
 The willing victim of a weary mood,
 On heartless cares that squander life away,
 And cloud young Genius brightening into day?—
 Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed
 The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade!—
 If HOPE's creative spirit cannot raise
 One trophy sacred to thy future days,
 Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy shrine,
 Of hopeless love to murmur and repine!
 But, should a sigh of milder mood express
 Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness,
 Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour
 Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour,
 No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page,
 No fears but such as fancy can assuage;
 Though thy wild heart some hapless hour may miss
 The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
 (For love pursues an ever-devious race,
 True to the winding lineaments of grace;)

Yet still may HOPE her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled on his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.
To faultless Nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face;
And as he sojourned on the Ægean isles,
Wooded all their love, and treasured all their smiles;
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined!

Love on the picture smiled! Expression poured
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy! gleans
The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes;
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy Life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;

No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
 Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
 And down the vale his sober step returns;
 But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
 The still sweet fall of music far away;
 And oft he lingers from his home awhile
 To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep
 The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
 Though boundless snows the withered heath de-
 form,

And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
 Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
 With mental light, the melancholy day!
 And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
 The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
 How bright the fagots in his little hall
 Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,
 The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
 And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
 Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
 Since when her empire o'er his heart began!
 Since first he called her his before the holy man!

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
 And light the wintry paradise of home;
 And let the half-uncurtained window hail
 Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!
 Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
 As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
 While fiery hosts in Heaven's wide circle play,
 And bathe in lurid light the milky-way,
 Safe from the storm, the metcor, and the shower,
 Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour—
 With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
 A generous tear of anguish or a smile—
 Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale,
 O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail!

Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,
 How gallant Albert, and his weary crew,
 Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to
 save,
 And toiled—and shrieked—and perished on the
 wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep,
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep;
 There on his funeral waters, dark and wild,
 The dying father blessed his darling child!
 Oh! Mercy, shield her innocence, he cried,
 Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sub-
 limes
 The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes!
 How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear,
 His hand, blood-stained, but ever, ever dear!
 Hung on the tortured bosom of her Lord,
 And wept and prayed perdition from his sword!
 Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing cry
 The strings of Nature cracked with agony!
 He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled,
 And burst the ties that bound him to the world!
 Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel
 The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the
 wheel—

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit
 Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute;
 Or, down the stream of Truth's historic page,
 From clime to clime descend, from age to age!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude
 Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood;
 There shall he pause with horrent brow, to rate
 What millions died—that Cæsar might be great!
 Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
 Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy
 shore;

Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast,
 The Swedish soldier sunk—and groaned his last!

File after file the stormy showers benumb,
 Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!
 Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang,
 And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!
 Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose,
 Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze,
 The dying man to Sweden turned his eye,
 Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!
 Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight,
 And Charles beheld—nor shuddered at the sight!

Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
 Thy fairy worlds, Imagination, lie,
 And HOPE attends, companion of the way,
 Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day!
 In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere
 That gems the starry girdle of the year;
 In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee tell,
 Pure from their God, created millions dwell,
 Whose names and natures, unrevealed below,
 We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know;
 For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,
 Throned on her towers, conversing with the
 storm,

(When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined,
 The vesper clock tolls mournful to the wind,)
 Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,
 From Kilda to the green Ierne's shore;
 So, when thy pure and renovated mind
 This perishable dust hath left behind,
 Thy seraph eye shall count the starry train,
 Like distant isles embosomed in the main;
 Rapt to the shrine where motion first began,
 And light and life in mingling torrent ran;
 From whence each bright rotundity was hurled,
 The throne of God,—the centre of the world!

Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung
 That suasive HOPE hath but a Siren tongue!
 True; she may sport with life's untutored day,
 Nor heed the solace of its last decay,

The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn,
And part, like Ajut—never to return!

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall assuage
The grief and passions of our greener age,
Though dull the close of life, and far away
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day;
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,
And weep their falsehood, though she loves them
still!

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled,
The king of Judah mourned his rebel child!
Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy
Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with joy!
My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried,
Oh! that for thee thy father could have died!
For bloody was the deed, and rashly done,
That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son!

Unfading HOPE! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within!

Oh! deep-enchanted prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun!
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!

While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness o'er the parting soul!
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of Dismay,
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of Nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody;
 Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hushed his waves, and midnight
 still

Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
 Doomed on his airy path a while to burn,
 And doomed, like thee, to travel, and return.—
 Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heaven,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bickering wheels, and adamantine car,
 From planet whirled to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought;
 But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun!
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurled
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world;

And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God!

Oh! lives there, Heaven, beneath thy dread ex-
panse,

One hopeless, dark idolator of Chance,
Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined,
The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind;
Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust,
In joyless union wedded to the dust,
Could all his parting energy dismiss,
And call this barren world sufficient bliss?—
There live, alas! of heaven-directed mien,
Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene,
Who hail thee, Man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,
Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower;
A friendless slave, a child without a sire,
Whose mortal life and momentary fire,
Light to the grave his chance-created form,
As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm;
And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er,
To night and silence sink for evermore!—

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of Truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath Science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea—each mute and living thing!
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the
deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driven,
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of
Heaven.

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair?
Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to suit.
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!

Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death, if Heavenward HOPE remain!
But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If Chance awaked, inexorable power,
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know Delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain
This troubled pulse, and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom,
And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb!
Truth, ever lovely,—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—
How can thy words from balmy slumber start
Reposing Virtue pillowed on the heart!
Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled,
And that were true which Nature never told,
Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field;
No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed!
Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate,
The doom that bars us from a better fate;
But, sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,
Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay.
Down by the wilds of yon deserted vale,
It darkly hints a melancholy tale!
There as the homeless madman sits alone,
In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan!
And there, they say, a wizard orgie crowds,
When the Moon lights her watch-tower in the
clouds.

Poor lost Alonzo ! Fate's neglected child !
 Mild be the doom of Heaven—as thou wert mild !
 For oh ! thy heart in holy mould was east,
 And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.
 Poor lost Alonzo ! still I seem to hear
 The clod that struck thy hollow-sounding bier !
 When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow drowned,
 Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed ground !

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
 But leave—oh ! leave the light of HOPE behind !
 What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
 Like angel-visits, few and far between,
 Her musing mood shall every pang appease,
 And charm—when pleasures lose the power to
 please !

Yes ; let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee :
 Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sea—
 Mirth, Music, Friendship, Love's propitious smile,
 Chase every care, and charm a little while,
 Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ,
 And all her strings are harmonized to joy !—
 But why so short is Love's delighted hour ?
 Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?
 Why can no hymned charm of music heal
 The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel ?
 Can Fancy's fairy hands no veil create,
 To hide the sad realities of fate ?—

No ! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,
 Nor all the pride of Wisdom's worldly school,
 Have power to soothe, unaided and alone,
 The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone !
 When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls,
 Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls ;
 When, 'reft of all, yon widowed sire appears
 A lonely hermit in the vale of years ;
 Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow
 To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe ?
 No ! but a brighter sooths the last adieu,—
 Souls of impassioned mould, she speaks to you !

Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,
Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew,
What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu!
Daughter of Conrad? when he heard his knell,
And bade his country and his child farewell,
Doomed the long aisles of Sydney-cove to see,
The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee?
Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,
And thrice returned, to bless thee, and to part;
Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low
The plaint that owned unutterable woe;
Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom,
As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom,
Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime,
Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time!

"And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!
Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn,
And soon these limbs to kindred dust return!
But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,
The immortal ties of Nature shall expire;
These shall resist the triumph of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away!
Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam on Joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep,
One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep;
But when I gain the home without a friend,
And press the uneasy couch were none attend,
This last embrace, still cherished in my heart,
Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part!
Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh,
And hush the groan of life's last agony!

“Farewell! when stranger’s lift thy father’s bier,
And place my nameless stone without a tear;
When each returning pledge hath told my child
That Conrad’s tomb is on the desert piled;
And when the dream of troubled Fancy sees
Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze;
Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o’er?
Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore?
Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide,
Scorned by the world, to factious guilt allied?
Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good
Will woo thee from the shades of solitude!
O’er friendless grief Compassion shall awake,
And smile on innocence, for Mercy’s sake!”

Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be,
The tears of Love were hopeless, but for thee!
If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell,
If that faint murmur be the last farewell,
If Fate unite the faithful but to part,
Why is their memory sacred to the heart?
Why does the brother of my childhood seem
Restored a while in every pleasing dream?
Why do I joy the lonely spot to view,
By artless friendship blessed when life was new?

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade.—
When all the sister planets have decayed;
When wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven’s last thunder shakes the world below;
Thou, undismayed, shalt o’er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature’s funeral pile.

THEODRIC.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

'T WAS sunset, and the Ranz des Vaehes was sung,
And lights were o'er th' Helvetian mountains flung,
That gave the glacier tops their richest glow,
And tinged the lakes like molten gold below;
Warmth flushed the wonted regions of the storm,
Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form
That high in Heaven's vermilion wheeled and soared,
Woods nearer frowned, and cataracts dashed and
 roared

From heights browsed by the bounding bouquetin;
Herds tinkling roamed the long-drawn vales between,
And hamlets glittered white, and gardens flourished
 green:

'T was transport to inhale the bright sweet air!
The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare,
And roving with his minstrelsy across
The scented wild weeds, and enamelled moss.
Earth's features so harmoniously were linked,
She seemed one great glad form, with life instinct,
That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiled below
Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow.

A Gothic church was near; the spot around
Was beautiful, even though sepulchral ground;
For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,
But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb.

Amidst them one of spotless marble shone—
A maiden's grave—and 'twas inscribed thereon,

That young and loved she died whose dust was there :

“ Yes,” said my comrade, “ young she died, and fair !

Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played
Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid :

Her fingers witched the chords they passed along,
And her lips seemed to kiss the soul in song :

Yet wooed, and worshipped as she was, till few
Aspired to hope, ’t was sadly, strangely true,
That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned
And died of love that could not be returned.

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle shines
O’er clustering trees and terrace-mantling vines :

As gay as ever, the laburnum’s pride

Waves o’er each walk where she was wont to
glide,—

And still the garden whence she graced her brow,
As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.

How oft, from yonder window o’er the lake,
Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake

Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear,
And rest enchanted on his oar to hear !

Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland,
Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land,

Why had no gallant native youth the art
To win so warm—so exquisite a heart ?

She, ’midst these rocks inspired with feelings strong
By mountain-freedom—music—fancy—song,

Herself descended from the brave in arms,
And conscious of romance-inspiring charms,

Dreamt of Heroic beings ; hoped to find
Some extant spirit of chivalric kind ;

And scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim
Of manly worth, that lacked the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old,

And much her likeness both in mind and mould,

Had gone, poor boy ! in soldiership to shine,

And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine.

'T was when, alas ! our Empire's evil star
 Shed all the plagues, without the pride of war ;
 When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish crossed
 Our brave, to die in battles foully lost.
 The youth wrote home the rout of many a day ;
 Yet still he said, and still with truth could say,
 One corps had ever made a valiant stand,—
 The corps in which he served,—THEODRIC'S
 band.

*His fame, forgotten chief ! is now gone by,
 Eclipsed by brighter orbs in Glory's sky ;
 Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they show
 Our fields of battle twenty years ago,
 Will tell you feats his small brigade performed,
 In charges nobly faced and trenches storied.
 Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame,
 And soldiers loved the march that bore his name.
 The zeal of martial hearts was at his call,
 And that Helvetian's, UDOLPH'S, most of all.
 'T was touching, when the storm of war blew wild,
 To see a blooming boy,—almost a child,—
 Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs,
 Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,
 And speed each task, and tell each message clear,
 In scenes where war-trained men were stunned with
 fear.*

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for joy
 In yonder house,—when letters from the boy
 Thanked Heaven for life, and more, to use his
 phrase,
 Than twenty lives—his own Commander's praise.
 Then followed glowing pages, blazoning forth
 The fancied image of his leader's worth,
 With such hyperbolés of youthful style
 As made his parents dry their tears and smile :
 But differently far his words impressed
 A wondering sister's well-believing breast :—
 She caught th' illusion, blessed THEODRIC'S name,
 And wildly magnified his worth and fame ,

Rejoicing life's reality contained
 One, heretofore, her fancy had but feigned,
 Whose love could make her proud!—and time and
 chance

To passion raised that day-dream of Romance.

Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man
 Our arrière-guard had checked the Gallic van,
 THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found
 His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground:
 Sore crushed,—half-swooning, half-upraised he lay,
 And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasped the
 clay.

His fate moved even the common soldier's ruth—
 THEODRIC succoured him; nor left the youth
 To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent,
 And lent what aid a brother would have lent.

Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the smart
 The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,
 He wrote th' event to them; and soon could tell
 Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well;
 And last of all, prognosticating cure,
 Enclosed the leech's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note
 That tears had fallen, whilst trembling fingers wrote,
 Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferred,
 Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word,
 Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot;
 But which the giver had himself forgot.

In time, the stripling, vigorous and healed,
 Resumed his barb and banner in the field,
 And bore himself right soldier-like, till now
 The third campaign had manlier bronzed his brow,
 When peace, though but a scanty pause for
 breath,—

A curtain-drop between the acts of death,—
 A check in frantic war's unfinished game,
 Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came.
 The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief
 As with a son's or younger brother's grief;

But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose !
 How light his footsteps crushed St. Gothard's snows ;
 How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreck-
 horn,

Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn
 Upon a downward world of pastoral charms ;
 Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms,
 And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,
 Blindfold his native hills he could have known !

His coming down yon lake,—his boat in view
 Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief flew,—
 The arms spread out for him—the tears that
 burst,—

('T was JULIA'S, 't was his sister's, met him first :)
 Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,
 And all their rapture's greeting, may be guessed.

Ere long, his bosom triumphed to unfold
 A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,—
 The picture of a friend in warlike dress ;
 And who it was he first bade JULIA guess.
 'Yes,' she replied, 't was he methought in sleep,
 When you were wounded, told me not to weep.'
 The painting long in that sweet mansion drew
 Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile THEODRIC, who had years before
 Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore,
 A glad enthusiast now explored the land,
 Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand ;
 Her women fair ; her men robust for toil ;
 Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil ;
 Her towns, where civic independence flings
 The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings ;
 Her works of art, resembling magic's powers ;
 Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bow-
 ers,—

These he had visited, with wonder's smile,
 And scarce endured to quit so fair an isle.
 But how our fates from unmomentous things
 May rise, like rivers out of little springs !

A trivial chance postponed his parting day,
 And public tidings caused, in that delay,
 An English Jubilee. 'T was a glorious sight!
 At eve stupenduous London, clad in light,
 Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze;
 Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;
 Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,
 And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land,
 Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room,
 In open chariots passed with pearl and plume.
 Amidst them he remarked a lovlier mien
 Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen
 The throng detained her till he reined his steed,
 And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read
 The motto and the arms her carriage bore.
 Led by that clue, he left not England's shore
 Till he had known her; and to know her well
 Prolonged, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;
 For with affections warm, intense, refined,
 She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,
 That, like Heaven's image in the smiling brook,
 Celestial peace was pictured in her look.
 Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed,
 That cheered the sad, and tranquillized the vexed;
 She studied not the meanest to eclipse,
 And yet the wisest listened to her lips;
 She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill,
 But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will.
 He sought—he won her—and resolved to make
 His future home in England for her sake.

Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern
 To CÆSAR'S Court commanded his return,
 A season's space,—and on his Alpine way,—
 He reached those bowers, that rang with joy that
 day:

The boy was half beside himself,—the sire,
 All frankness, honor, and Helvetian fire,
 Of speedy parting would not hear him speak;
 And tears bedewed and brightened JULIA'S cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride,
 A month he promised with them to abide ;
 As blithe he trod the mountain-sward as they,
 And felt his joy make even the young more gay.
 How jocund was their breakfast-parlor fanned,
 By yon blue water's breath,—their walks how
 bland!

Fair JULIA seemed her brother's softened sprite—
 A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,—
 And with her graceful wit there was inwrought
 A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought,
 That almost child-like to his kindness drew,
 And twin with UDOLPH in his friendship grew.
 But did his thoughts to love one moment range?—
 No! he who had loved CONSTANCE could not
 change!

Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned,
 Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind,
 That eyes so young on years like his should beam
 Unwooded devotion back for pure esteem.

True she sang to his very soul, and brought
 Those trains before him of luxuriant thought,
 Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring,
 To sweep across the mind with angel wing.
 Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance,
 She paused o'ercome, he thought it might be
 chance,

And, when his first suspicions dimly stole,
 Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul
 But when he saw his caution give her pain,
 And kindness brought suspense's rack again,
 Faith, honor, friendship, bound him to unmask
 Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask.

And yet with gracefully ingenuous power
 Her spirit met th' explanatory hour;—
 Ev'n conscious beauty brightened in her eyes,
 That told she knew their love no vulgar prize ;
 And pride like that of one more woman-grown,
 Enlarged her mien, enriched her voice's tone.

'T was then she struck the keys, and music made
 That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed.
 Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around,
 She looked the very Muse of magic sound,
 P'ainting in sound the forms of joy and woe,
 Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow.
 Her closing strain composed and calm she played,
 And sang no words to give its pathos aid;
 But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell,
 And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.
 Of CONSTANCE then she heard THEODRIC speak,
 And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek.
 But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
 Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
 That might have brought him hither years before,
 'Ah! then,' she cried, 'you knew not England's shore!
 And had you come,—and wherefore did you not?'
 'Yes,' he replied, 'it would have changed our lot!'
 Then burst her tears through pride's restraining
 bands,

And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
 She hid her voice and wept.—Contrition stung
 THEODRIC for the tears his words had wrung.
 'But no,' she cried, 'unsay not what you've said,
 Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed;
 To think I could have merited your faith
 Shall be my solace even unto death!'
 'JULIA,' THEODRIC said, with purposed look
 Of firmness, 'my reply deserved rebuke;
 But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
 And by the dignity of womankind,
 Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
 To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.'

Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
 She looked to Heav'n as if its aid she sought,
 Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
 And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild:
 'Alas!' she said, 'I warned—conjured my child,

And grieved for this affection from the first,
 But like fatality it has been nursed;
 For when her filled eyes on your picture fixed,
 And when your name in all she spoke was mixed,
 'T was hard to chide an over-grateful mind!
 Then each attempt a likelier choice to find
 Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,
 And UDOLPH'S pride—perhaps her own—believe
 That, could she meet, she might enchant even you.
 You came.—I augured the event, 't is true,
 But how was UDOLPH'S mother to exclude
 The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude?
 And that unconscious you had cast a spell
 On JULIA'S peace, my pride refused to tell:
 Yet in my child's illusion I have seen,
 Believe me well, how blameless you have been:
 Nor can it cancel, howsoever it end,
 Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend.
 At night he parted with the aged pair;
 At early morn rose JULIA to prepare
 The last repast her hands for him should make:
 And UDOLPH to convoy him o'er the lake.
 The parting was to her such bitter grief,
 That of her own accord she made it brief;
 But, lingering at her window, long surveyed
 His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved
 His journey's object. Much was he relieved
 When UDOLPH'S letters told that JULIA'S mind
 Had borne his loss, firm, tranquil, and resigned.
 He took the Rhenish route to England, high
 Elate with hopes, fulfilled their ecstasy,
 And interchanged with CONSTANCE'S own breath
 The sweet, eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind
 Were like portraying pictures to the blind.
 'T was needful even infectionally to feel
 Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal,

To share existence with her, and to gain
 Sparks from her love's electrifying chain
 Of that pure pride, which, lessening to her breast
 Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest,
 Before the mind completely understood
 That mighty truth—how happy are the good!

Even when her light forsook him, it bequeathed
 Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed
 A sweetness that survived her living days,
 As odorous scents outlast the censor's blaze.

Or, if a trouble dimmed their golden joy,
 'T was outward dross, and not infused alloy:
Their home knew but affection's looks and speech—
 A little Heaven, above dissension's reach.
 But 'midst her kindred there was strife and gall;
 Save one congenial sister, they were all
 Such foils to her bright intellect and grace,
 As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race.
 Her nature strove th' unnatural feuds to heal,
 Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal;
 And, though the wounds she cured were soon un-
 closed,

Unwearied still her kindness interposed.

Oft on those errands though she went in vain,
 And home, a blank without her, gave him pain.
 He bore her absence for its pious end.—
 But public grief his spirit came to bend;
 For war laid waste his native land once more,
 And German honor bled at every pore.
 Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally back
 One broken band, or perish in the wrack.
 Nor think that CONSTANCE sought to move and melt
 His purpose; like herself she spoke and felt:—
 'Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe
 Except its loss!—but with you let me go
 To arm you for, to embrace you from, the fight;
 Harm will not reach me—hazards will delight!
 He knew those hazards better; one campaign
 In England he conjured her to remain,

And she expressed assent, although her heart
In secret had resolved *they* should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves
Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves?
That little fault, *that* fraud of love's romance,
That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mis-
chance.

He knew it not preparing to embark,
But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark,
When, 'midst those numbered days, she made repair
Again to kindred worthless of her care.
'T is true she said the tidings she would write
Would make her absence on his heart sit light;
But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan,
And left him in his home a lonely man.

Thus damped in thoughts, he mused upon the
past :

'T was long since he had heard from UDOLPH last,
And deep misgivings on his spirit fell
That all with UDOLPH's household was not well.
'T was that too true prophetic mood of fear
That augurs griefs inevitably near,
Yet makes them not less startling to the mind
When come. Least looked-for then of human kind
His UDOLPH ('t was, he thought at first, his sprite,)
With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.
How changed was UDOLPH ! Scarce THEODRIC
durst

Inquire his tidings,—he revealed the worst.
'At first,' he said, 'as JULIA bade me tell,
She bore her fate high-mindedly and well,
Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide,
And from the world's compassion saved our pride.
But still her health gave way to secret woe,
And long she pined—for broken hearts die slow !
Her reason went, but came returning, like
The warning of her death-hour—soon to strike ;
And all for which she now, poor sufferer ! sighs,
Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies.

Why should I come to tell you this caprice ?
 Forgive me ! for my mind has lost its peace.
 I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to blame,
 That my insane ambition for the name
 Of brother to THEODRIC, founded all
 Those high-built hopes that crushed her by their
 fall.

I made her slight her mother's counsel sage,
 But now my parents droop with grief and age :
 And, though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke,
 They overwhelm me with their dying look.
 The journey 's long, but you are full of ruth :
 And she who shares your heart, and knows its
 truth,

Has faith in your affection, far above
 The fear of a poor dying object's love.'—
 'She has, my UDOLPH,' he replied, 't is true ;
 And oft we talk of JULIA—oft of you.'
 Their converse came abruptly to a close ;
 For scarce could each his troubled looks compact,
 When visitants, to CONSTANCE near akin,
 (In all but traits of soul,) were ushered in.
 They brought not her, nor 'midst their kindred
 band

The sister who alone, like her, was bland ;
 But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain—
 That CONSTANCE would a fortnight yet remain.
 Vexed by their tidings, and the haughty view
 They cast on UDOLPH as the youth withdrew,
 THEODRIC blamed his CONSTANCE's intent.—
 The demons went, and left him as they went
 To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
 A note from her loved hand explaining all.
 She said, that with their house she only staid
 That parting peace might with them all be made ;
 But prayed for leave to share his foreign life,
 And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
 He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say :
 The letter missed her on her homeward way

In six hours CONSTANCE was within his arms :
 Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
 And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
 Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
 ‘I knew that those who brought your message
 laughed,

With poison of their own to point the shaft ;
 And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
 Confessed she feared ’t was true you had been
 wroth.

But here you are, and smile on me : my pain
 Is gone, and CONSTANCE is herself again.’
 His ecstasy, it may be guessed, was much :
 Yet pain’s extreme and pleasure’s seemed to
 touch.

What pride ! embracing beauty’s perfect mould ;
 What terror ! lest his few rash words mistold
 Had agonized her pulse to fever’s heat :
 But calmed again so soon it healthful beat,
 And such sweet tones were in her voice’s sound,
 Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being ! with what sympathetic grace
 She heard, bewailed, and pleaded JULIA’s case ;
 Implored he would her dying wish attend,
 ‘And go,’ she said, ‘to-morrow with your friend ;
 I’ll wait for your return on England’s shore,
 And then we’ll cross the deep, and part no more.’

To-morrow both his soul’s compassion drew
 To JULIA’s call, and CONSTANCE urged anew
 That not to heed her now would be to bind
 A load of pain for life upon his mind.
 He went with UDOLPH—from his CONSTANCE
 went—

Stifling, alas ! a dark presentiment
 Some ailment lurked, ev’n whilst she smiled, to
 mock

His fears of harm from yester-morning’s shock.
 Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out,
 To watch at home, and follow straight his route,

If aught of threatened change her health should show.

—With UDOLPH then he reached the house of woe.

That winter's eve, how darkly Nature's brow
Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now !
The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice,
Shook fragments from the rifted precipice ;
And, whilst their falling echoed to the wind,
The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined.
While white yon water's foam was raised in clouds
That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds :
Without was Nature's elemental din—
And beauty died, and friendship wept, within !

Sweet JULIA, though her fate was finished half,
Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
And blessed him, till she drew her latest sigh !

But lo ! while UDOLPH's bursts of agony,
And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose,
What accents pierced him deeper yet than those !

'T was tidings, by his English messenger,
Of CONSTANCE—brief and terrible they were.

She still was living when the page set out
From home, but whether now was left in doubt.

Poor JULIA ! saw he then thy death's relief—
Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief ?

It was not strange ; for in the human breast

Two master passions cannot coexist,
And that alarm which now usurped his brain
Shut out not only peace, but other pain.

'T was fancying CONSTANCE underneath the shroud
That covered JULIA made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.

Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he slept,
Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's
saint

Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint,
O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he blessed
The shore ; nor hope left utterly his breast,

Till reaching home, terrific omen ! there
 The straw-laid street preluded his despair—
 The servant's look—the table that revealed
 His letter sent to CONSTANCE last, still sealed—
 Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear
 That he had now to suffer—not to fear.
 He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel—
 A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel :
 Her death's cause—he might make his peace with
 Heaven,

Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven.

The ocean has its ebbings—so has grief ;
 'T was vent to anguish, if 't was not relief,
 To lay his brow even on her death-cold cheek.
 Then first he heard her one kind sister speak :
 She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear
 With self-reproach to deepen his despair :

'T was blame,' she said, 'I shudder to relate,
 But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate ;
 Her mother (must I call her such ?) foresaw,
 Should CONSTANCE leave the land, she would
 withdraw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
 The only gem that drew it some respect.
 Hence, when you went, she came and vainly
 spoke

To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
 With execrations from her kneeling child.

Start not ! your angel from her knee rose mild,
 Feared that she should not long the scene outlive,
 Yet bade even you th' unnatural one forgive.

Till then her ailment had been slight, or none ;
 But fast she drooped, and fatal pains came on
 Foreseeing their event, she dictated
 And signed these words for you.' The letter
 said—

'THEODRIC, this is destiny above
 Our power to baffle ; bear it then, my love !

Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,
 For one true sister left me not forlorn ;
 And though you 're absent in another land,
 Sent from me by my own well meant command,
 Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine
 As these clasped hands in blessing you now join :
 Shape not imagined horrors in my fate—
 Even now my sufferings are not very great ;
 And when your grief's first transports shall subside,
 I call upon your strength of soul and pride
 To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,
 Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret ;
 I charge my name with power to conjure up
 Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.
 My pardoning angel, at the gates of Heaven,
 Shall look not more regard than you have given
 To me ; and our life's union has been clad
 In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.
 Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast ?
 Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past ?
 No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,
 There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;
 And let contentment on your spirit shine,
 As if its peace were still a part of mine :
 For if you war not proudly with your pain,
 For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.
 But I conjure your manliness to bear
 My loss with noble spirit—not despair ;
 I ask you by our love to promise this,
 And kiss these words where I have left a kiss,—
 The latest from my living lips for yours.'—
 Words that will solace him while life endures :
 For though his spirit from affliction's surge
 Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge,
 Yet still that mind whose harmony elate
 Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate,—
 That mind in whose regard all things were placed
 In views that softened them, or lights that graced,

That soul's example could not but dispense
A portion of its own blessed influence ;
Invoking him to peace and that self-sway
Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away :
And though he mourned her long, 't was with such
 woe
As if her spirit watched him still below."

TRANSLATIONS.

MARTIAL ELEGY.

FROM THE GREEK OF TYRTÆUS.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land !
But oh ! what ills await the wretch that yields,
A recreant outcast from his country's fields !
The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
An aged father at his side shall roam ;
His little ones shall weeping with him go,
And a young wife participate his woe ;
While scorned and scowled upon by every face,
They pine for food and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed ! dishonoring manhood's form,
All ills shall cleave to him :—Affliction's storm
Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
And we will drain the life-blood where we stand,
To save our children :—fight ye side by side,
And serried close, ye men of youthful pride,
Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not out sires to stem the unequal fight,
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant
 might;
 Nor, lagging backward, let the younger breast
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
 'To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
 His hoary head dishevelled in the dust,
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
 And beautiful in death the boy appears,
 The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
 In man's regret he lives, and woman's tears,
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
 For having perished in the front of war.

SONG OF HYBRIAS THE CRETAN.

My wealth's a burly spear and brand,
 And a right good shield of hides untanned,
 Which on my arm I buckle:
 With these I plough, I reap, I sow,
 With these I make the sweet vintage flow,
 And all around me truckle.

But your wights that take no pride to wield
 A massy spear and well-made shield,
 Nor joy to draw the sword:
 Oh, I bring those heartless, hapless drones,
 Down in a trice on their marrow-bones,
 To call me King and Lord.

FRAGMENT.

FROM THE GREEK OF ALCMAN.

THE mountain summits sleep: glens, cliffs, and
 caves
 Are silent—all the black earth's reptile brood—
 The bees—the wild beasts of the mountain wood:
 In depths beneath the dark red ocean's waves
 Its monsters rest, whilst wrapt in bower and
 spray
 Each bird is hushed that stretched its pinions to
 the day.

SPECIMENS OF TRANSLATIONS FROM
MEDEA.

Σκαιοὺς δὲ λέγων, κονδέν τι σοφοῦς
 Τοὺς πρόσθε βροτοῦς· οὐκ ἂν ἁμαρτοῖς.
 Medea, v. 194, p. 33, Glasg. edit.

TELL me, ye bards, whose skill sublime
 First charmed the ear of youthful Time,
 With numbers wrapt in heavenly fire,
 Who bade delighted Echo swell
 The trembling transports of the lyre,
 The murmur of the shell—
 Why to the burst of Joy alone
 Accords sweet Music's soothing tone?
 Why can no bard, with magic strain,
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain?
 While varied tones obey your sweep,
 The mild, the plaintive, and the deep,

Bends not despairing Grief to hear
 Your golden lute, with ravished ear?
 Has all your art no power to bind
 The fiercer pangs that shake the mind,
 And lull the wrath at whose command
 Murder bares her gory hand?
 When flushed with joy, the rosy throng
 Weave the light dance, ye swell the song!
 Cease, ye vain warblers! cease to charm
 The breast with other raptures warm!
 Cease! till your hand with magic strain
 In slumbers steep the heart of pain!

SPEECH OF THE CHORUS,

IN THE SAME TRAGEDY,

TO DISSUADE MEDEA FROM HER PURPOSE OF PUTTING HER CHILDREN TO
 DEATH, AND FLYING FOR PROTECTION TO ATHENS.

O HAGGARD queen! to Athens dost thou guide
 Thy glowing chariot, steeped in kindred gore;
 Or seek to hide thy foul infanticide
 Where Peace and Mercy dwell for evermore?

The land where Truth, pure, precious, and sublime,
 Woos the deep silence of sequestered bowers,
 And warriors, matchless since the first of time,
 Rear their bright banners o'er unconquered
 towers!

Where joyous youth, to Music's mellow strain,
 Twines in the dance with nymphs for ever fair,
 While Spring eternal on the liliated plain,
 Waves amber radiance through the fields of air!

The tuneful Nine (so sacred legends tell)
First waked their heavenly lyre these scenes
among:
Still in your greenwood bowers they love to dwell;
Still in your vales they swell the choral song!

But there the tuneful, chaste, Pierian fair,
The guardian nymphs of green Parnassus, now
Sprung from Harmonia, while her graceful hair
Waved in high auburn o'er her polished brow!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Where silent vales, and glades of green array,
The murmuring wreaths of cool Cephissus lave,
There, as the muse hath sung, at noon of day,
The Queen of Beauty bowed to taste the wave;

And blessed the stream, and breathed across the
land
The soft sweet gale that fans yon summer bow
ers;
And there the sister Loves, a smiling band,
Crowned with the fragrant wreaths of rosy flowers!

"And go," she cries, "in yonder valleys rove,
With Beauty's torch the solemn scenes illumine;
Wake in each eye the radiant light of Love,
Breathe on each cheek young Passion's tender
bloom!

Entwine with myrtle chains, your soft control,
To sway the hearts of Freedom's darling kind:
With glowing charms enrapture Wisdom's soul,
And mould to grace ethereal Virtue's mind."

STROPHE II.

The land where Heaven's own hallowed waters play,
 Where friendship binds the generous and the good,
 Say, shall it hail thee from thy frantic way,
 Unholy woman ! with thy hands embrued

In thine own children's gore ? Oh ! ere they bleed,
 Let Nature's voice thy ruthless heart appall !
 Pause at the bold, irrevocable deed—

The mother strikes—the guiltless babes shall fall !

Think what remorse thy maddening thoughts shall
 sting,

When dying pangs their gentle bosoms tear !
 Where shalt thou sink, when lingering echoes ring
 The screams of horror in thy tortured ear ?

No ! let thy bosom melt to Pity's cry,—
 In dust we kneel—by sacred Heaven implore—
 O ! stop thy lifted arm, ere yet they die,
 Nor dip thy horrid hands in infant gore !

ANTISTROPHE II.

Say, how shalt thou that barbarous soul assume,
 Undamped by horror at the daring plan ?
 Hast thou a heart to work thy children's doom ?
 Or hands to finish what thy wrath began ?

When o'er each babe you look a last adieu,
 And gaze on Innocence that smiles asleep,
 Shall no fond feeling beat to Nature true,
 Charm thee to pensive thought—and bid thee
 weep ?

When the young suppliants clasp their parent dear,
 Heave the deep sob, and pour the artless
 prayer—

Ay! thou shalt melt;—and many a heart-shed
tear

Gush o'er the hardened features of despair!

Nature shall throb in every tender string,—

Thy trembling heart the ruffian's task deny;—

Thy horror-smitten hands afar shall fling

The blade, undrenched in blood's eternal dye.

CHORUS.

Hallowed Earth! With indignation

Mark, oh mark, the murderous deed!

Radiant eye of wide creation,

Watch th' accursed infanticide!

Yet, ere Colchia's rugged daughter

Perpetrate the dire design,

And consign to kindred slaughter

Children of thy golden line!

Shall mortal hand, with murder gory,

Cause immortal blood to flow?

Sun of Heaven!—arrayed in glory

Rise, forbid, avert the blow!

In the vales of placid gladness

Let no rueful maniac range;

Chase afar the fiend of Madness,

Wrest the dagger from Revenge!

Say, hast thou, with kind protection,

Reared thy smiling race in vain;

Fostering Nature's fond affection,

Tender cares, and pleasing pain!

Hast thou, on the troubled ocean,

Braved the tempest loud and strong,

Where the waves, in wild commotion,
Roar Cyanean's rocks among?

Didst thou roam the paths of danger,
Hymenean joys to prove?
Spare, O sanguinary stranger,
Pledges of thy sacred love!

Ask not Heaven's commiseration,
After thou hast done the deed;
Mercy, pardon, expiation,
Perish when thy victims bleed.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD ;

OR,

“THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.”

I.

OH ! once the harp of Innisfail
Was strung full high to notes of gladness ;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,
The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt ;
And yet no wrongs, nor fears she felt :
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child ?

II.

Sweet lady ! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloomed a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewelled ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,
While yet in Leinster unexplored,
Her friends survive the English sword ;

Why lingers she from Erin's host,
 So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast;
 Why wanders she a huntress wild—
 O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And fixed on empty space, why burn
 Her eyes with momentary wildness;
 And wherefore do they then return
 To more than woman's mildness?
 Dishevelled are her raven locks;
 On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
 And oft amidst the lonely rocks
 She sings sweet madrigals.
 Placed 'midst the foxglove and the moss,
 Behold a parted warrior's cross!
 That is the spot where, evermore,
 The lady, at her shieling door,
 Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
 The living and the dead can meet,
 For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
 The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
 In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
 A son of light—a lovely form,
 He comes and makes her glad;
 Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
 His tasselled horn beside him laid;
 Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
 The hunter and the deer a shade!
 Sweet mourner! these are shadows vain
 That cross the twilight of her brain;
 Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
 Of Connocht Moran's tomb possessed,
 More richly than in Aghrim's bower,
 When bards high praised her beauty's power,

And kneeling pages offered up
The mórát in a golden cup.

V.

“A hero’s bride! this desert bower,
It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
And wherefore dost thou love this flower
To call—‘My love lies bleeding?’”
“This purple flower my tears have nursed;
A hero’s blood supplied its bloom:
I love it, for it was the first
That grew on Connocht Moran’s tomb.
Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
This desert mansion is my choice!
And blest, though fatal, be the star
That led me to its wilds afar:
For here these pathless mountains free
Gave shelter to my love and me;
And every rock and every stone
Bore witness that he was my own.

VI.

O’Connor’s child, I was the bud
Of Erin’s royal tree of glory;
But woe to them that wrapt in blood
The tissue of my story!
Still as I clasp my burning brain,
A death-scene rushes on my sight;
It risés o’er and o’er again,
The bloody feud—the fatal night,
When chafing Connocht Moran’s scorn,
They called my hero basely born;
And bade him chose a meaner bride
Than from O’Connor’s house of pride.
Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara’s psaltery;
Witness their Eath’s victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand;

Glory (they said) and power and honor
 Were in the mansion of O'Connor :
 But he, my loved one, bore in field
 A humbler crest, a meaner shield.

VII.

Ah, brothers ! what did it avail,
 That fiercely and triumphantly
 Ye fought the English of the Pale,
 And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry !
 And what was it to love and me,
 That barons by your standard rode ;
 Or beal-fires for your jubilee
 Upon a hundred mountains glowed ?
 What though the lords of tower and dome
 From Shannon to the North-sea foam,—
 Thought ye your iron hands of pride
 Could break the knot that love had tied ?
 No :—let the eagle change his plume,
 The leaf its hue, the flower its bloom ;
 But ties around this heart were spun,
 That could not, would not, be undone !

VIII.

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
 Thus sang my love—' Oh, come with me :
 Our bark is on the lake, behold
 Our steeds are fastened to the tree.
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans :—
 Come with thy belted forester,
 And I, beside the lake of swans,
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer ;
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home
 The wild-fowl and the honey-comb ;
 And berries from the wood provide,
 And play my clarshech by thy side.
 Then come, my love !—How could I stay ?
 Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,

And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

IX.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring, rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade.
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unploughed, untrodden shore;
Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doomed to rend my hair:
'The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
'The night to him, that had no morrow!

X.

When all was hushed at even tide,
I heard the baying of their beagle:
Be hushed! my Connocht Moran cried,
'T is but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 't was not the eyrie's sound;
Their bloody bands had tracked us out;
Up-listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's sword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!

Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial turf they trod,
And I beheld—oh God! oh God!—
His life-blood oozing from the sod.

XI.

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
Alas! my warrior's spirit brave
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard,
Lamenting, soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thralldom's grasp I lay
I know not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grew;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'T was but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check my bosom's power to sob,
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire;
I woke and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound,
And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,
My guilty, trembling brothers round,
Clad in the helm and shield they came
For now De Bourgo's sword and flame
Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries,
And lighted up the midnight skies.

The standard of O'Connor's sway
Was in the turret where I lay ;
That standard, with so dire a look,
As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
I gave—that every bosom shook
Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

And go ! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalléd bore
The anguish of a sister's shriek,
Go !—and return no more !
For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unrolled.
O stranger ! by my country's loss !
And by my love ! and by the cross !
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yoke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful mood ;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of Heaven.

XIV.

They would have crossed themselves, all mute ;
They would have prayed to burst the spell ;
But at the stamping of my foot
Each hand down powerless fell !
And go to Athunree ! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride !
But know that where its sheet unrolls,
The weight of blood is on your souls !
Go where the havoc of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain fern !
Men shall no more your mansion know ;
The nettles on your heart shall grow !

Dead, as the green oblivious flood
That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood !
Away ! away to Athunree !
Where, downward when the sun shall fall
The raven's wing shall be your pall !
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

A bolt that overhung our dome
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it passed these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw :
But now, behold ! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's pluméd partisans ;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom :
A sudden storm their plumage tossed,
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom !

XVI.

Stranger ! I fled the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall ;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold ;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No ! for I am a hero's child ;
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild ;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,

And cherish, for my warrior's sake—
 'The flower of love lies bleeding.'”

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL ! Lochiel ! beware of the day
 When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array !
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
 And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
 'They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down !
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
 But hark ! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far ?
 'T is thine, oh Glenullin ! whose bride shall await,
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
 A steed comes at morning : no rider is there ;
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
 Weep, Albin ! to death and captivity led !
 Oh weep, but thy tears cannot number the dead :
 For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
 Culloden ! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer ;
 Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
 Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn:
 Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
 From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the
 north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
 Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the
 blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their
 breath,

And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal.
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
 'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
 Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my
 sight:
 Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the
 moors:
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
 Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to
 beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Tho' my perishing ranks should be strewed in their
 gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of
 fame.

1802.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

YE Mariners of England !
 That guard our native seas ;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze !
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long
 And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !—
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave :
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

1800.



BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the chime
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each
gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail :
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave ;
'Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save :—
So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;

And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died;—
 With the gallant good Riou;*
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
 While the billow mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condoles,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

1805.

The Battle of the Baltic was written in the early part of 1805, and the original sketch was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, in a letter dated March 27, 1806. On its first appearance it was set to music and sung with enthusiasm by the chief vocalists of the day.

The following is a copy of the Ode in its original state:—

THE BATTLE OF COPENHAGEN.

Of Nelson and the North
 Sing the day!
 When, their haughty powers to vex,
 He engaged the Danish decks,
 And with twenty floating wrecks
 Crowned the fray!

All bright, in April's sun,
 Shone the day!
 When a British fleet came down,
 Through the islands of the crown,
 And by Copenhagen town
 Took their stay.

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his despatches.

In arms the Danish shore
Proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Princee of all the land
Led them on!

For Denmark here had drawn
All her might!
From her battle-ships so vast
She had hewn away the mast,
And at anchor to the last
Bade them fight!

Another noble fleet
Of their line
Rode out, but these were naught
To the batteries, which they brought
Like Leviathans afloat,
In the brine.

It was ten of Thursday morn,
By the chime,
As they drifted on their path
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time—

Ere a first and fatal round
Shook the flood;
Every Dane looked out that day,
Like the red wolf on his prey,
And he swore his flag to sway
O'er our blood.

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'T was the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame,
For to him 't was all the same
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch,
As they keep;
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs.
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

'T was the Edgar first that smote
Denmark's line;
As her flag the foremost soared,
Murray stamped his foot on board,
And an hundred cannons roared
At the sign!

Three cheers of all the fleet
Sung huzza!
Then, from centre, rear, and van,
Every captain, every man,
With a lion's bark began
To the fray.

O, dark grew soon the heavens—
For each gun,
From its adamantine lips,
Spread a death-shade round the ships
Like a hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Three hours the raging fire
Did not slack;
But the fourth, their signals drear
Of distress and wreck appear,
And the Dane a feeble cheer
Sent us back.

The voice decayed, their shots
Slowly boom.
They ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

O! death—it was a sight
Filled our eyes!
But we rescued many a crew
From the waves of scarlet hue,
Ere the cross of England flew
O'er her prize.

Why ceased not here the strife,
O, ye brave?
Why bleeds old England's band,
By the fire of Danish land,
That smites the very hand
Stretched to save?

But the Britons sent to warn
Denmark's town;
Proud foes, let vengeance sleep*
If another chain-shot sweep—
All our navy in the deep
Shall go down!

Then, peace instead of death
Let us bring!
If you 'll yield your conquered fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king!

Then death withdrew his pall
From the day;
And the sun looked smiling bright
On a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Yet all amidst her wrecks,
And her gore,
Proud Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds relief;
And the sounds of joy and grief
Filled her shore.

All round, outlandish cries
Loudly broke;
But a nobler note was rung,
When the British, old and young,
To their bands of music sung
“Hearts of oak!”

Cheer! cheer! from park and tower
London town!
When the king shall ride in state
From St. James's royal gate,
And to all his peers relate
Our renown!

The bells shall ring! the day
Shall not close,
But a blaze of cities bright
Shall illuminate the night,
And the wine-cup shine in light
As it flows!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Yet—yet, amid the joy
And uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
All beside thy rocky steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts, to Britain's weal
Once so true!
Though death has quenched your flame
Yet immortal be your name!
For ye died the death of fame
With Riou!

Soft sigh the winds of heaven
O'er your grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing—glory to the souls
Of the brave!

EPIGRAM,

ON THREE YOUNG LADIES, HIS PUPILS.

To be instructed by the Graces,
 Let other bards their favor sue ;
 But when I view your learning faces,
 Dear Mary, Fanny, Caroline,
 A more delightful boast is mine ;
 I teach the Graces while I'm teaching *you*.

1809.

ON SENDING REINFORCEMENTS

TO THE ENGLISH ARMIES IN SPAIN.

As recruits, in these times, are not easily got,
 And the Marshal *must* have them, pray why should
 we not,
 As the last—and I grant you the worst—of our
 loans to him,
 Ship off the whole Ministry, body and bones, to him ?
 There's not in all England, I'll venture to swear,
 Any men we could half so conveniently spare ;
 And, though they've been helping the French for
 years past,
 We may thus make them useful to England at last :—
 Castlereagh, in our sieges, might save some disgraces,
 Being versed in the taking, and keeping, of places ;
 And Chancellor Eldon, still canting and whining,
 Might show off his talents, in sly undermining ;
 Could the Household but spare us its glory and pride,
 Old H—f—t at horn-works, again might be tried,
 And the Chief-Justice make a bold charge at his side ;

While Vansittart might victual the troops upon tick,
And the Doctor look after the baggage and sick.

Nay, I do not see why the great Regent himself
Should, in times such as these, lie at home on the
shelf;

Though in narrow defiles he's not fitted to pass,
Yet, who could resist, if he bore down *en masse*?
And though, of an evening, he sometimes might
prove,

Like our brave Spanish Allies, 'unable to move!'
Yet one thing there is, of advantage unbounded,
Which is—that he could not with ease be sur-
rounded.—

In my next, I shall sing of their arms and equip-
ment;
At present no more—but good luck to the ship-
ment!

1813.

THE CRUEL SEMPSTRESS;

OR, A RIGHT PITEOUS AND HEROIC TRAGEDY, IN THE
MANNER OF MISTER WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

A FRAGMENT.

Prince. . . . OH, picture in the gallery of your
thoughts
Me asked to dine abroad: shaved, toiletted,
Busked brave in silken hose, and glossy shoon;
But, rummaging my wardrobe—struck aghast,
To find no wearable untattered shirt!
Obliged to ring the bell, and call my boy,
And send him with a scribbled *note*, as sad
As nightingale's lamenting for her young,
To say I cannot come! to frame a fib—
A white one in my black despair, and sealed

With wax as ruddy as the drops of blood
 That visit this sad heart ! No Burgundy
 For me this day, nor bright champagne, blanc-mange,
 Nor jelly ! Nor can fancy fill the void
 Of thwarted hope by figuring a lost feast :
 Or who can treat his palate to champagne
 By merely thinking of its sparkling bubbles ?
 And who can put a *shirt* upon his back
 By barely thinking of a shirt ?

1814.

 THE BATTLE-MORN.

A TROUBADOUR SONG FOR WATERLOO.

I HAVE buckled the sword to my side,
 I have woke at the sound of the drum;
 For the banners of France are descried,
 And the day of the battle is come !
 Thick as dew-drops bespangling the grass
 Shine our arms o'er the field of renown ;
 And the sun looks on thousands, alas !
 That will never behold him go down.

Oh, my saint ! Oh, my mistress ! this morn
 On thy name how I rest like a charm !
 Every dastard sensation to scorn
 In the moment of death and alarm !
 For what are those foemen to fear,
 Or the death-shot descending to crush,
 Like the thought that the cheek of my dear,
 For a stain on my honor should blush ?

Fallen chiefs, when the battle is o'er,
 Shall to glory their ashes intrust,
 While the heart that loves thee to its core,
 May be namelessly laid in the dust !

Yet content to the combat I go,
 Let my love in thy memory rest;
 Nor my name shall be lost—for I know
 That it lives in the shrine of thy breast!—

1815

CHARADES. 1829.

COME from my *first*, aye come!
 The battle dawn is nigh;
 And the screaming trump and the thundering drum
 Are calling thee to die!

Fight as thy fathers fought!
 Fall as thy fathers fell!
 Thy task is taught—thy shroud is wrought—
 So, forward, and farewell!

Toll ye my *second*, toll!
 Fling high the flambeau's light,
 And sing ye the hymn of a parted soul!

* * * * *

What do the stricken-blind and wise
 In common They *philosophize*! (*Feel loss of*
 eyes!)

FRAGMENT FROM THE "RHENISH
 BARON."

AN UNFINISHED POEM.

. . . . the Abbot's mien was high,
 And fiery black his persecuting eye;
 And swarthy his complexion—void of bloom,
 As if the times had steeped it in their gloom.

No butt for sophists, they got back from him
Shafts venomous with zeal and winged with whim :
For he had wit—'t was whispered even to shine
In merriment, and joys not quite divine
His bigotry itself had something gay,
A tiger's strength—exuberant even to play.
But—make him serious ! and how trivial then
Was all the gravity of other men
Compared to his ! At the High Mass, you saw
His presence deepening the mysterious awe.
What—though his creed, a Babel structure, frowned
In human pride, usurping Scripture ground,
His preaching terrified the heart to scan
Its faith, and stunned the reasoning powers of man ;
Yet still the effect was awful, and the mind
Was kindled by the flash it left behind.
Wild legends, relics, things grotesque and naught,
He made them great by passions which he wrought ;
Till visions crossed the wrapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene became a waking trance !
Then tears of pictured saints appeared to fall—
Then written texts seemed speaking from the wall :
The hallelujah burst—the tapers blazed—
With more than earthly pomp : and Bernard raised
A voice that filled the abbey with its tones,
Till fancy dreamt the very tombs and stones
Of Martyrs, glaring through the aisle's long track,
Were conscious of the sounds they echoed back !

1833.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover?"—

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright;
But for your winsome lady:

And by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry:
So though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."—

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.—

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—oh, my daughter!"—

'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS

SOUL of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
 Reclaimed from earth, thy genius plume
 Her wings of immortality;
 Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
 And with thine influence illumine
 The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
 Discord and Strife, at BURNS's name,
 Exorcised by his memory;
 For he was chief of bards that swell
 The heart with songs of social flame,
 And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was given,
 To warble all its ecstasies
 With Pythian words unsought, unwilling,—
 Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
 The choicest sweet of Paradise,
 In life's else bitter cup distilled.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
 To Mary's soul, in Heaven above,
 But pictured sees, in fancy strong,
 The landscape and the livelong day
 That smiled upon their mutual love?—
 Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skilled one flame alone to fan:
 His country's high-souled peasantry
 What patriot-pride he taught!—how much
 To weigh the inborn worth of man!
 And rustic life and poverty
 Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the Muse
Entranced, and showed him all the forms,
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The swain whom BURNS's song inspires!
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tanned
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In BURNS's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blessed him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings:
Let high Philosophy controul,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling, at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates

To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier—BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh! could he live,
The friend I mourned—the brave—the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo!*

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crushed laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

1815.

* Major Edward Hodge, of the 7th Huzzars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

AN ELEGY. WRITTEN IN 1795.

HARK ! from the battlements of yonder tower*
The solemn bell has tolled the midnight hour !
Roused from drear visions of distempered sleep,
Poor Broderick wakes—in solitude to weep !

“Cease, Memory, cease (the friendless mourner
cried)

To probe the bosom too severely tried !
Oh ! ever cease, my pensive thoughts, to stray
Through the bright fields of Fortune's better day,
When youthful HOPE, the music of the mind,
Tuned all its charms, and Errington was kind !

Yet, can I cease, while glows this trembling
frame,
In sighs to speak thy melancholy name !
I hear thy spirit wail in every storm !
In midnight shades I view thy passing form !
Pale as in that sad hour when doomed to feel !
Deep in thy perjured heart, the bloody steel !

Demons of Vengeance ! ye, at whose command
I grasped the sword with more than woman's hand
Say ye, did Pity's trembling voice control,
Or horror damp the purpose of my soul ?
No ! my wild heart sat smiling o'er the plan,
Till Hate fulfilled what baffled love began !

Yes ; let the clay-cold breast that never knew
One tender pang to generous nature true,

* Warwick Castle.

Half-mingling pity with the gall of scorn,
 Condemn this heart, that bled in love forlorn !

And ye, proud fair, whose soul no gladness
 warms,
 Save Rapture's homage to your conscious charms !
 Delighted idols of a gaudy train,
 Ill can your blunter feelings guess the pain,
 When the fond, faithful heart, inspired to prove
 Friendship refined, the calm delight of Love,
 Feels all its tender strings with anguish torn,
 And bleeds at perjured Pride's inhuman scorn.

- Say, then, did pitying Heaven condemn the
 deed,
 When Vengeance bade thee, faithless lover ! bleed ?
 Long had I watched thy dark foreboding brow,
 What time thy bosom scorned its dearest vow !
 Sad, though I wept the friend, the lover changed,
 Still thy cold look was scornful and estranged,
 Till from thy pity, love, and shelter thrown,
 I wandered hopeless, friendless, and alone !

Oh ! righteous Heaven ! 't was then my tortured
 soul
 First gave to wrath unlimited control !
 Adieu the silent look ! the streaming eye !
 The murmured plaint ! the deep heart-heaving
 sigh !
 Long-slumbering Vengeance wakes to better deeds ;
 He shrieks, he falls, the perjured lover bleeds !
 Now the last laugh of agony is o'er,
 And pale in blood he sleeps, to wake no more !

'T is done ! the flame of hate no longer burns :
 Nature relents, but, ah ! too late returns !
 Why does my soul this gush of fondness feel ?
 Trembling and faint, I drop the guilty steel !

Cold on my heart the hand of terror lies,
And shades of horror close my languid eyes !

Oh ! 't was a deed of Murder's deepest grain !
Could Broderick's soul so true to wrath remain ?
A friend long true, a once fond lover fell ?
Where Love was fostered could not Pity dwell ?

Unhappy youth ! while yon pale crescent glows
To watch on silent Nature's deep repose,
Thy sleepless spirit, breathing from the tomb,
Foretells my fate, and summons me to come !
Once more I see thy sheeted spectre stand,
Roll the dim eye, and wave the paly hand !

Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame !
Soon may these eyes their trembling lustre close,
Welcome the dreamless night of long repose !
Soon may this woe-worn spirit seek the bourne
Where, lulled to slumber, Grief forgets to mourn !"

TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky—
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold.
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God.

• Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the prophet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,
• The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshened fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle, cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam :

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age
That first spoke peace to man.

1819.

THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
 Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall Creation's death behold,
 As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
 The Earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
 Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands
 In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,
 With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
 As if a storm passed by,
Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun!
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
 'Tis Mercy-bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
 That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
 His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
 The vassals of his will?—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day;
 For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
 Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again :
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe ;
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire ;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,

On Earth's sepulchral clod,
 The darkening universe defy
 To quench his Immortality,
 Or shake his trust in God!

1828.

A DREAM.

WELL may sleep present us fictions,
 Since our waking moments teem
 With such fanciful convictions
 As make life itself a dream.—
 Half our daylight faith a fable;
 Sleep disports with shadows too,
 Seeming in their turn as stable
 As the world we wake to view.
 Ne'er by day did Reason's mint
 Give my thoughts a clearer print
 Of assured reality,
 Than was left by Phantasy
 Stamped and colored on my sprite,
 In a dream of yesternight.

In a bark, methought, lone steering,
 I was cast on Ocean's strife;
 This 't was whispered in my hearing,
 Meant the sea of life.
 Sad regrets from past existence
 Came like gales of chilling breath;
 Shadowed in the forward distance
 Lay the land of Death.
 Now seeming more, now less remote,
 On that dim-seen shore, methought,
 I beheld two hands a space
 Slow unshroud a spectre's face;
 And my flesh's hair upstood,—
 'T was mine own similitude.—

But my soul revived at seeing
Ocean, like an emerald spark,
Kindle, while an air-dropt being
Smiling steered my bark
Heaven-like—yet he looked as human
As supernal beauty can,
More compassionate than woman,
Lordly more than man.
And as some sweet clarion's breath
Stirs the soldier's scorn of death—
So his accents bade me brook
The spectre's eyes of icy look,
Till it shut them—turned its head,
Like a beaten foe, and fled.

"Types not this," I said, "fair spirit !
That my death hour is not come ?
Say, what days shall I inherit ?—
Tell my soul their sum."
"No," he said, "yon phantom's aspect,
Trust me would appall thee worse,
Held in clearly measured prospect :—
Ask not for a curse !
Make not, for I overhear
Thine unspoken thoughts as clear
As thy mortal ear could catch
The close-brought tickings of a watch—
Make not the untold request
That's now revolving in thy breast.

'T is to live again, remeasuring
Youth's years like a scene rehearsed,
In thy second life-time treasuring
Knowledge from the first.
Hast thou felt, poor self-deceiver !
Life's career so void of pain,
As to wish its fitful fever
New begun again ?

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

Could experience, ten times thine,
 Pain from Being disentwine—
 Threads by Fate together spun ?
 Could thy flight Heaven's lightning shun ?
 No, nor could thy foresight's glance
 'Scape the myriad shafts of Chance.

Would'st thou bear again Love's trouble—
 Friendship's death-dissevered ties ;
 Toil to grasp or miss the bubble
 Of Ambition's prize ?
 Say thy life's new guided action
 Flowed from Virtue's fairest springs—
 Still would Envy and Detraction
 Double not their stings ?
 Worth itself is but a charter
 To be mankind's distinguished martyr."
 —I caught the moral, and cried, " Hail !
 Spirit ! let us onward sail
 Envyng, fearing, hating none—
 Guardian Spirit, steer me on !"

1824.

VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

TO J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ.

COMPOSED FOR A PUBLIC MEETING, HELD JUNE, 1817.

PRIDE of the British stage,
 A long and last adieu !
 Whose image brought th' heroic age
 Revived to Fancy's view.
 Like fields refreshed with dewy light
 When the sun smiles his last,
 Thy parting presence makes more bright
 Our memory of the past ;

And memory conjures feelings up
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup
To Kemble—fare thee well!

His was the swell o'er hearts
Which only Acting lends,—
The youngest of the sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends :
For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time.
But by the mighty actor brought,
Illusion's perfect triumphs come,—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,—
What English heart was not on fire
With him at Agincourt ?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of the breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here !
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear ;
But who forgets that white discrowned head.
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguished glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair,

If 't was reality he felt ?

Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumphed to have seen !

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power
And sister magic came.

Together at the Muse's side

The tragic paragons had grown—

They were the children of her pride,

The columns of her throne,

And undivided favor ran

From heart to heart in their applause,

Save for the gallantry of man

In lovelier woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,

Robust and richly graced,

Your KEMBLE's spirit was the home

Of genius and of taste ;

Taste, like the silent dial's power,

That, when supernal light is given,

Can measure inspiration's hour,

And tell its height in heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,

His mind surveyed the tragic page,

And what the actor could effect,

The scholar could presage.

These were his traits of worth :

And must we lose them now !

And shall the scene no more show forth

His sternly-pleasing brow !

Alas, the moral brings a tear !—

'T is all a transient hour below ;

And we that would detain thee here,

Ourselves as fleetly go !

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review :
Pride of the British stage,
A long and last adieu !

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

IN THREE PARTS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The scenery and incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. ISAAC WELD informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

ON Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming ;
Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall,
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall ;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land ! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore.

II.

Delightful Wyoming ! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forest brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew ;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes—
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree :
And every sound of life was full of glee,

From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men ;
 While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry,
 The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then,
 Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
 Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
 For here the exile met from every clime,
 And spoke in friendship every distant tongue :
 Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung
 Were but divided by the running brook ;
 And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
 On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
 The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
 Would sound to many a native roundelay—
 But who is he that yet a dearer land
 Remembers, over hills and far away ?
 Green Albin !* what though he no more survey
 Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
 Thy pelloch† rolling from the mountain bay,
 Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
 And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan‡
 roar !

VI.

Alas ! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
 That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
 Had forced him from a home he loved so dear !
 Yet found he here a home and glad relief,

* Scotland.

† The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.

‡ The great whirlpool of the western Hebrides.

And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fired his highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life,—to plant fair Freedom's
tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor sealed in blood a fellow creature's doom,
Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, beloved of all,
Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge, in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged,
Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray,
A soul impetuous once, 't was earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh, Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in daylight truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathize?—
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild

The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise.
An inmate in the home of Albert smiled,
Or blessed his noonday walk—she was his only
child.

X.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he lived to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart—but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's
knee.

XI.

A love bequest,—and I may half impart—
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flower uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when, as the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms :
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned !)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind ;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclined,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind :)

All unaccompanied else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer
shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bower,
Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that helped to light
A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by
night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so young—
The dimple from his polished cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
The Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
"Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
The paths of peace my steps have hither led;
This little nursling, take him to thy love,
And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the
parent dove.

XV.

Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
Upon the Michigan, three moons ago,
We launched our pirogues for the bison chase,
And with the Hurons planted for a space,
With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
And though they held with us a friendly talk,
The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

It was encamping on the lake's far port,
A cry of Areouski* broke our sleep,
Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort,
And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ;
But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
Appeared through ghastly intervals of light,
And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep,
Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight,
As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery
fight !

XVII.

It slept—it rose again—on high their tower
Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
'Then down again it rained an ember shower,
And louder lamentations heard we rise :
As when the evil Manitou that dries
Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
In vain the desolated panther flies,
And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
Alas ! too late, we reached and smote those Hurons
fire !

XVIII.

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
So died their warriors by our battle-brand ;
And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
A lonely mother of the Christian land :—
Her lord—the captain of the British band—
Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay,
Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand ;
Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,
Or shrieked unto the God to whom the Christians
pray.

* The Indian God of War.

XIX.

Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité:
But she was journeying to the land of souls,
And lifted up her dying head to pray
That we should bid an ancient friend convey
Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
And take, she said, this token far away,
To one that will remember us of yore,
When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia
wore.

XX.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rushed
With this lorn dove."—A sage's self-command
Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that
gushed;
But yet his cheek—his agitated hand—
That showered upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled
A soul that was not wont to be unmanned;
"And stay," he cried, "dear pilgrim of the wild,
Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child!

XXI.

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms,
Young as thyself, and innocently dear.
Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
How beautiful even now thy scenes appear,
As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of
time!

XXII.

And Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
Can I forget thee, favorite child of yore?

Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
Wert lightest-hearted on his festive floor,
And first of all his hospitable door
To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend
In woes, that even the tribe of deserts was thy
friend!"

XXIII.

He said—and strained unto his heart the boy;—
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook;
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow;
As lives the oak unwithered on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below;
He scorned his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or laced his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly
tongue.

XXV.

"Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
Oh! tell her spirit that the white man's hand
Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
While I in lonely wilderness shall greet

Thy little foot-prints—or by traces know
The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
And poured the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain
roe.

XXVI.

Adieu, sweet scion of the rising sun !
But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
Then come again—my own adopted one !
And I will graft thee on a noble stock :
The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars ;
And I will teach thee in the battle's shock,
To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars !”
And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars !”

XXVII.

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran ;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth :)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man ;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods required, whose trained eye was keen,
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side—
His pirogue launched—his pilgrimage begun—
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide ;
Then dived, and vanished in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun ;
But never more to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hailed, with bark and plumage bright.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came freshening, and reflecting all the scene;
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for them-
selves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas opened by the wandering stream;
Both were at evening Alleghany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote lowed far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown:
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)

Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But softening in approach he left his gloom,
And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seemed as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seemed to love whate'er they looked upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heavenly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the
last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that looked from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophized its viewless scene:
"Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
The home of kindred I have never seen!
We know not other—oceans are between:
Yet say, far friendly hearts! from whence we came,
Of us does oft remembrance intervene?"

My mother sure—my sire a thought may claim ;—
But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

And yet, loved England ! when thy name I trace
In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
How can I choose but wish for one embrace
Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
My mother's looks,—perhaps her likeness strong ?
Oh, parent ! with what reverential awe,
From features of thy own related throng,
An image of thy face my soul could draw !
And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw !”

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy ;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his reverend head from all annoy :
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair ;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appeared in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not named its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit :—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colored all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by
time.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay-tinted woods their massy foliage threw;
Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the
 grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had
 strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown;
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakespeare's self she speaks and smiles
 alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweet-
 est tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom pro-
 found,
Or winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When, lo! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tanned,
And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features:—she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought—her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently conversed their guest in England's
tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold,—and much they loved his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retraced
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills—romantic Spain,—
Gay liliated fields of France,—or, more refined,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak,—

The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
 Where, resting by some tomb, of old Cacique,
 The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak
 Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
 But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
 Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulf profound,
 That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado
 sound.

XVII.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply
 Each earnest question, and his converse court;
 But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why
 A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
 "In England thou hast been,—and, by report,
 An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have
 known.
 Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort,—
 One innocent—one soldier's child—alone
 Was spared, and brought to me, who loved him as
 my own.

XVIII.

Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years
 These very walls his infant sports did see,
 But most I loved him when his parting tears
 Alternately bedewed my child and me:
 His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
 Nor half its grief his little heart could hold;
 By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
 They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
 And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled!"

XIX.

His face the wanderer hid—but could not hide
 A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;
 "And speak! mysterious stranger! (Gertrude cried)
 It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
 'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!"

A burst of joy the father's lips declare !
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell ;
At once his open arms embraced the pair,
Was never group more blest in this wide world of
care.

XX.

“ And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false attire ?
I durst not in the neighborhood, in truth,
The very fortunes of your house inquire ;
Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
Impart, and I my weakness all betray,
For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

But here ye live, ye bloom,—in each dear face,
The changing hand of time I may not blame ;
For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
And here, of beauty perfected the frame :
And well I know your hearts are still the same—
They could not change—ye look the very way,
As when an orphan first to you I came.
And have you heard of my poor guide I pray ?
Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous
day ?”

XXII.

“ And art thou here ? or is it but a dream ?
And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us
more ?”
“ No, never ! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
Than aught on earth—than even thyself of yore—
I will not part thee from thy father's shore ;
But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
And hand in hand again the path explore

Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and
 charms!"

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There, if, O gentle Love! I read aright
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'T was listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly
 fond—

XXIV.

"Flower of my life, so lovely and so lone!
Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
Scorning, and scorned by fortune's power, than own
Her pomp and splendors lavished at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath more exquisite
Than odors cast on heaven's own shrine—to
 please—
Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
When Coromandel's ships return from Indian
 seas."

XXV.

Then would that home admit them—happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flushed in the darkening firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon,
Ineffable, which I may not portray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskined youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom,
'T is but the breath of heaven—the blessed air—
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in Love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,

Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
 No!—nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
 But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
 Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
 That shade even now her love, and witnessed first
 her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
 Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
 Where welcome hills shut out the universe,
 And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
 There, if a pause delicious converse found,
 'T was but when o'er each heart the idea stole,
 (Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drowned)
 That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
 Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
 What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
 But mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
 The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
 And must I change my song? and must I show,
 Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doomed,
 Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!
 When where of yesterday a garden bloomed,
 Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
 gloomed!

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven,
 When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
 Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
 But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
 Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
 Her birth-star was the light of burning plains:*

* Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts—the blood of British veins—
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote,
Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly
dreams !

Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light ! and music's voice is dumb ;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillé screams,
Or midnight streets reecho to the drum,
That speaks of maddening strife, and bloodstained
fields to come.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang ;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe !
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doomed to go !
“Nay meet not thou (she cried) thy kindred foe !
But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand !”
“Ah, Gertrude, thy beloved heart, I know,
Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand !
Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band !

IX.

But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to
prove,
To hide in exile ignominious fears ;
Say, even if this I brooked, the public love
Thy father's bosom to his home endears :
And how could I his few remaining years,
My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child ?”
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers :

At last that heart to hope is half beguiled,
And, pale through tears suppressed, the mournful
beauty smiled.

X.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark!
Abrupt and loud, a summons shook their gate;
And heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form had rushed amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retained the mark;
But desolate he looked, and famished poor,
As ever shipwrecked wretch lone left on desert
shore.

XI.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arched:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quivering, pale, and parched.
From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim:
At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst
Had half assauged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasped;—but Albert knew
not him—

XII.

“And hast thou then forgot” (he cried forlorn,
And eyed the group with half indignant air),
“O! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foe,
Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer
know!”

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew;
"Bless thee, my guide!"—but backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewildered head withdrew,
And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him
through.

'T was strange—nor could the group a smile control—
The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view:
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
"It is—my own," he cried, and clasped him to his
soul.

XIV.

"Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed
men,
I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,*
For I was strong as mountain cataract:
And dost thou not remember how we cheered,
Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts
appeared?"

XV.

Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
Since I have seen thee, and again embraced."
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretched around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet placed;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely
bled.

* Cougar, the American tiger.

XVI.

"But this is not a time,"—he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand—
"This is no time to fill the joyous cup, [Brandt,—
The Mammoth comes,—the foe,—the Monster
With all his howling desolating band;—
These eyes have seen their blade and burning pine
Awake at once, and silence half your land.
Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

XVII.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
No! not the dog that watched my household hearth,
Escaped that night of blood, upon our plains!
All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

XVIII.

But go!—and rouse your warriors, for, if right
These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
Of striped and starred banners, on yon height
Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines—
Some fort embattled by your country shines:
Deep roars th' innavigable gulf below
Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
Go! seek the light its warlike beacons show;
Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe!"

XIX.

Scarce had he uttered—when Heaven's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star,—

And sounds that mingled laugh,—and shout,—and
 scream,—
 To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
 Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
 Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed;
 As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
 While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed:
 And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet
 wailed.

XX.

Then looked they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
 The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
 Or swept, far seen, the tower, whose clock unring
 Told legible that midnight of despair.
 She faints,—she falters not,—th' heroic fair,—
 As he the sword and plume in haste arrayed.
 One short embrace—he clasped his dearest care—
 But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the
 glade?
 Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through
 the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
 Far rung the groves and gleamed the midnight
 grass,
 With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
 As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass,
 Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
 Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
 And first the wild Moravian yagers pass,
 His plumed host the dark Iberian joins—
 And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
 shines.

XXII.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer.
 To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—

Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and
cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle-song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his deep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile avenged ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one the uncovered crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driven,—
Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiven.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant towers to reach,
Looked not on thee the rudest partisan
With brow relaxed to love? And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power,
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound

With embrasure embossed, and armor crowned,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant
scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild
alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners
flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous
deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert—Albert falls! the dear old father
bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranced in giddy horror Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!

And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
“Weep not, O Love!”—she cries, “to see me
bleed—

Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed!

XXIX.

Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress:
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh!
think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
dust!

XXX.

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,
Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.
And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is
past.—

XXXI.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,
And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,
If I had lived to smile but on the birth
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,

In future times—no gentle little one,
 To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
 Yet seems it, even while life's last pulses run,
 A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
 Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!

XXXII.

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their
 bland
 And beautiful expression seemed to melt
 With love that could not die! and still his hand
 She presses to the heart no more that felt.
 Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
 Mute, gazing, agonizing, as he knelt,—
 Of them that stood encircling his despair,
 He heard some friendly words;—but knew not
 what they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
 A faithful band. With solemn rites between
 'T was sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
 And in their deaths had not divided been.
 Touched by the music, and the melting scene,
 Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd:—
 Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
 To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved
 shroud—
 While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
 Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
 Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
 His face on earth;—him watched, in gloomy ruth,

His woodland guide: but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

XXXV.

"And I could weep,"—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun:
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Arcouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death,)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!"

XXXVI.

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight.

XXXVII.

To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?

Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers:
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

XXXVIII.

Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp,—for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

XXXIX.

But hark, the tramp!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears;
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!"

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY OF LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21st OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-loved land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore

And be it deemed not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh:
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was given;
Yet in a mighty cause his phoenix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heaven!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurled,
Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquered foes.

Joy to the band* this day on Egypt's coast,
 Whose valor tamed proud France's tricolor,
 And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
 Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
 When, bayonet to bayonet opposed,
 First of Britannia's host her Highland band
 Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost closed.

Is there a son of generous England here
 Or fervid Erin?—he with us shall join,
 To pray that in eternal union dear,
 The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
 As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
 Types of a race who shall to time unborn
 Their country leave unconquered as of yore!

1809.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS LATEST
 KILLED IN RESISTING THE REGENCY AND THE
 DUKE OF ANGOULEME.

BRAVE men who at the Trocadero fell—
 Beside your cannons conquered not, though slain,
 There is a victory in dying well
 For Freedom,—and ye have not died in vain;

* The 42d Regiment.

For, come what may, there shall be hearts in Spain
 To honor, ay, embrace your martyred lot,
 Cursing the Bigot's and the Bourbon's chain,
 And looking on your graves, though trophied not,
 As holier hallowed ground than priests could make
 the spot!

What though your cause be baffled—freemen cast
 In dungeons—dragged to death, or forced to flee;
 Hope is not withered in affliction's blast—
 The patriot's blood's the seed of Freedom's tree;
 And short your orgies of revenge shall be,
 Cowled demons of the Inquisitorial cell!
 Earth shudders at your victory,—for ye
 Are worse than common fiends from Heaven that
 fell,
 The baser, ranker sprung, *Autochthones* of Hell!

Go to your bloody rites again—bring back
 The hall of horrors and the assessor's pen,
 Recording answers shrieked upon the rack;
 Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;—
 Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den;—
 Then let your altars, ye blasphemers! peal
 With thanks to Heaven, that let you loose again,
 To practise deeds with torturing fire and steel
 No eye may search—no tongue may challenge or
 reveal!

Yet laugh not in your carnival of crime
 Too proudly, ye oppressors!—Spain was free,
 Her soil has felt the foot-prints, and her clime
 Been winnowed by the wings of Liberty;
 And these even parting scatter as they flee
 Thoughts—influences, to live in hearts unborn,
 Opinions that shall wrench the prison-key
 From Persecution—show her mask off-torn,
 And tramp her bloated head beneath the foot of
 Scorn.

Glory to them that die in this great cause ;
 Kings, Bigots, can inflict no brand of shame,
 Or shape of death, to shroud them from applause :—
 No !—manglers of the martyr's earthly frame !
 Your hangmen fingers cannot touch his fame !
 Still in your prostrate land there shall be some
 Proud hearts, the shrines of Freedom's vestal flame.
 Long trains of ill may pass unheeded, dumb,
 But vengeance is behind, and justice is to come.

1823.

SONG OF THE GREEKS.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance !
 Our land, the first garden of Liberty's tree—
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free.
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet's
 slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers'
 graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid—be the combat our own !
 And we 'll perish or conquer more proudly alone ;
 For we 've sworn by our Country's assaulters,
 By the virgins they've dragged from our altars,
 By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That, living, we shall be victorious,
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

This day shall ye blush for its story,
Or brighten your lives with its glory.
Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,
Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their
hair?
Accursed may his memory blacken,
If a coward there be that would slacken
Till we've trampled the turban, and shown our-
selves worth
Being sprung from and named for the godlike of
earth.
Strike home, and the world shall revere us
As heroes descended from heroes.

Old Greece lightens up with emotion
Her inlands, her isles of the Ocean ;
Fanes rebuilt and fair towns shall with jubilee ring,
And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's
spring :
Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
That were cold and extinguished in sadness ;
Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-
waving arms, [charms,
Singing joy to the brave that delivered their
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

ODE TO WINTER.

WHEN first the fiery-mantled sun
 His heavenly race began to run ;
 Round the earth and ocean blue,
 His children four the Seasons flew.
 First, in green apparel dancing,
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;
 Rosy Summer next advancing,
 Rushed into her sire's embrace :—
 Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep
 For ever nearest to his smiles,
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
 On India's citron-covered isles :
 More remote and buxom-brown,
 The Queen of vintage bowed before his throne,
 A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown,
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone.
 But howling Winter fled afar,
 To hills that prop the polar star,
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride
 With barren Darkness by his side,
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden
 Whirls to death the roaring whale,
 Round the hall where Runic Oden
 Howls his war-song to the gale ;
 Save when adown the ravaged globe
 He travels on his native storm,
 Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
 And trampling on her faded form :—
 Till light's returning lord assume
 The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
 Of power to pierce his raven plume
 And crystal-covered shield.
 Oh, sire of storms ! whose savage ear
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,

When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity,
Archangel! power of desolation!

Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?

Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.—

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes

Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.

Oh, winds of Winter! list ye there

To many a deep and dying groan;

Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,

At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.

Alas! even your unhallowed breath

May spare the victim fallen low;

But man will ask no truce to death,—

No bounds to human woe.

LINES

SPOKEN BY MRS. BARTLEY AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE,
ON THE FIRST OPENING OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE
DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, 1817.

BRITONS ! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious woe,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart,
Which like a shade hath darkened every place,
And moistened with a tear the manliest face !
The bell is scarcely hushed in Windsor's piles,
That tolled a requiem from the solemn aisles,
For her, the royal flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas !
That even these walls, ere many months should
pass,

Which but return sad accents for her now,
Perhaps had witnessed her benignant brow,
Cheered by the voice you would have raised on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty.

But, Britain ! now thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's home of love is left forlorn :—
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt
The 'scutcheon glooms, and royalty hath felt
A wound that every bosom feels its own,—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown—
The most beloved and most devoted bride
Torn from an agonized husband's side,
Who "long as Memory holds her seat" shall view
That speechless, more than spoken last adieu,
When the fixed eye long looked connubial faith,
And beamed affection in the trance of death.
Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swelled

While torch succeeding torch illumed each high
 And bannered arch of England's chivalry.
 The rich plumed canopy, the gorgeous pall,
 The sacred march, and sable-vested wall,—
 These were not rites of inexpressive show,
 But hallowed as the types of real woe!
 Daughter of England! for a nation sighs,
 A nation's heart, went with thine obsequies!—
 And oft shall time revert a look of grief
 On thine existence, beautiful and brief.
 Fair spirit! send thy blessing from above
 On realms where thou art canonized by love!
 Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind,
 The peace that angels lend to human kind;
 To us who in thy loved remembrance feel
 A sorrowing, but a soul-ennobling zeal—
 A loyalty that touches all the best
 And loftiest principles of England's breast!
 Still may thy name speak concord from the tomb—
 Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom!
 They shall describe thy life—thy form portray;
 But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
 'T is not in language or expressive arts
 To paint—ye feel it, Britons, in your hearts!

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

These lines were written in Germany in January, 1801, in consequence of seeing the unclaimed corpse of a suicide exposed on the banks of a river

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
 Unknown, unhonored, was the friendless dead;
 For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
 There never came to his unburied head:—
 All from his dreary habitation fled.
 Nor will the lanterned fishermen at eve
 Launch on that water by the witches' tower,

Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
 Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower
 For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.
 They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate !
 Whose crime it was, on Life's unfinished road,
 To feel the step-dame buffetings of fate,
 And render back thy being's heavy load.
 Ah ! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed
 In thy devoted bosom—and the hand
 That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
 To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
 Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown?—
 He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

REULLURA.*

STAR of the morn and eve,
 Reullura shone like thee,
 And well for her might Aodh grieve,
 The dark-attired Culdee.
 Peace to their shades ! the pure Uldees
 Were Albin's earliest priests of God,
 Ere yet an island of her seas
 By foot of Saxon monk was trod,
 Long ere her churchmen by bigotry
 Were barred from wedlock's holy tie.
 'T was then that Aodh, famed afar,
 In Iona preached the word with power,
 And Reullura, beauty's star,
 Was the partner of his bower.

But, Aodh, the roof lies low,
 And the thistle-down waves bleaching,

* Reullura, in Gaëllic, signifies "beautiful star."

And the bat flits to and fro
 Where the Gaël once heard thy preaching;
 And fallen is each columned aisle
 Where the chiefs and people knelt.
 'T was near that temple's goodly pile
 That honored of men they dwelt.
 For Aodh was wise in the sacred law,
 And bright Reullura's eyes oft saw
 The veil of fate uplifted.
 Alas, with what visions of awe
 Her soul in that hour was gifted—
 When pale in the temple and faint,
 With Aodh she stood alone
 By the statue of an aged Saint!
 Fair sculptured was the stone,
 It bore a crucifix;
 Fame said it once had graced
 A Christian temple, which the Picts
 In the Briton's land laid waste:
 The Pictish men, by St. Columb taught,
 Had hither the holy relic brought,
 Reullura eyed the statue's face,
 And cried, "It is, he shall come,
 Even he, in this very place,
 To avenge my martyrdom.

For woe to the Gaël people!
 Ulfagre is on the main,
 And Iona shall look from tower and steeple
 On the coming ships of the Dane;
 And, dames and daughters, shall all your locks
 With the spoiler's grasp entwine?
 No! some shall have shelter in caves and rocks,
 And the deep sea shall be mine.
 Baffled by me shall the Dane return,
 And here shall his torch in the temple burn
 Until that holy man shall plough
 The waves from Innisfail.

His sail is on the deep o'en now,
And swells to the southern gale."

"Ah! know'st thou not, my bride,"
The holy Aodh said,
"That the Saint whose form we stand beside
Has for ages slept with the dead?"
"He liveth, he liveth," she said again,
"For the span of his life tenfold extends
Beyond the wonted years of men.

He sits by the graves of well-loved friends
That died ere thy grandsire's grandsire's birth;
The oak is decayed with age on earth,
Whose acorn-seed had been planted by him;
And his parents remember the day of dread.
When the sun on the cross looked dim,
And the graves gave up their dead.
Yet preaching from clime to clime,
He hath roamed the earth for ages,
And hither he shall come in time
When the wrath of the heathen rages,
In time a remnant from the sword—
Ah! but a remnant to deliver;
Yet, blest be the name of the Lord!

His martyrs shall go into bliss for ever.
Lochlin,* appalled, shall put up her steel,
And thou shalt embark on the bounding keel,
Safe shall thou pass through her hundred ships,
With the Saint and a remnant of the Gaël,
And the Lord will instruct thy lips
To preach in Innisfail."†

The sun, now about to set,
Was burning o'er Tíree,
And no gathering cry rose yet
O'er the isles of Albin's sea,

* Denmark.

† Ireland.

Whilst Reullura saw far rowers dip
Their oars beneath the sun,
And the phantom of many a Danish ship,
Where ship there yet was none.
And the shield of alarm was dumb,
Nor did their warning till midnight come,
When watch-fires burst from across the main,
From Rona, and Uist, and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane
And the red-haired slayers were nigh.

Our islemen arose from slumbers,
And buckled on their arms ;
But few, alas ! were their numbers
To Lochlin's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse
Has filled the shores of the Gaël
With many a floating corse,
And with many a woman's wail.
They have lighted the islands with ruin's torch,
And the holy men of Iona's church
In the temple of God lay slain ;
All but Aodh, the last Culdec,
But bound with many an iron chain,
Bound in that church was he.
And where is Aodh's bride ?
Rocks of the ocean flood !
Plunged she not from your heights in pride,
And mocked the men of blood ?
Then Ulvagre and his bands
In the temple lighted their banquet up,
And the print of their blood-red hands
Was left on the altar cup.
'T was then that the Norseman to Aodh said :
"Tell me where thy church's treasure's laid,
Or I'll hew thee limb from limb."
As he spoke the bell struck three,
And every torch grew dim
That lighted their revelry.

But the torches again burnt bright,
And brighter than before,
When an aged man of majestic height
Entered the temple door.
Hushed was the revellers' sound,
They were struck as mute as the dead,
And their hearts were appalled by the very sound
Of his footsteps' measured tread.
Nor word was spoken by one beholder,
Whilst he flung his white robe back o'er his shoulder,
And stretching his arms—as eath
Unriveted Aodh's bands,
As if the gyves had been a wreath
Of willows in his hands.

All saw the stranger's similitude
To the ancient statue's form;
The Saint before his own image stood,
And grasped Ulvfagre's arm.
Then up rose the Danes at last to deliver
Their chief, and shouting with one accord,
They drew the shaft from its rattling quiver,
They lifted the spear and sword,
And levelled their spears in rows.
But down went axes and spears and bows,
When the Saint with his crosier signed,
The archer's hand on the string was stopt,
And down, like reeds laid flat by the wind,
Their lifted weapons dropt.
The Saint then gave a signal mute,
And though Ulvfagre willed it not,
He came and stood at the statue's foot,
Spell-riveted to the spot,
Till hands invisible shook the wall,
And the tottering image was dashed
Down from its lofty pedestal.
On Ulvfagre's helm it crashed—
Helmet, and skull, and flesh, and brain,
It crushed as millstones crush the grain.

Then spoke the Saint, whilst all and each
Of the Heathen trembled round,
And the pauses amidst his speech
Were as awful as the sound:

“Go back, ye wolves! to your dens,” he cried,
“And tell the nations abroad,
How the fiercest of your herd has died,
That slaughtered the flock of God.
Gather him bone by bone,
And take with you o’er the flood
The fragments of that avenging stone
That drank his heathen blood.
These are the spoils from Iona’s sack,
The only spoils ye shall carry back;
For the hand that uplifteth spear or sword
Shall be withered by palsy shock,
And I come in the name of the Lord
To deliver a remnant of his flock.”

A remnant was called together,
A doleful remnant of the Gaël,
And the Saint in the ship that had brought him
hither
Took the mourners to Innisfail.
Unscathed they left Iona’s strand,
When the opal morn first flushed the sky,
For the Norse dropt spear, and bow, and brand,
And looked on them silently;
Safe from their hiding-places came
Orphans and mothers, child and dame:
But, alas! when the search for Reullura spread,
No answering voice was given,
For the sea had gone o’er her lovely head,
And her spirit was in Heaven.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'T WAS the hour when rites unholy
Called each Paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshened air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose;
Even a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 't was from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and loved an English knight.

"Tell me, captive, why in anguish
Foes have dragged thee here to dwell,
Where poor Christians as they languish
Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?"—

"'T was on Transylvania's Bannat,
When the Crescent shone afar,
Like a pale, disastrous planet,
O'er the purple tide of war—

In that day of desolation,
Lady, I was captive made;
Bleeding for my Christian nation
By the walls of high Belgrade."

“Captive! could the brightest jewel
From my turban set thee free?”

“Lady, no—the gift were cruel,
Ransomed, yet if rest of thee.

Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee,
Christian climes should we behold?”—

“Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
Were thy ransom paid in gold!”

Now in Heaven’s blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father’s mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

“Fly we then, while none discover!
Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!”—
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasped his blooming Eastern bride.

1-00.

THE BRAVE ROLAND.

THE brave Roland!—the brave Roland!—
False tidings reached the Rhenish strand
That he had fall’n in fight;
And thy faithful bosom swooned with pain,
O loveliest maid of Allémayne!
For the loss of thine own true knight.

But why so rash has she ta’en the veil,
In yon Nonnenwerder’s cloisters pale?
For her vow had scarce been sworn,
And the fatal mantle o’er her flung,
When the Drachenfels to a trumpet rung—
’T was her own dear warrior’s horn!

Woe! woe! each heart shall bleed—shall break!
She would have hung upon his neck,
 Had he come but yester-even!
And he had clasped those peerless charms,
That shall never, never fill his arms,
 Or meet him but in heaven.

Yet Roland the brave—Roland the true—
He could not bid that spot adieu;
 It was dear still midst his woes;
For he loved to breathe the neighboring air,
And to think she blessed him in her prayer,
 When the Halleluiah rose.

There's yet one window of that pile,
Which he built above the Nun's green isle;
 Thence sad and oft looked he
(When the chant and organ sounded slow)
On the mansion of his love below,
 For herself he might not see.

She died!—he sought the battle-plain;
Her image filled his dying brain,
 When he fell and wished to fall:
And her name was in his latest sigh,
When Roland, the flower of chivalry,
 Expired at Roncevall.

THE SPECTRE BOAT.

A BALLAD.

LIGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid
forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing
cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted
bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and
the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-
yard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss, from
love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt, he told to none; but shud-
dering, pale, and dumb,
Looked out upon the waves, like one that knew his
hour was come.

'T was now the dead watch of the night—the helm
was lashed a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the
deep Levantine sea;
When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a
woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold,
stood up and spoke aloud:—

“Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still
wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my
peace with heaven!”—

It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to
meet her call,
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing
serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted
from the sight,
For the Spectre and her winding-sheet shone blue
with hideous light;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving
of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the
cock crew from the land.

1809.

THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

ON HER BIRTHDAY.

If any white-winged Power above
My joys and griefs survey,
The day when thou wert born, my love—
He surely blessed that day.

I laughed (till taught by thee) when told
Of Beauty's magic powers,
That ripened life's dull ore to gold,
And changed its weeds to flowers.

My mind had lovely shapes portrayed;
But thought I earth had one
Could make even Fancy's visions fade
Like stars before the sun?

I gazed, and felt upon my lips
'The unfinished accents hang:
One moment's bliss, one burning kiss,
'To rapture changed each pang.

And though as swift as lightning's flash
 Those tranced moments flew,
 Not all the waves of time shall wash
 Their memory from my view.

But duly shall my raptured song,
 And gladly shall my eyes,
 Still bless this day's return, as long
 As thou shalt see it rise.

SONG.

OH, how hard it is to find
 The one just suited to our mind;
 And if that one should be
 False, unkind, or found too late,
 What can we do but sigh at fate,
 And sing, Woe 's me—Woe 's me?

Love 's a boundless burning waste,
 Where Bliss's stream we seldom taste,
 And still more seldom flee
 Suspense's thorns, Suspicion's stings;
 Yet somehow Love a something brings
 That 's sweet—ev'n when we sigh, 'Woe 's
 me!'

ADELGITHA.

THE ordeal's fatal trumpet sounded,
 And sad pale ADELGITHA came,
 When forth a valiant champion bounded,
 And slew the slanderer of her fame.

She wept, delivered from her danger ;
 But when he knelt to claim her glove—
 “ Seek not,” she cried, “ oh ! gallant stranger,
 For hapless ADELGITHA’S love.

For he is in a foreign far land
 Whose arm should now have set me free ;
 And I must wear the willow garland
 For him that ’s dead, or false to me.”

“ Nay ! say not that his faith is tainted ! ”—
 He raised his vizor.—At the sight
 She fell into his arms and fainted ;
 It was indeed her own true knight !

LINES

ON RECEIVING A SEAL WITH THE CAMPBELL CREST
 FROM K. M—., BEFORE HER MARRIAGE.

THIS wax returns not back more fair
 Th’ impression of the gift you send,
 Than stamped upon my thoughts I bear
 The image of your worth, my friend !—

We are not friends of yesterday ;—
 But poets’ fancies are a little
 Disposed to heat and cool, (they say.)—
 By turns impressible and brittle.

Well ! should its frailty e’er condemn
 My heart to prize or please you less,
 Your type is still the sealing gem,
 And *mine* the waxen brittleness.

What transcripts of my weal and woe
This little signet yet may lock,—
What utterances to friend or foe,
In reason's calm or passion's shock !

What scenes of life's yet curtained stage
May own its confidential die,
Whose stamp awaits th' unwritten page,
And feelings of futurity !—

Yet wheresoe'er my pen I lift
To date the epistolary sheet,
The blest occasion of the gift
Shall make its recollection sweet ;

Sent when the star that rules your fates
Hath reached its influence most benign—
When every heart congratulates,
And none more cordially than mine.

So speed my song—marked with the crest
That erst the advent'rous Norman wore,
Who won the lady of the West
The daughter of Macaillan Mor.

Crest of my sires ! whose blood it sealed
With glory in the strife of swords,
Ne'er may the scroll that bears it yield
Degenerate thoughts or faithless words !

Yet little might I prize the stone,
If it but typed the feudal tree
From whence, a scattered leaf, I'm blown
In Fortune's mutability.

No !—but it tells me of a heart
Allied by friendship's living tie ;
A prize beyond the herald's art—
Our soul-sprung consanguinity !

KATH'RINE! to many an hour of mine
Light wings and sunshine you have lent;
And so adieu, and still be thine
The all-in-all of life—Content!

1817.

GILDEROY.

THE last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me: .
I hear the dead note of the drum,
I mark the gallows' tree!

The bell has tolled; it shakes my heart;
The trumpet speaks thy name;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear a death of shame?

No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier.

Oh, Gilderoy! bethought we then
So soon, so sad to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumphed o'er my heart?

Your locks they glittered to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb!

Ah! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound;
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound.

Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
 The guiltless to pursue;
 My Gilderoy was ever kind,
 He could not injure you!

A long adieu! but where shall fly
 Thy widow all forlorn,
 When every mean and cruel eye
 Regards my woe with scorn?

Yes! they will mock thy widow's tears,
 And hate thine orphan boy;
 Alas! his infant beauty wears
 The form of Gilderoy.

Then will I seek the dreary mound
 That wraps thy mouldering clay,
 And weep and linger on the ground,
 And sigh my heart away.

STANZAS

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

1803.

Our bosoms we 'll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or crushed in its ruins to die!
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

'T is the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust—
 God bless the green Isle of the brave!
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers' dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
 Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton's sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
Profaning its loves and its charms?
Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
'To arms! oh, my Country, to arms!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen!—No!
His head to the sword shall be given—
A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
And his blood be an offering to Heaven!
Then rise, fellow freemen, and stretch the right
hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

THE RITTER BANN.

THE Ritter Bann from Hungary
Came back, renowned in arms,
But scorning jousts of chivalry,
And love and ladies' charms.

While other knights held revels, he
Was wrapt in thoughts of gloom,
And in Vienna's hostelrie
Slow paced his lonely room.

There entered one whose face he knew—
Whose voice, he was aware,
He oft at mass had listened to
In the holy house of prayer.

'T was the Abbot of St. James's monks,
A fresh and fair old man:
His reverend air arrested even
The gloomy Ritter Bann.

But seeing with him an ancient dame
Come clad in Scotch attire,
The Ritter's color went and came,
And loud he spoke in ire :

"Ha! nurse of her that was my bane,
Name not her name to me;
I wish it blotted from my brain :
Art poor?—take alms, and flee."

"Sir Knight," the abbot interposed,
"This case your ear demands ;"
And the crone cried, with a cross enclosed
In both her trembling hands,

"Remember, each his sentence waits ;
And he that shall rebut
Sweet Mercy's suit, on him the gates
Of Mercy shall be shut.

You wedded, undispensed by Church,
Your cousin Jane in Spring ;—
In Autumn, when you went to search
For churchman's pardoning,

Her house denounced your marriage-band,
Betrothed her to De Grey,
And the ring you put upon her hand
Was wrenched by force away.

Then wept your Jane upon my neck,
Crying ' Help me, nurse, to flee
To my Howel Bann's Glamorgan hills ;'
But word arrived—ah me !—

You were not there , and 't was their threat,
By foul means or by fair,
To-morrow morning was to set
The seal on her despair.

I had a son, a sea-boy, in
A ship at Hartland Bay,
By his aid from her cruel kin
I bore my bird away.

To Scotland from the Devon's
Green myrtle shores we fled;
And the Hand that sent the ravens
To Elijah, gave us bread.

She wrote you by my son, but he
From England sent us word
You had gone into some far countrie,
In grief and gloom he heard.

For they that wronged you, to elude
Your wrath, defamed my child;
And you—ay, blush, Sir, as you should—
Believed, and were beguiled.

To die but at your feet, she vowed
To roam the world; and we
Would both have sped and begged our bread,
But so it might not be.

For when the snow-storm beat our roof,
She bore a boy, Sir Bann,
Who grew as fair your likeness' proof
As child e'er grew like man.

'T was smiling on that babe one morn
While heath bloomed on the moor,
Her beauty struck young Lord Kinghorn
As he hunted past our door.

She shunned him, but he raved of Jane,
And roused his mother's pride:
Who came to us in high disdain,—
'And where's the face,' she cried,

‘Has witched my boy to wish for one
So wretched for his wife?
Dost love thy husband! Know, my son
Has sworn to seek his life.’

Her anger sore dismayed us,
For our mite was wearing scant,
And, unless that dame would aid us,
There was none to aid our want.

So I told her, weeping bitterly,
What all our woes had been;
And, though she was a stern ladie,
The tears stood in her een.

And she housed us both, when, cheerfully,
My child to her had sworn,
That even if made a widow, she
Would never wed Kinghorn.”——

Here paused the nurse, and then began
The abbot, standing by :
“Three months ago a wounded man
To our abbey came to die.

He heard me long, with ghastly eyes
And hand obdurate clenched,
Spoke of the worm that never dies,
And the fire that is not quenched

At last by what this scroll attests
He left atonement brief,
For years of anguish to the breasts
His guilt had wrung with grief.

‘There lived,’ he said, ‘a fair young dame
Beneath my mother’s roof;
I loved her, but against my flame
Her purity was proof.

I feigned repentance, friendship pure;
That mood she did not check,
But let her husband's miniature
Be copied from her neck,

As means to search him; my deceit
Took care to him was borne
Nought but his picture's counterfeit,
And Jane's reported scorn.

The treachery took: she waited wild;
My slave came back and lied
Whate'er I wished; she clasped her child,
And swooned, and all but died.

I felt her tears for years and years
Quench not my flame, but stir;
The very hate I bore her mate
Increased my love for her.

Fame told us of his glory, while
Joy flushed the face of Jane;
And while she blessed his name, her smile
Struck fire into my brain.

No fears could damp; I reached the camp,
Sought out its champion;
And if my broad-sword failed at last,
'T was long and well laid on.

This wound's my meed, my name's Kinghorn,
My foe's the Ritter Bann.'——
The wafer to his lips was borne,
And we shrived the dying man.

He died not till you went to fight
The Turks at Warradein;
But I see my tale has changed you pale."——
The abbot went for wine;

And brought a little page who poured
It out, and knelt and smiled;—
The stunned knight saw himself restored
To childhood in his child;

And stooped and caught him to his breast,
Laughed loud and wept anon,
And with a shower of kisses pressed
The darling little one.

“And where went Jane?”—“To a nunnery. Sir—
Look not again so pale—
Kinghorn’s old dame grew harsh to her.”—
“And has she ta’en the veil?”—

“Sit down, Sir,” said the priest, “I bar
Rash words.”—They sat all three,
And the boy played with the knight’s broad star
As he kept him on his knee.

“Think ere you ask her dwelling-place,
The abbot further said;
“Time draws a veil o’er beauty’s face
More deep than cloister’s shade.

Grief may have made her what you can
Scarce love perhaps for life.”
“Hush, abbot,” cried the Ritter Bann,
“Or tell me where ’s my wife.”

The priest undid two doors that hid
The inn’s adjacent room,
And there a lovely woman stood,
Tears bathed her beauty’s bloom.

One moment may with bliss repay
Unnumbered hours of pain;
Such was the throb and mutual sob
Of the knight embracing Jane.

SONG.

"MEN OF ENGLAND."

MEN of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood:—

By the foes you've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquered—kingdoms won.

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtues bloom?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arch, and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,—
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crowned and mitred tyranny;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

SONG.

DRINK ye to her that each loves best,
 And if you nurse a flame
 That's told but to her mutual breast,
 We will not ask her name.

Enough, while memory tranced and glad
 Paints silently the fair,
 That each should dream of joys he 's had,
 Or yet may hope to share.

Yet far, far hence be jest or boast
 From hallowed thoughts so dear ;
 But drink to her that each loves most,
 As she would love to hear.

THE HARPER.

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah was
 nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Sheelah to part,
 She said, (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)
 Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far, far away :
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind, to be sure,
 And he constantly loved me, although I was poor ;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so
cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of gray,
And he licked me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remembered his
case,
Nor refused my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I played a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful, and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

THE WOUNDED HUSSAR.

ALONE to the banks of the dark-rolling Danube
Fair Adelaide hied when the battle was o'er:—
“Oh whither,” she cried, “hast thou wandered, my
lover,
Or here dost thou welter and bleed on the shore?”

What voice did I hear? ’t was my Henry that
sighed!”

All mournful she hastened, nor wandered she far,
When bleeding, and low, on the heath she descried,
By the light of the moon, her poor wounded
Hussar!

From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was
streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a
scar!

And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming,
That melted in love, and that kindled in war!

How smit was poor Adelaide's heart at the sight!

How bitter she wept o'er the victim of war!

"Hast thou come, my fond Love, this last sorrowful
night,

To cheer the lone heart of your wounded Hus-
sar!"

"Thou shalt live," she replied, "Heaven's mercy
relieving,

Each anguishing wound, shall forbid me to
mourn!"—

"Ah no! the last pang of my bosom is heaving!

No light of the morn shall to Henry return!

Thou charmer of life, ever tender and true!

Ye babes of my love, that await me afar!"—

His faltering tongue scarce could murmur adieu,

When he sunk in her arms—the poor wounded
Hussar!

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
 I have mused in a sorrowful mood,
 On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
 Where the home of my forefathers stood.
 All ruined and wild is their roofless abode,
 And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree :
 And travelled by few is the grass-covered road,
 Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode.
 To his hills that enircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
 By the dial-stone aged and green,
 One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
 To mark where a garden had been.
 Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
 All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
 From each wandering sunbeam, a lonely embrace,
 For the night-weed and thorn overshadowed the
 place,
 Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness ! emblem of all
 That remains in this desolate heart !
 The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
 But patience shall never depart !
 Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and
 bright,
 In the days of delusion by fancy combined
 With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight
 Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
 And leave but a desert behind.

Be hushed, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
 When the faint and the feeble deplore;
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of dis-
 dain,
 May thy front be unaltered, thy courage elate !
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipped in vain
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :
 To bear is to conquer our fate.

1800.

 THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
 lowered,
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
 'T was Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me
 back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was
 young ;
 I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
 And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
 sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
 From my home and my weeping friends never to
 part;

My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
 And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
 But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
 And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT 's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That 's hallowed ground—where, mourned and
 missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed:—
 But where 's their memory's mansion? Is 't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
 And up to Heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
The burning thoughts that then were told
Run molten still in memory's mould;
And will not cool,
Until the heart itself be cold,
In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'T is not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb:

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is 't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He 's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven! but Heaven rebukes my zeal.
The cause of Truth and human weal,

O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not—
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august ?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
Belie the vaunt,
That men can bless one pile of dust
With chime or chaunt.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man !
Thy temples—creeds themselves grow wan
But there's a dome of nobler span,
A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban—
Its space is Heaven !

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirit's feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
By mortal ears.

Fair stars ! are not your beings pure ?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure ?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
Aspect above ?
Ye must be Heavens that make us sure
Of heavenly love !

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time :
'That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !—
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

SONG.

WITHDRAW not yet those lips and fingers,
Whose touch to mine is rapture's spell ;
Life's joy for us a moment lingers,
 And death seems in the word—Farewell.
The hour that bids us part and go,
It sounds not yet,—oh ! no, no, no !

Time, whilst I gaze upon thy sweetness,
Flies like a courser nigh the goal ;
To-morrow where shall be his fleetness,
 When thou art parted from my soul ?
Our hearts shalt beat, our tears shall flow,
 But not together—no, no, no !

CAROLINE.

PART I.

I'LL bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be;
And sing my true love, all below
The holly bower and myrtle tree.

There all his wild-wood sweets to bring,
The sweet South wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy.

Come to my close and clustering bower,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flower,
Of mountain heath, and moory thyme.

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'er thy morning breath has played,
Whatever isles of ocean fanned,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wandering wind of fairy-land.

For sure from some enchanted isle,
Where Heaven and Love their sabbath hold,
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of beauty's fairest, brightest mould:

From some green Eden of the deep,
Where Pleasure's sigh alone is heaved,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endeared, undoubting, undeceived:

From some sweet paradise afar,
Thy music wanders, distant, lost—
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And love is never, never crossed.

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bowers,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless Hours
In Nature's more propitious home,

Name to thy loved Elysian groves,
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than Cherub loves,
And let the name be CAROLINE.

CAROLINE.

PART II.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

GEM of the crimson-colored Even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of Heaven,
 Beloved star, dost thou delay?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns,
 To chambers brighter than the rose :

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamored orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
 When all unheavenly passions fly,
 Chased by the soul-subduing power
 Of Love's delicious witchery.

O! sacred to the fall of day,
 Queen of propitious stars, appear,
 And early rise, and long delay,
 When Caroline herself is here!

Shine on her chosen green resort,
 Whose trees the sunward summit crown
 And wanton flowers, that well may court
 An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath,
To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where winnowed by the gentle air,
Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline,
In converse sweet, to wander far,
O bring with thee my Caroline,
And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

1796.

H*

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O LEAVE this barren spot to me !
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !
Though bush or floweret never grow
My dark unwarming shade below ;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue !
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn ;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial amber of the hive ;
Yet leave this barren spot to me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green ;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour ;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture made ;
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh ! by the sighs of gentle sound,
First breathed upon this sacred ground
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or beauty heard with ravished ear ;
As Love's own altar honor me :
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree !

FIELD FLOWERS.

YE field flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 't is true,
Yet wildings of Nature, I dote upon you,
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teemed around me with fairy
delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing
streams,
And of birchen glades breathing their balm,
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine
remote,
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note
Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildings of June :
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,
When the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,
And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,
Can the wild water-lily restore;
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks,
In the vetches that tangled their shore.

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear,
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,
Had scathed my existence's bloom;
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

SONG.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
 And sett'st the weary laborer free!
 If any star shed peace, 't is thou,
 That send'st it from above,
 Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
 Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
 Whilst the landscape's odors rise,
 Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
 And songs when toil is done,
 From cottages whose smoke unstirred
 Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
 Parted lovers on the muse;
 Their remembrancer in Heaven
 Of thrilling vows thou art
 Too delicious to be riven
 By absence from the heart.

STANZAS TO PAINTING.

O THOU by whose expressive art
 Her perfect image Nature sees
 In union with the Graces start,
 And sweeter by reflection please!

In whose creative hand the hues
 Fresh from yon orient rainbow shine;
 I bless thee, Promethèan muse!
 And call thee brightest of the Nine!

Possessing more than vocal power,
Persuasive more than poet's tongue ;
Whose lineage, in a raptured hour,
From Love, the Sire of Nature, sprung ;

Does Hope her high possession meet ?
Is joy triumphant, sorrow flown ?
Sweet is the trance, the tremor sweet
When all we love is all our own.

But oh ! thou pulse of pleasure dear,
Slow throbbing, cold, I feel thee part ;
Lone absence plants a pang severe,
Or death inflicts a keener dart.

Then for a beam of joy to light
In memory's sad and wakeful eye !
Or banish from the noon of night
Her dreams of deeper agony.

Shall Song its witching cadence roll ?
Yea, even the tenderest air repeat,
That breathed when soul was knit to soul,
And heart to heart responsive beat ?

What visions rise ! to charm, to melt !
The lost, the loved, the dead are near !
Oh, hush that strain too deeply felt !
And cease that solace too severe !

But thou, serenely silent art !
By heaven and love wast taught to lend
A milder solace to the heart,
The sacred image of a friend.

All is not lost ! if, yet possess,
To me that sweet memorial shine :—
If close and closer to my breast
I hold that idol all divine.

Or, gazing through luxurious tears,
 Melt o'er the loved departed form,
 Till death's cold bosom half appears
 With life, and speech, and spirit warm.

She looks ! she lives ! this trancèd hour,
 Her bright eye seems a purer gem
 Than sparkles on the throne of power,
 Or glory's wealthy diadem.

Yes, Genius, yes ! thy mimic aid
 A treasure to my soul has given,
 Where beauty's canonizèd shade
 Smiles in the sainted hues of heaven.

No spectre forms of pleasure fled,
 Thy softening, sweetening, tints restore,
 For thou canst give us back the dead,
 E'en in the loveliest looks they wore.

Then blest be Nature's guardian Muse,
 Whose hand her perished grace redeems !
 Whose tablet of a thousand hues
 The mirror of creation seems.

From Love began thy high descent ;
 And lovers, charmed by gifts of thine,
 Shall bless thee mutely eloquent ;
 And call thee brightest of the Nine !

THE MAID'S REMONSTRANCE.

NEVER wedding, ever wooing,
 Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
 Read you not the wrong you 're doing
 In my cheek's pale hue ?
 All my life with sorrow strewing
 Wed, or cease to woo.

Rivals banished, bosoms plighted,
 Still our days are disunited ;
 Now the lamp of hope is lighted,
 Now half-quenched appears,
 Damped, and wavering, and benighted,
 'Midst my sighs and tears.

Charms you call your dearest blessing,
 Lips that thrill at your caressing,
 Eyes a mutual soul confessing,
 Soon you 'll make them grow
 Dim, and worthless your possessing,
 Not with age, but woe !

ABSENCE.

'T IS not the loss of love's assurance,
 It is not doubting what thou art,
 But 't is the too, too long endurance
 Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish,
 When each is lonely doomed to weep,
 Are fruits on desert isles that perish,
 Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouched by jealous madness,
 Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck ;
 Th' undoubting heart, that breaks with sadness
 Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence ! is not the soul torn by it
 From more than light, or life, or breath ?
 'T is Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,
 The pain without the peace of death !

LINES

INSCRIBED ON THE MONUMENT LATELY FINISHED BY
MR. CHANTREY,

Which has been erected by the Widow of Admiral Sir G.
Campbell, K. C. B., to the memory of her Husband.

'To him, whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart,
Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part,—
Whose charity, like that which Paul enjoined,
Was warm, beneficent, and unconfined,—
'This stone is reared : to public duty true,
The seaman's friend, the father of his crew—
Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,
He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,
And led each arm to act, each heart to feel,
What British valor owes to Britain's weal.
'These were his public virtues :—but to trace
His private life's fair purity and grace,
'To paint the traits that drew affection strong
From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,
And, more, to speak his memory's grateful claim,
On her who mourns him most, and bears his name—
O'ercomes the trembling hand of widowed grief,
O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,
Save in religion's high and holy trust,
Whilst placing their memorial o'er his dust.

STANZAS

ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely delivered the
 brave,
 And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the grave,
 'T was the helpless to help, and the hopeless to save,
 That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine :
 And as long as yon sun shall look down on the wave,
 The light of your glory shall shine.

For the guerdon ye sought with your bloodshed and
 toil,
 Was it slaves, or dominion, or rapine, or spoil ?
 No ! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
 The uprooter of Greece's domain !
 When he tore the last remnant of food from her soil,
 Till her famished sank pale as the slain !

Yet, Navarin's heroes ! does Christendom breed
 The base hearts that will question the fame of your
 deed ?

Are they men ?—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
 And oblivion shadow their graves !—
 Are they women ?—to Turkish serails let them
 speed ;
 And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre ! dare ye deplore
 That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's shore ?
 That the mother aghast sees her offspring no more
 By the hand of Infanticide grasped !
 And that stretched on yon billows distained by their
 gore
 Missolonghi's assassins have gasped ?

Prouder scene never hallowed war's pomp to the
 mind,
 Than when Christendom's pennons wooed social the
 wind,
 And the flower of her brave for the combat combined,
 Their watch-word, humanity's vow:
 Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but mankind
 Owes a garland to honor his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
 Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled
 Gaul:
 For whose was the genius, that planned at its call,
 Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
 All were brave! but the star of success over all
 Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek!
 Dimmed the Saracen's moon, and struck pallid his
 cheek!
 In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
 When their lore and their lutes they reclaim:
 And the first of their songs from Parnassus's peak
 Shall be "*Glory to Codrington's name!*"

1828.

 LINES

ON REVISITING A SCOTTISH RIVER.

AND call they this Improvement!—to have changed,
 My native Clyde, thy once romantic shore,
 Where Nature's face is banished and estranged,
 And heaven reflected in thy wave no more;
 Whose banks, that sweetened May-day's breath
 before,

Lie sere and leafless now in summer's beam,
 With sooty exhalations covered o'er ;
 And for the daisied green-sward, down thy stream
 Unsightly brick lanes smoke, and elanking engines
 gleam.

Speak not to me of swarms the scene sustains ;
 One heart free tasting Nature's breath and bloom
 Is worth a thousand slaves to Mammon's gains.
 But whither goes that wealth, and gladdening whom ?
 See, left but life enough and breathing-room
 The hunger and the hope of life to feel,
 Yon pale Mechanic bending o'er his loom,
 And Childhood's self as at Ixion's wheel,
 From morn till midnight tasked to earn its little
 meal.

Is this Improvement ?—where the human breed
 Degenerate as they swarm and overflow,
 Till Toil grows cheaper than the trodden weed,
 And man competes with man, like foe with foe,
 Till Death, that thins them, scarce seems public woe !
 Improvement !—smiles it in the poor man's eyes,
 Or blooms it on the cheek of Labor ?—No—
 To gorge a few with Trade's precarious prize,
 We banish rural life, and breathe unwholesome
 skies.

Nor call that evil slight ; God has not given
 This passion to the heart of man in vain,
 For Earth's green face, th' untainted air of Heaven,
 And all the bliss of Nature's rustic reign.
 For not alone our frame imbibes a stain
 From foetid skies ; the spirit's healthy pride
 Fades in their gloom—And therefore I complain,
 That thou no more through pastoral scenes shouldst
 glide,
 My Wallace's own stream, and once romantic Clyde !

THE "NAME UNKNOWN."*

IN IMITATION OF KLOPSTOCK.

PROPHETIC pencil ! wilt thou trace
A faithful image of the face,
Or wilt thou write the "Name Unknown,"
Ordained to bless my charmèd soul,
And all my future fate control,
Unrivalled and alone ?

Delicious Idol of my thought !
Though sylph or spirit hath not taught
My boding heart thy precious name ;
Yet musing on my distant fate,
To charms unseen I consecrate
A visionary flame.

Thy rosy blush, thy meaning eye,
Thy virgin voice of melody,
Are ever present to my heart ;
Thy murmured vows shall yet be mine,
My thrilling hand shall meet with thine,
And never, never part.

Then fly, my days, on rapid wing
Till Love the viewless treasure bring
While I, like conscious Athens, owe
A power in mystic silence sealed,
A guardian angel unrevealed,
And bless the "Name Unknown !"

* These lines were written in Germany.

FAREWELL TO LOVE.

I HAD a heart that doted once in passion's boundless
pain,
And though the tyrant I abjured, I could not break
his chain;
But now that Fancy's fire is quenched, and ne'er can
burn anew,
I've bid to Love, for all my life, adieu! adieu!
adieu!

I've known, if ever mortal knew, the spells of Beauty's
thrall,
And if my song has told them not, my soul has felt
them all;
But Passion robs my peace no more, and Beauty's
witching sway
Is now to me a star that's fall'n—a dream that's passed
away.

Hail! welcome tide of life, when no tumultuous billows
roll,
How wondrous to myself appears this hazy calm of
soul!
The wearied bird blown o'er the deep would sooner
quit its shore,
Than I would cross the gulf again that time has brought
me o'er.

Why say they Angels feel the flame?—Oh, spirits of
the skies!
Can love like ours, that dotes on dust, in heavenly
bosoms rise?—
Ah no! the hearts that best have felt its power, the
best can tell,
That peace on earth itself begins, when Love has bid
farewell.

LINES

ON THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS,

IN the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling of stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climbed to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamped him of old,
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banner all burnished with gold

At the Conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand,
In pavilion wide ;
And they chaunted the deeds of Roland

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our Chivalry's sires.

On each turf of that mead
Stood the captors of England's domains,
That ennobled her breed
And high-mettled the blood of her veins.

Over hauberk and helm
As the sun's setting splendor was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm—
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

LINES ON POLAND.

AND have I lived to see thee sword in hand
 Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
 Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
 And leaves the tri-color in shade behind;
 A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
 That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
 Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
 Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath:
 Whilst envying bosoms, bare to shot and steel,
 I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
 Th' half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor;
 Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
 Who hates, but dares not chide, th' *Imperial Thief*?
 France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
 And Germany that has no soul at all,—
 States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
 Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone!
 No, ye are rich in fame e'en whilst ye bleed:
 We cannot aid you—we are poor indeed!
 In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
 Poland has won her immortality;
 The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
 Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;
 Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renowned,
 And all her ashes will be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:
 Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
 That's fanned by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's
 rage:
 She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
 And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
 Another Athens after Marathon,—

Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
 Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
 Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy,
 And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy;
 Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
 And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's son—
 The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
 With endless ensigns ravished from the foe,—
 Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
 Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
 The 'scuteheoned walls of high heraldic boast.
 The odorous altars' elevated host,
 The organ sounding through the aisles' long
 glooms,
 The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs;
 (John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
 Resemblance—Kosciusko's shall be there;)
 The tapered pomp—the hallelujah's swell,
 Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
 Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
 And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
 Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
 And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
 Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
 Who act, or by your sufferance share, the crime—
 Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
 Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
 Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
 With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
 Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
 And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
 To doze and dream by governments oppressed,
 The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
 Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
 And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine:
 But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
 Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke:
 Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
 And mystic metaphysics of your heads,

To show the self-same grave Oppression delves
 For Poland's rights is yawning for yourselves?
 See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,
 Has vaulted on his barb, and couched the lance,
 France turns from her abandoned friends afresh,
 And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;
 Buys, ignominious purchase! short repose,
 With dying curses, and the groans of those
 That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
 Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust—
 Brows laurelled—bosoms marked with many a scar
 For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
 Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
 On Gallic honor: and this broken faith
 Has robbed you more of Fame—the life of life—
 Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!
 And what of England—is she steeped so low
 In poverty, crest-fallen, and palsied so,
 That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
 With murder knocking at our neighbor's door!—
 Not murder masked and cloaked, with hidden knife,
 Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
 But *Public Murder*!—that with pomp and gaud,
 And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
 To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
 By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
 We read the diademed Assassin's vaunt,
 And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
 With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
 But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.
 If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
 Or trivial rapine stopped the world's highway;
 Were this some common strife of States embroiled;—
 Britannia on the spoiler and the spoiled
 Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
 Still honorably wear her olive wreath.
 But this is Darkness combating with Light;
 Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight;

Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
 Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
 Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
 That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain :
 Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
 And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My country ! colors not thy once proud brow
 At this affront ?—Hast thou not fleets enow
 With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
 Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
 To warm the insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
 And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood ?
 Even now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
 I see, my Country and my Patriot King !
 Your ensign glad the deep. Becalmed and slow
 A war-ship rides ; while Heaven's prismatic bow
 Uprisen behind her on th' horizon's base,
 Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and
 stays,

And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
 My soul accepts the omen ; Fancy's eye
 Has sometimes a veracious augury :
 The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight ;
 The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might !
 But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
 Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls
 Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
 To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
 Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
 Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
 Though Poland, Lazarus-like has burst the gloom,
 She rises not a beggar from the tomb :
 In Fortune's frown, on Danger's giddiest brink,
 Despair and Poland's name must never link,
 All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and
 flood :
 Even Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.

States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
 May late or soon, but must at last be free;
 For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
 The public soul—the hereditary will
 That downward, as from sire to son it goes,
 By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:
 Its heirloom is the heart, and slaughtered men
 Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
 Poland recasts—though rich in herces old—
 Her men in more and more heroic mould;
 Her eagle ensign best among mankind
 Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:
 Her praise upon my faltering lips expires;
 Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

A THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY THE
NEW YEAR.

THE more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages ;
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But, as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding ;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of Youth, a *seeming length*,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

SONG.

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at Love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying !

Yet, remember 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when pressed and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odor to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last forever !

Love 's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fettered Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

MARGARET AND DORA.

MARGARET'S beauteous—Grecian arts
 Ne'er drew form completer,
 Yet why, in my heart of hearts,
 Hold I Dora's sweeter?

Dora's eyes of heavenly blue
 Pass all painting's reach,
 Ringdoves' notes are discord to
 The music of her speech.

Artists ! Margaret's smile receive,
 And on canvas show it ;
 But for perfect worship leave
 Dora to her poet.

THE POWER OF RUSSIA.

So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain !
 And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak
 And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
 O British patriots, that were wont to speak
 Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or meek !
 O heartless men of Europe—Goth and Gaul,
 Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek ;—
 That saw the world's last land of heroes fall—
 The brand of burning shame is on you all—all—
 all !

But this is not the drama's closing act !
 Its tragic curtain must arise anew.
 Nations, mute accessories to the fact !
 That Upas-tree of power, whose fostering dew

Was Polish blood, has yet to cast o'er you
 The lengthening shadow of its head elate—
 A deadly shadow, darkening Nature's hue.
 To all that's hallowed, righteous, pure, and great,
 Wo! wo! when they are reached by Russia's withering hate.

ussia, that on his throne of adamant,
 Consults what nation's breast shall next be gored,
 He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
 His standard fresh; and horde succeeding horde,
 On patriot tomb-stones he will whet the sword,
 For more stupendous slaughters of the free.
 Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is
 poured,
 Shall miss thee, Poland! as they bend the knee,
 All—all in grief, but none in glory, likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reeled?
 O fair occasion, gone for ever by!
 To have locked his lances in their northern field,
 Innocuous as the phantom chivalry
 That flames and hurtles from yon boreal sky!
 Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land
 Once Poland; build thy bristling castles high;
 Dig dungeons deep; for Poland's wrested brand
 Is now a weapon new to widen thy command—

An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build
 His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dane;
 The glebe of fifty kingdoms shall be tilled
 To feed his dazzling, desolating train,
 Camped sumless, 'twixt the Black and Baltic
 main:
 Brute hosts, I own; but Sparta could not write,
 And Rome, half-barbarous, bound Achaia's chain:
 So Russia's spirit, 'midst Selavonic night,
 Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished
 light.

But Russia's limbs (so blinded statesmen speak)
 Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
 O, lamentable weakness ! reckoning weak
 The stripling Titan, strengthening year by year.
 What implement lacks he for war's career,
 That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
 (Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere)
 Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
 And India's homage waits, when Albion's star declines !

But time will teach the Russ, even conquering
 War
 Has handmaid arts : ay, ay, the Russ will woo
 All sciences that speed Bellona's car,
 All murder's tactic arts, and win them too ;
 But never holier Muses shall imbue
 His breast, that's made of nature's basest clay :
 The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapor blue
 His laws and ethics : far from him away
 Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but Freedom's
 day.

Say, even his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
 Their human rights,—will Mars put out his
 flame
 In Russian bosoms ? no, he'll bid them burn
 A thousand years for naught but martial fame,
 Like Romans :—yet forgive me, Roman name !
 Rome could impart what Russia never can ;
 Proud civic rights to salve submission's shame,
 Our strife is coming ; but in freedom's van
 The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of old ! Mohammed's moon recoiled
 Before thy swoop : had we been timely bold,
 That swoop, still free, had stunned the Russ, and
 foiled
 Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.

Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold :
 And colder still Polonia's children find
 The sympathetic hands that we outhold.
 But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will
 mind,
 Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human
 kind.

So hallowedly have ye fulfilled your part,
 My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
 With Poland's name—name written on my heart.
 My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends !
 Your sorrow, in nobility, transcends
 Your conqueror's joy : his cheek may blush ; but
 shame
 Can tinge not yours, though exile's tear descends ;
 Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and
 name,
 For his, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.

Thee, Niemcewicz, whose song of stirring power
 The Czar forbids to sound in Polish lands ;
 Thee, Czartoryski, in thy banished bower,
 The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
 May envy : proudly may Polonia's bands
 Throw down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
 Saying—"Russia from the metal of these brands
 Shall forge the fetters of your sons unborn ;
 Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn."

1831.

LINES

ON LEAVING A SCENE IN BAVARIA.

ADIEU the woods and waters' side,
 Imperial Danube's rich domain !
 Adieu the grotto, wild and wide,
 The rocks abrupt and grassy plain !
 For pallid Autumn once again
 Hath swelled each torrent of the hill ;
 Her clouds collect, her shadows sail,
 And watery winds that sweep the vale
 Grow loud and louder still.

But not the storm, dethroning fast
 Yon monarch oak of massy pile ;
 Nor river roaring to the blast
 Around its dark and desert isle ;
 Nor church-bell tolling to beguile
 The cloud-born thunder passing by,
 Can sound in discord to my soul :
 Roll on, ye mighty waters, roll !
 And rage, thou darkened sky !

Thy blossoms now no longer bright ;
 Thy withered woods no longer green ;
 Yet, Eldurn shore, with dark delight
 I visit thy unlovely scene !
 For many a sunset hour serene
 My steps have trod thy mellow dew ;
 When his green light the glowworm gave,
 When Cynthia from the distant wave
 Her twilight anchor drew,

And ploughed, as with a swelling sail,
 The billowy clouds and starry sea ;
 Then while thy hermit nightingale
 Sang on his fragrant apple-tree,—
 Romantic, solitary, free,

The visitant of Eldurn's shore,
 On such a moonlight mountain strayed,
 As echoed to the music made
 By Druid harps of yore.

Around thy savage hills of oak,
 Around thy waters bright and blue,
 No hunter's horn the silence broke,
 No dying shriek thine echo knew ;
 But safe, sweet Eldurn woods, to you
 The wounded wild deer ever ran,
 Whose myrtle bound their grassy cave;
 Whose very rocks a shelter gave
 From blood-pursuing man.

Oh heart effusions, that arose
 From nightly wanderings cherished here ;
 To him who flies from many woes,
 Even homeless deserts can be dear !
 The last and solitary cheer
 Of those that own no earthly home,
 Say—is it not, ye banished race,
 In such a loved and lonely place
 Companionless to roam ?

Yes ! I have loved thy wild abode,
 Unknown, unploughed, untrodden shore ;
 Where scarce the woodman finds a road,
 And scarce the fisher plies an oar ;
 For man's neglect I love thee more :
 That art nor avarice intrude
 To tame thy torrent's thunder shock,
 Or prune thy vintage of the rock
 Magnificently rude.

Unheeded spreads thy blossomed bud
 Its milky bosom to the bee ;
 Unheeded falls along the flood
 Thy desolate and aged tree.
 Forsaken scene, how like to thee

The fate of unbefriended Worth !
Like thine her fruit dishonored falls ;
Like thee in solitude she calls
A thousand treasures forth.

Oh ! silent spirit of the place,
If, lingering with the ruined year,
Thy hoary form and awful face
I yet might watch and worship here !
Thy storm were music to mine ear,
Thy wildest walk a shelter given
Sublimar thoughts on earth to find,
And share, with no unhallowed mind,
The majesty of heaven.

What though the bosom friends of Fate,—
Prosperity's unweaned brood,—
Thy consolations cannot rate,
O self-dependent solitude !
Yet with a spirit unsubdued,
Though darkened by the clouds of Care,
To worship thy congenial gloom,
A pilgrim to the Prophet's tomb
The Friendless shall repair.

On him the world hath never smiled
Or looked but with accusing eye ;—
All-silent goddess of the wild,
To thee that misanthrope shall fly !
I hear his deep soliloquy,
I mark his proud but ravaged form,
As stern he wraps his mantle round,
And bids, on winter's bleakest ground,
Defiance to the storm.

Peace to his banished heart, at last,
In thy dominions shall descend,
And, strong as beechwood in the blast,
His spirit shall refuse to bend ;
Enduring life without a friend,

The world and falsehood left behind,
 Thy votary shall bear elate,
 (Triumphant o'er opposing Fate,)
 His dark inspired mind.

But dost thou, Folly, mock the Muse
 A wanderer's mountain walk to sing,
 Who shuns a warring world, nor woos
 The vulture cover of its wing?
 Then fly, thou cowering, shivering thing,
 Back to the fostering world beguiled,
 To waste in self-consuming strife
 The loveless brotherhood of life,
 Reviling and reviled!

Away, thou lover of the race
 That thither chased yon weeping deer!
 If Nature's all majestic face
 More pitiless than man's appear;
 Or, if the wild winds seem more drear
 Than man's cold charities below,
 Behold around his peopled plains,
 Where'er the social savage reigns,
 Exuberance of woe!

His art and honors wouldst thou seek
 Embossed on grandeur's giant walls?
 Or hear his moral thunders speak
 Where senates light their airy halls.
 Where man his brother man enthralls;
 Or sends his whirlwind warrant forth
 To rouse the slumbering fiends of war,
 To dye the blood-warm waves afar,
 And desolate the earth?

From clime to clime pursue the scene,
 And mark in all thy spacious way,
 Where'er the tyrant man has been,
 There Peace, the cherub, cannot stay;
 In wilds and woodlands far away

She builds her solitary bower,
Where only anchorites have trod,
Or friendless men, to worship God,
Have wandered for an hour.

In such a far forsaken vale,—
And such, sweet Eldurn vale, is thine,—
Afflicted nature shall inhale
Heaven-borrowed thoughts and joys divine;
No linger wish, no more repine,
For man's neglect or woman's scorn;—
'Then wed thee to an exile's lot,
For if the world hath loved thee not,
Its absence may be borne.

THE DEATH-BOAT OF HELIGOLAND.

CAN restlessness reach the cold sepulchred head?
Ay, the quick have their sleep-walkers, so have the
dead.
There are brains, though they moulder, that dream
in the tomb,
And that maddening forehear the last trumpet of
doom,
Till their corpses start sheeted to revel on earth,
Making horror more deep by the semblance of mirth:
By the glare of new-lighted volcanoes they dance,
Or at mid-sea appall the chilled mariner's glance.
Such, I wot, was the band of cadaverous smile
Seen ploughing the night-surge of Heligo's isle.

The foam of the Baltic had sparkled like fire,
And the red moon looked down with an aspect of ire;
But her beams on a sudden grew sick-like and gray,
And the mewes that had slept clanged and shrieked
far away—

And the buoys and the beacons extinguished their
light,

As the boat of the stony-eyed dead came in sight
High bounding from billow to billow; each form
Had its shroud like a plaid flying loose to the storm;
With an oar in each pulseless and icy-cold hand,
Fast they ploughed by the lee-shore of Heligoland,
Such breakers as boat of the living ne'er crossed;
Now surf-sunk for minutes again they uptossed;
And with livid lips shouted reply o'er the flood
To the challenging watchman that curdled his
blood—

'We are dead—we are bound from our graves in the
west,
First to Hécla, and then to——' Unmeet was the
rest:

For man's ear. The old abbey bell thundered its
clang,

And their eyes gleamed with phosphorus light as it
rang:

Ere they vanished, they stopped, and gazed silently
grim,

Till the eye could define them, garb, feature, and
limb.

Now who were those roamers? of gallows or wheel
Bore they marks, or the mangling anatomist's steel?
No, by magistrates' chains 'mid their grave-clothes
you saw

They were felons too proud to have perished by
law:

But a ribbon that hung where a rope should have
been,

'T was the badge of their faction, its hue was not
green,

Showed them men who had trampled and tortured
and driven

To rebellion the fairest Isle breathed on by
Heaven,—

Men whose heirs would yet finish the tyrannous task,
If the Truth and the Time had not dragged off their
mask.

They parted—but not till the sight might discern
A scutcheon distinct at their pinnace's stern,
Where letters emblazoned in blood-colored flame,
Named their faction—I blot not my page with its
name.

1828.

SONG.

WHEN Love came first to earth, the SPRING
Spread rose-beds to receive him,
And back he vowed his flight he'd wing
To Heaven, if she should leave him.

But SPRING departing, saw his faith
Pledged to the next new comer—
He revelled in the warmer breath
And richer bowers of SUMMER.

Then sportive AUTUMN claimed by rights
An Archer for her lover,
And even in WINTER's dark cold nights
A charm he could discover.

Her routs and balls, and fireside joy,
For this time were his reasons—
In short, Young Love's a gallant boy,
That likes all times and seasons.

1829.

SONG.

EARL MARCH looked on his dying child,
And smit with grief to view her—
The youth, he cried, whom I exiled,
Shall be restored to woo her.

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover:
And *he* looked up to Ellen's bower,
And *she* looked on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling.
And am I then forgot—forgot?—
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

SONG.

WHEN NAPOLEON was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying
To his brother bade adieu!

“And take,” he said, “this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath.”

Sore mourned the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warned to part,
And they took a sad farewell.

There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sighed;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried.

LINES TO JULIA M——.

SENT WITH A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.

SINCE there is magic in your look
And in your voice a witching charm,
As all our hearts consenting tell,
Enchantress, smile upon my book,
And guard its lays from hate and harm,
By beauty's most resistless spell.

The sunny dew-drop of thy praise,
Young day-star of the rising time,
Shall with its odoriferous morn
Refresh my sere and withered bays
Smile, and I will believe my rhyme
Shall please the beautiful unborn.

Go forth, my pictured thoughts, and rise
In traits and tints of sweeter tone,
When Julia's glance is o'er ye flung;
Glow, gladden, linger in her eyes,
And catch a magic not your own,
Read by the music of her tongue.

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.

SWEET Iser! were thy sunny realm
 And flowery gardens mine,
 Thy waters I would shade with elm
 To prop the tender vine;
 My golden flagons I would fill
 With rosy draughts from every hill;
 And under every myrtle bower,
 My gay companions should prolong
 The laugh, the revel, and the song,
 To many an idle hour.

Like rivers crimsoned with the beam
 Of yonder planet bright,
 Our balmy cups should ever stream
 Profusion of delight;
 No care should touch the mellow heart,
 And sad or sober none depart;
 For wine can triumph over woe,
 And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
 Could build in Iser's sunny bowers
 A paradise below.

 LINES

 ON THE DEPARTURE OF EMIGRANTS FOR NEW SOUTH
 WALES.

ON England's shore I saw a pensive band,
 With sails unfurled for earth's remotest strand,
 Like children parting from a mother, shed
 Tears for the home that could not yield them
 bread;
 Grief marked each face receding from the view,
 'T was grief to nature honorably true.

And long, poor wanderers o'er the ecliptic deep,
The song that names but home shall make you
weep:

Oft shall ye fold your flocks by stars above
In that far world, and miss the stars ye love ;
Oft when its tuneless birds scream round forlorn,
Regret the lark that gladdens England's morn,
And, giving England's names to distant scenes,
Lament that earth's extension intervenes.

But cloud not yet too long, industrious train,
Your solid good with sorrow nursed in vain :
For has the heart no interest yet as bland
As that which binds us to our native land ? [hearth,
The deep-drawn wish, when children crown our
To hear the cherub-chorus of their mirth,
Undamped by dread that want may e'er unhouse,
Or servile misery knit those smiling brows :
The pride to rear an independent shed,
And give the lips we love unborrowed bread :
To see a world, from shadowy forests won,
In youthful beauty wedded to the sun ;
To skirt our home with harvests widely sown,
And call the blooming landscape all our own,
Our children's heritage, in prospect long.
These are the hopes, high-minded hopes and strong,
That beckon England's wanderers o'er the brine,
To realms where foreign constellations shine ;
Where streams from undiscovered fountains roll,
And winds shall fan them from th' Antarctic pole.
And what though doomed to shores so far apart
From England's home, that even the homesick heart
Quails, thinking, ere that gulf can be recrossed,
How large a space of fleeting life is lost :
Yet there, by time, their bosoms shall be changed,
And strangers once shall cease to sigh estranged,
But jocund in the year's long sunshine roam,
That yields their sickle twice its harvest-home.

There, marking o'er his farm's expanding ring
New fleeces whiten and new fruits upspring,

The gray-haired swain, his grandchild sporting
 round,
 Shall walk at eve his little empire's bound,
 Emblazed with ruby vintage, ripening corn,
 And verdant rampart of acacian thorn,
 While, mingling with the scent his pipe exhales,
 The orange grove's and fig-tree's breath prevails :
 Survey with pride beyond a monarch's spoil,
 His honest arm's own subjugated soil ;
 And, summing all the blessings God has given,
 Put up his patriarchal prayer to Heaven,
 That, when his bones shall here repose in peace,
 The scions of his love may still increase,
 And o'er a land where life has ample room,
 In health and plenty innocently bloom.

Delightful land, in wildness even benign,
 The glorious past is ours, the future thine !
 As in a cradled Hercules, we trace
 The lines of empire in thine infant face.
 What nations in thy wide horizon's span
 Shall teem on tracts untrodden yet by man !
 What spacious cities with their spires shall gleam,
 Where now the panther laps a lonely stream,
 And all but brute or reptile life is dumb !
 Land of the free ! thy kingdom is to come,
 Of states, with laws from Gothic bondage burst,
 And creeds by chartered priesthoods unaccurst :
 Of navies, hoisting their emblazoned flags,
 Where shipless seas now wash unbeaconed crags ;
 Of hosts reviewed in dazzling files and squares,
 Their pennoned trumpets breathing native airs,—
 For minstrels thou shalt have of native fire,
 And maids to sing the songs themselves inspire :—
 Our very speech, methinks, in after-time,
 Shall catch th' Ionian blandness of thy clime ;
 And whilst the light and luxury of thy skies
 Give brighter smiles to beauteous woman's eyes,
 The Arts, whose soul is love, shall all spontaneous
 rise.

Untracked in deserts lies the marble mine,
 Undug the ore that 'midst thy roofs shall shine ;
 Unborn the hands—but born they are to be—
 Fair Australasia, that shall give to thee
 Proud temple-domes, with galleries winding high,
 So vast in space, so just in symmetry,
 They widen to the contemplating eye,
 With colonnaded aisles in long array,
 And windows that enrich the flood of day
 O'er tessellated pavements, pictures fair,
 And nichèd statues breathing golden air.
 Nor there, whilst all that's seen bids Fancy swell,
 Shall Music's voice refuse to seal the spell ;
 But choral hymns shall wake enchantment round,
 And organs yield their tempests of sweet sound.

Meanwhile, ere Arts triumphant reach their
 goal,
 How blest the years of pastoral life shall roll !
 Even should some wayward hour the settler's mind
 Brood sad on scenes for ever left behind,
 Yet not a pang that England's name imparts
 Shall touch a fibre of his children's hearts ;
 Bound to that native land by nature's bond,
 Full little shall their wishes rove beyond
 Its mountains blue, and melon-skirted streams,
 Since childhood loved and dreamt of in their
 dreams.

How many a name, to us uncouthly wild,
 Shall thrill that region's patriotic child,
 And bring as sweet thoughts o'er his bosom's chords
 As aught that's named in song to us affords !
 Dear shall that river's margin be to him,
 Where sportive first he bathed his boyish limb,
 Or petted birds, still brighter than their bowers,
 Or twined his tame young kangaroo with flowers.
 But more magnetic yet to memory
 Shall be the sacred spot, still blooming nigh,
 The bower of love, where first his bosom burned,
 And smiling passion saw its smile returned.

Go forth and prosper then, emprising band :
May He, who in the hollow of his hand
The ocean holds, and rules the whirlwind's sweep,
Assuage its wrath, and guide you on the deep !

1828.

LINES

ON REVISITING CATHCART.

OH ! scenes of my childhood, and dear to my heart
Ye green waving woods on the margin of Cart,
How blest in the morning of life I have strayed,
By the stream of the vale and the grass-covered
glade !

Then, then every rapture was young and sincere,
Ere the sunshine of bliss was bedimmed by a tear,
And a sweeter delight every scene seemed to lend,
That the mansion of peace was the home of a
FRIEND.

Now the scenes of my childhood and dear to my
heart,
All pensive I visit, and sigh to depart ;
Their flowers seem to languish, their beauty to cease.
For a *stranger* inhabits the mansion of peace.

But hushed be the sigh that untimely complains,
While Friendship and all its enchantment remains,
While it blooms like the flower of a winterless
clime,
Untainted by chance, unabated by time.

THE CHERUBS.

SUGGESTED BY AN APOLOGUE IN THE WORKS OF
FRANKLIN.

Two spirits reached this world of ours :
The lightning's locomotive powers
Were slow to their agility :
In broad daylight they moved incog.,
Enjoying without mist or fog,
Entire invisibility.

The one, a simple cherub lad,
Much interest in our planet had,
Its face was so romantic ;
He could n't persuade himself that man
Was such as heavenly rumors ran,
A being base and frantic.

The elder spirit, wise and cool,
Brought down the youth as to a school ;
But strictly on condition,
Whatever they should see or hear,
With mortals not to interfere ;
'T was not in their commission.

They reached a sovereign city proud,
Whose emperor prayed to God aloud,
With all his people kneeling,
And priests performed religious rites :
"Come," said the younger of the sprites,
"This shows a pious feeling."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"Ar' n't these a decent godly race ?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"The dirtiest thieves on Nature's face."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But hark, what cheers they 're giving
Their emperor!—And is he a thief?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Ay, and a cut-throat too;—in brief,
THE GREATEST SCOUNDREL LIVING."

YOUNG SPIRIT.

"But say, what were they praying for,
This people and their emperor?"

OLD SPIRIT.

"Why, for God's assistance
To help their army, late sent out :
And what that army is about,
You 'll see at no great distance."

On wings outspeeding mail or post,
Our sprites o'ertook the imperial host,
In massacres it wallowed :
A noble nation met its hordes,
But broken fell their cause and swords,
Unfortunate, though hallowed.

They saw a late bombarded town,
Its streets still warm with blood ran down ;
Still smoked each burning rafter ;
And hideously, 'midst rape and sack,
'The murderer's laughter answered back
His prey's convulsive laughter.

They saw the captive eye the dead,
With envy of his gory bed,—
Death's quick reward of bravery :
They heard the clank of chains, and then
Saw thirty thousand bleeding men
Dragged manacled to slavery.

"Fie! fie!" the younger heavenly spark
 Exclaimed:—"we must have missed our mark,
 And entered hell's own portals:
 Earth can't be stained with crimes so black;
 Nay, sure, we've got among a pack
 Of fiends, and not of mortals?"

"No," said the elder, "no such thing:
 Fiends are not fools enough to wring
 The necks of one another:—
 They know their interests too well:
 Men fight; but every devil in hell
 Lives friendly with his brother.

And I could point you out some fellows,
 On this ill-fated planet Tellus,
 In royal power that revel;
 Who, at the opening of the book
 Of judgment, may have cause to look
 With envy at the devil."

Name but the devil, and he'll appear.
 Old Satan in a trice was near,
 With smutty face and figure:
 But spotless spirits of the skies
 Unseen to e'en his saucer eyes,
 Could watch the fiendish nigger.

"Halloo!" he cried, "I smell a trick:
 A mortal supersedes Old Nick,
 The scourge of earth appointed:
 He robs me of my trade, outrants
 The blasphemy of hell, and vaunts
 Himself the Lord's anointed!

Folks make a fuss about my mischief:
 D——d fools; they tamely suffer this chief
 'To play his pranks unbounded."

The cherubs flew; but saw from high,
 At human inhumanity,
 The devil himself astounded.

1832.

SENEX'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS YOUTHFUL IDOL.

PLATONIC friendship at your years,
 Says Conscience, should content ye:
 Nay, name not fondness to her ears,
 The darling's scarcely twenty.

Yes, and she'll loathe me unforgiven,
 To dote thus out of season;
 But beauty is a beam from heaven,
 That dazzles blind our reason.

I'll challenge Plato from the skies,
 Yes, from his spheres harmonic
 To look in M—y C——'s eyes,
 And try to be Platonic.

TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT,

ON HIS SPEECH DELIVERED IN PARLIAMENT, AUG-
 UST 7, 1832, RESPECTING THE FOREIGN POLICY
 OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BURDETT, enjoy thy justly foremost fame,
 Through good and ill report—through calm and
 storm—

For forty years the pilot of reform!
 But that which shall afresh entwine thy name

With patriot laurels never to be sere,
 Is that thou hast come nobly forth to chide
 Our slumbering statesmen for their lack of pride—
 Their flattery of Oppressors, and their fear—
 When Britain's lifted finger, and her frown,
 Might call the nations up, and cast their tyrants
 down!

Invoke the scorn—Alas! too few inherit
 The scorn for despots cherished by our sires,
 That baffled Europe's persecuting fires,
 And sheltered helpless states!—Recall that spirit,
 And conjure back Old England's haughty mind—
 Convert the men who waver now, and pause
 Between their love of self and humankind;
 And move, Amphion-like, those hearts of stone—
 The hearts that have been deaf to Poland's dying
 groan!

Tell them, we hold the Rights of Man too dear,
 To bless ourselves with lonely freedom blest,
 But could we hope, with sole and selfish breast,
 To breathe untroubled Freedom's atmosphere?—
 Suppose we wished it? England could not stand
 A lone oasis in the desert ground
 Of Europe's slavery; from the waste around
 Oppression's fiery blast and whirling sand
 Would reach and scathe us? No; it may not be:
 Britannia and the world conjointly must be free!

Burdett, demand why Britons send abroad
 Soft greetings to th' infanticidal Czar,
 The Bear on Poland's babes that wages war.
 Once, we are told, a mother's shriek o'erawed
 A lion, and he dropt her lifted child;
 But Nicholas, whom neither God nor law,
 Nor Poland's shrieking mothers, overawe,
 Outholds to us his friendship's gory clutch:
 Shrink, Britain—shrink, my king and country, from
 the touch!

He prays to Heaven for England's king, he says—
 And dares he to the God of mercy kneel,
 Besmeared with massacres from head to heel?
 No; Moloch is his God—to him he prays,
 And if his weird-like prayers had power to bring
 An influence, their power would be to curse.
 His hate is baleful, but his love is worse—
 A serpent's slaver deadlier than its sting!
 Oh, feeble statesmen—ignominious times,
 That lick the tyrant's feet, and smile upon his
 crimes!

1832.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

THE spirit of Britannia
 Invokes, across the main,
 Her sister Allemannia
 To burst the Tyrant's chain:
 By our kindred blood, she cries,
 Rise, Allemannians, rise,
 And hallowed thrice the band
 Of our kindred hearts shall be,
 When your land shall be the land
 Of the free—of the free!

With Freedom's lion-banner
 Britannia rules the waves;
 Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOR*
 Is still the camp of slaves.
 For shame, for glory's sake,
 Wake, Allemannians, wake,
 And thy tyrants now that whelm
 Half the world shall quail and flee,
 When your realm shall be the realm
 Of the free—of the free!

* Ehrenbreitstein signifies, in German "*the broad stone of honor*."

MARS owes to you his thunder*
 That shakes the battle field,
 Yet to break your bonds asunder
 No martial bolt has pealed.
 Shall the laurelled land of art
 Wear shackles on her heart?
 No! the clock ye framed to tell,
 By its sound, the march of time;
 Let it clang oppression's knell
 O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The press's magic letters,
 That blessing ye brought forth,—
 Behold! it lies in fetters
 On the soil that gave it birth:
 But the trumpet must be heard,
 And the charger must be spurred;
 For your father Armin's Sprite
 Calls down from heaven, that ye
 Shall gird you for the fight,
 And be free!—and be free!

1831.

LINES

OR A PICTURE OF A GIRL IN THE ATTITUDE OF
 PRAYER.

By the Artist Gruse, in the possession of Lady Stepney.

WAS man e'er doomed that beauty made
 By mimic heart should haunt him;
 Like Orpheus, I adore a shade,
 And dote upon a phantom.

* Germany invented gunpowder, clock-making, and printing.

Thou maid that in my inmost thought
 Art fancifully sainted,
 Why liv'st thou not—why art thou nought
 But canvass sweetly painted?

Whose looks seem lifted to the skies,
 Too pure for love of mortals—
 As if they drew angelic eyes
 To greet thee at heaven's portals.

Yet loveliness has here no grace,
 Abstracted or ideal—
 Art ne'er but from a living face
 Drew looks so seeming real.

What wert thou, maid?—thy life—thy name,
 Oblivion hides in mystery;
 Though from thy face my heart could frame
 A long romantic history.

Transported to thy time I seem,
 Though dust thy coffin covers—
 And hear the songs, in fancy's dream,
 Of thy devoted lovers.

How witching must have been thy breath—
 How sweet the living charmer—
 Whose every semblance after death
 Can make the heart grow warmer!

Adieu, the charms that vainly move
 My soul in their possession—
 That prompt my lips to speak of love,
 Yet rob them of expression.

Yet thee, dear picture, to have praised
 Was but a poet's duty;
 And shame to him that ever gazed
 Impassive on thy beauty.

SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

I.

How rings each sparkling Spanish brand!
'There 's music in its rattle,
And gay as for a saraband
We gird us for the battle.
Follow, follow,
To the glorious revelry
Where the sabres bristle,
And the death-shots whistle!

II.

Of rights for which our swords outspring
Shall Angoulême bereave us?
We've plucked a bird of nobler wing—
The eagle could not brave us.
Follow, follow,
Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
France shall ne'er enslave us,
Tyrants shall not brave us!

III.

Shall yonder rag, the Bourbon's flag,
White emblem of his liver,
In Spain the proud, be Freedom's shroud?—
O never, never, never
Follow, follow,
Follow to the fight, and sing
Liberty for ever,
Ever, ever, ever!

IV.

Thrice welcome hero of the hilt!
We laugh to see his standard;

Here let his miscreant blood be spilt,
 Where braver men's was squandered!
 Follow, follow,
 If the laurelled tricolor
 Durst not overflaunt us,
 Shall yon lily daunt us?

V.

No! ere they quell our valor's veins,
 They'll upward to their fountains
 Turn back the rivers on our plains,
 And trample flat our mountains.
 Follow, follow,
 Shake the Spanish blade, and sing
 France shall ne'er enslave us,
 Tyrants shall not brave us!

1823.

 TO A LADY,

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH A SPRIG OF ALEXAN-
 DRIAN LAUREL.

THIS classic laurel! at the sight
 What teeming thoughts suggested rise!
 The patriot's and the poet's right,
 The meed of semi-deities!—
 Men who to death have tyrants hurled.
 Or bards who may have swayed at will
 And soothed that little troubled world—
 The human heart—with sweeter skill.

Ah! lady, little it beseems
 My brow to wear these sacred leaves!
 Yet, like a treasure found in dreams,
 Thy gift most pleasantly deceives.

And where is poet on the earth
Whose self-love could the meed withstand—
Even though it far out-stripped his worth,—
Given by so beautiful a hand ?

TO THE POLISH COUNTESS R—SKI.

I.

THOUGH I honor you at heart
More than these poor lines can tell ;
Yet I cannot bear to part
With a common cold "farewell."
We are strangers, far remote
In descent, and speech, and clime ;
Yet, when first we met, I thought
We were friends of ancient time !

II.

O, how long shall I delight
In the memory of that morn
When we climbed the Danube's height,
To the Fountain of the Thorn !
And beheld his waves and islands
All glittering in the sun—
From Vienna's gorgeous towers,
To the mountains of the Hun !

III.

There was gladness in the sky,
There was verdure all around ;
And, where'er it turned, the eye
Looked on rich, historic ground !
Over Aspern's field of glory
Noontide's purple haze was cast ;
And the hills of Turkish story
Teemed with visions of the past !

IV.

But it was not mute creation,
Nor the land's historic pride,
That inspired my heart's emotion,
On that lovely mountain's side ;
But that *you* had deigned to guide me,
And, benignant and serene,
R——ski stood beside me,
Like the Genius of the scene !

FRANCIS HORNER.

YE who have wept, and felt, and summed the whole
Of Virtue's loss in Horner's parted soul,
I speak to you ; though words can ill portray
The extinguished light, the blessing swept away—
The soul high-graced to plead, high-skilled to plan,
For human welfare, gone, and lost to man !
This weight of truth subdues my power of song,
And gives a faltering voice to feelings strong !
But I should ill acquit the debt I feel
To private friendship and to public zeal,
Were my heart's tribute not with theirs to blend
Who loved, most intimate, their country's friend !
Or if the Muse, to whom his living breath
Gave pride and comfort, mourned him not in death !

TO FLORINE.

COULD I bring lost youth back again,
And be what I have been,
I'd court you in a gallant strain,
My young and fair Florine !

TO AN INFANT.

But mine 's the chilling age that chides
 Devoted rapture's glow;
 And Love, that conquers all besides,
 Finds Time a conquering foe.

Farewell! We 're severed, by our fate,
 As far as night from noon;
You came into this world so late—
 And *I* depart so soon!

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET bad of life! thy future doom
 Is present to my eyes,
 And joyously I see thee bloom
 In Fortune's fairest skies.
 One day that breast, scarce conscious now,
 Shall burn with patriot flame;
 And, fraught with love, that little brow
 Shall wear the wreath of Fame.
 When I am dead, dear boy! thou 'lt take
 These lines to thy regard—
 Imprint them on thy heart, and make
 A *Prophet* of the Bard!

TO ———.

WHIRLED by the steam's impetuous breath,
 I mark yon engine's mighty wheel;
 How fast it forged the arms of death,
 And moulded adamantine steel!

FORLORN DITTY ON RED-RIDING-HOOD. 29

But soon, that life-like scene to stop,
The steam's impetuous breath to chill,
It needed but one single drop
Of water cold—and all was still!

Even so, one tear by * * shed,
It kills the bliss that once was mine;
And rapture from my heart is fled,
Who caused a tear to heart like thine.

FORLORN DITTY ON RED-RIDING-HOOD.

BRIGHTER than gem ever polished by jeweller,
Fairer than flower that in garden e'er grew!
Yet I 'm sorry to say that to me you 've been
crueller

Than the wolf in the fable to granny and you!
I once was a fat man—the merriest of jokers;
But my phiz now 's as lank as an old Jewish broker's,
And I toddle about on two legs thin as pokers,
Lamenting the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's scorn!

I cannot eat food, and I cannot recover sleep:
Madden can cure all his patients but me!
And I verily think, when I 've taken the Lover's
leap,

That my heart, like a cinder, will hiss in the sea!
Little Red-Riding-Hood! why won't you speak to
me?

Your cause of offence is all Hebrew and Greek to
me!

I conjure a compassionate smile on your cheek to
me,

By all the salt tears that have scalded my nose!

When I drown myself, punsters will pun in each
coterie,

Saying, "Strangely his actions and words were
at strife !

For the fellow determined his *bier* should be
watery—

Though he vowed that he hated small beer all
his life !"

Yes, cruel maiden ! when least o' 't thou thinkest,
I 'll hie to the sea-beach ere yonder sun sink west ;
And the verdict shall be of the Coroner's inquest—

"He died by the lovely Red-Riding-Hood's
scorn !"

JOSEPH MARRYAT, M.P.

MARRYAT, farewell ! thy outward traits expressed
A manliness of nature, that combined
The thinking head and honorable breast.
In thee thy country lost a leading mind ;
Yet they who saw not private life draw forth
Thy heart's affections knew but half thy worth—
A worth that soothes even Friendship's bitterest sigh,
To lose thee ; for thy virtues sprung from Faith,
And that high trust in Immortality
Which reason hinteth, and religion saith
Shall best enable man, when he has trod
Life's path, to meet the mercy of his GOD !.

SONG.

My mind is my kingdom ; but, if thou wilt deign
To sway there a queen without measure,
Then come, o'er my wishes and homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure !

Then of thoughts and emotions, each mutinous
 crowd,
 That rebelled at stern Reason and Duty,
 Returning, shall yield all their loyalty proud
 To the halcyon dominion of Beauty!

What arm that entwines thee need envy the fame
 Of conquest in War's bloody story?
 Thy smiles are my triumphs—my motto thy name;
 And thy picture, my 'scutcheon of Glory!

STANZAS.

ALL mortal joys I could forsake,
 Bid home and friends adieu!
 Of life itself a parting take,
 But never of you, my love—
 Never of you!

For sure, of all that know thy worth,
 This bosom beats most true;
 And where could I behold on earth
 Another form like you, my love—
 Another like you!

ON ACCIDENTALLY POSSESSING AND RE-
 TURNING MISS B——'S PICTURE.

I KNOW not, Lady, which commandment
 In painting *this* the artist's hand meant
 To make us chiefly break;
 But sure the owner's bliss I covet,
 And half would, for possession of it,
 Turn thief and risk my neck.

Yet, as Prometheus rued the fetching
 Of fire from Heaven to light his kitchen,
 So, if I stole this treasure
 To warm my fancy at the light
 Of those young eyes, perhaps I might
 Repent it at my leisure.

An old man for a young maid dying,
 Grave forty-five for nineteen sighing,
 Would merit Wisdom's stricture!
 And so, to save myself from kindling,
 As well as being sued for swindling,
 'I send you back the picture.

SONG.

I GAVE my love a chain of gold
 Around her neck to bind;
 She keeps me in a faster hold
 And captivates my mind.
 Methinks that mine 's the harder part:
 Whilst 'neath her lovely chin
 She carries links outside her heart,
 My fetters are within!

TO MARY SINCLAIR, WITH A VOLUME OF
 HIS POEMS.

Go, simple Book of Ballads, go
 From Eaton-street, in Pimlico;
 It is a gift, my love to show—

To Mary!

And, more its value to increase,
I swear, by all the gods of Greece,
It cost a seven-shilling piece—

My Mary!

But what is gold, so bright that looks,
Or all the coins of miser's nooks,
Compared to be in thy *good books*—

My Mary!

Now witness earth, and skies, and main!
The book to thee shall appertain;
I'll never ask it back again—

My Mary!

But what, you say, shall you bestow?
For, as the world now goes, you know,
There always is a *quid pro quo*—

My Mary!

I ask not twenty hundred kisses,
Nor smile, the lover's heart that blesses,
As poets ask from other Misses—

My Mary!

I ask that, till the day you die.
You'll never pull my wig awry,
Nor ever quiz my poetry—

My Mary!

THE PILGRIM OF GLENCOE.

I received the substance of the tradition on which this Poem is founded, in the first instance, from a friend in London, who wrote to Matthew N. Macdonald, Esq., of Edinburgh. He had the kindness to send me a circumstantial account of the tradition; and that gentleman's knowledge of the Highlands, as well as his particular acquaintance with the district of Glencoe, leave me no doubt of the incident having really happened. I have not departed from the main facts of the tradition as reported to me by Mr. Macdonald; only I have endeavored to color the personages of the story, and to make them as distinctive as possible.

THE sunset sheds a horizontal smile
 O'er Highland frith and Hebridean isle,
 While, gay with gambols of its finny shoals,
 The glancing wave rejoices as it rolls
 With streamered busses, that distinctly shine
 All downward, pictured in the glassy brine;
 Whose crews, with faces brightening in the sun,
 Keep measure with their oars, and all in one
 Strike up 'th' old 'Gaelic song.—Sweep, rowers,
 sweep!
 The fisher's glorious spoils are in the deep.

Day sinks—but twilight owes the traveller soon,
 To reach his bourne, a round unclouded moon,
 Bespeaking long undarkened hours of time;
 False hope—the Scots are steadfast—not their
 clime.

A war-worn soldier from the western land
 Seeks Cona's vale by Ballihoula's strand;
 The vale, by eagle-haunted cliffs o'erhung,
 Where Fingal fought, and Ossian's harp was
 strung—

Our veteran's forehead, bronzed on sultry plains,
Had stood the brunt of thirty fought campaigns;
He well could vouch the sad romance of wars,
And count the dates of battles by his scars;
For he had served where o'er and o'er again
Britannia's oriflamme had lit the plain
Of Glory—and victorious stamped her name
On Oudenarde's and Blenheim's fields of fame.
Nine times in battle-field his blood had streamed,
Yet vivid still his veteran blue eye gleamed;
Full well he bore his knapsack—unoppressed,
And marched with soldier-like erected crest:
Nor sign of even loquacious age he wore,
Save when he told his life's adventures o'er:
Some tired of these; for terms to him were dear,
Too tactical by far for vulgar ear;
As when he talked of rampart and ravine,
And trenches fenced with gabion and fascine—
But when his theme possessed him all and whole,
He scorned proud puzzling words and warmed the
soul;

Hushed groups hung on his lips with fond surprise
That sketched old scenes—like pictures to their
eyes:—

The wide war-plain, with banners glowing bright,
And bayonets to the furthest stretch of sight;
The pause, more dreadful than the peal to come
From volleys blazing at the beat of drum—
Till all the field of thundering lines became
Two level and confronted sheets of flame.
Then to the charge, when Marlbro's hot pursuit
Trode France's gilded lilies underfoot;
He came and kindled—and with martial lung
Would chant the very march their trumpets sung.—

Th' old soldier hoped, ere evening's light should
fail,

To reach a home, south-east of Cona's vale;
But looking at Bennevis, capped with snow,

He saw its mists come curling down below,
And spread white darkness o'er the sunset glow;—
Fast rolling like tempestuous Ocean's spray,
Or clouds from troops in battle's fiery day—
So dense, his quarry 'scaped the falcon's sight,
The owl alone exulted, hating light.

Benighted thus our pilgrim groped his ground,
Half 'twixt the river's and the cataract's sound.
At last a sheep-dog's bark informed his ear
Some human habitation might be near;
Anon sheep-bleatings rose from rock to rock;—
'T was Luath hounding to their fold the flock.
Ere long the cock's obstreperous clarion rang,
And next, a maid's sweet voice, that spinning
sang:
At last amidst the green-sward (gladsome sight!)
A cottage stood, with straw-roof golden bright.

He knocked, was welcomed in; none asked his
name,
Nor whither he was bound nor whence he came;
But he was beckoned to the stranger's seat,
Right side the chimney fire of blazing peat.
Blest Hospitality makes not her home
In walled parks and castellated dome;
She flies the city's needy, greedy crowd,
And shuns still more the mansions of the proud;
The balm of savage or of simple life,
A wild flower cut by culture's polished knife!

The house, no common sordid shieling cot,
Spoke inmates of a comfortable lot.
The Jacobite white rose festooned their door;
The windows sashed and glazed, the oaken floor,
The chimney graced with antlers of the deer,
The rafters hung with meat for winter cheer,
And all the mansion, indicated plain
Its master a superior shepherd swain.

Their supper came—the table soon was spread
With eggs and milk and cheese and barley bread.
The family were three—a father hoar,
Whose age you'd guess at seventy years or more,
His son looked fifty—cheerful like her lord
His comely wife presided at the board ;
All three had that peculiar courteous grace
Which marks the meanest of the Highland race ;
Warm hearts that burn alike in weal and woe,
As if the north-wind fanned their bosom's glow !
But wide unlike their souls : old Norman's eye
Was proudly savage even in courtesy.
His sinewy shoulders—each, though aged and lean,
Broad as the curled Herculean head between,—
His scornful lip, his eyes of yellow fire,
And nostrils that dilated quick with ire,
With ever downward-slanting shaggy brows,
Marked the old lion you would dread to rouse.

Norman, in truth, had led his earlier life
In raids of red revenge and feudal strife ;
Religious duty in revenge he saw,
Proud Honor's right and Nature's honest law ;
First in the charge and foremost in pursuit,
Long-breathed, deep-chested, and in speed of foot
A match for stags—still fleetier when the prey
Was man, in persecution's evil day ;
Cheered to that chase by brutal bold Dundee,
No Highland hound had lapped more blood than he.
Oft had he changed the covenanters' breath
From howls of psalmody to howls of death ;
And though long bound to peace it irked him still
His dirk had ne'er one hated foe to kill.

Yet Norman had fierce virtues, that would mock
Cold-blooded Tories of the modern stock
Who starve the breadless poor with fraud and
cant ;—
He slew and saved them from the pangs of want.

Nor was his solitary lawless charm
Mere dauntlessness of soul and strength of arm;
He had his moods of kindness now and then,
And feasted even well-mannered lowland men
Who blew not up his Jacobitish flame,
Nor prefaced with "pretender" Charles's name.
Fierce, but by sense and kindness not unwon,
He loved, respected even, his wiser son;
And brooked from him expostulations sage,
When all advisers else were spurned with rage.

Far happier times had moulded Ronald's mind,
By nature too of more sagacious kind.
His breadth of brow, and Roman shape of chin,
Squared well with the firm man that reigned within:
Contemning strife as childishness, he stood
With neighbors on kind terms of neighborhood,
And whilst his father's anger nought availed,
His rational remonstrance never failed.
Full skilfully he managed farm and fold,
Wrote, ciphered, profitably bought and sold;
And, blessed with pastoral leisure, deeply took
Delight to be informed, by speech or book,
Of that wide world beyond his mountain home,
Where oft his curious fancy loved to roam.
Oft while his faithful dog ran round his flock,
He read long hours when summer warmed the rock:
Guests who could tell him aught were welcomed

warm,

Even peddlers' news had to his mind a charm;
That like an intellectual magnet-stone
Drew truth from judgments simpler than his own.

His soul's proud instinct sought not to enjoy
Romantic fictions, like a minstrel boy;
Truth, standing on her solid square, from youth
He worshipped—stern uncompromising truth.
His goddess kindlier smiled on him, to find
A votary of her light in land so blind;

She bade majestic History unroll
 Broad views of public welfare to his soul,
 Until he looked on clannish feuds and foes
 With scorn, as on the wars of kites and crows ;
 Whilst doubts assailed him o'er and o'er again ;
 If men were made for kings or kings for men.
 At last, to Norman's horror and dismay,
 He flat denied the Stuarts' right to sway.
 No blow-pipe ever whitened furnace fire,
 Quick as these words lit up his father's ire ;
 Who envied even old Abraham for his faith,
 Ordained to put his only son to death.
 He started up—in such a mood of soul
 The white bear bites his showman's stirring-pole ;
 He danced too, and brought out, with snarl and howl,
 "O Dia ! Dia !" and, "Dioul ! Dioul !"*
 But sense foils fury—as the blowing whale
 Spouts, bleeds, and dyes the waves without avail—
 Wears out the cable's length that makes him fast,
 But worn himself, comes up harpooned at last—
 E'en so, devoid of sense, succumbs at length
 Mere strength of zeal to intellectual strength.
 His son's close logic so perplexed his pate,
 Th' old hero rather shunned than sought debate ;
 Exhausting his vocabulary's store
 Of oaths and nicknames, he could say no more,
 But tapped his mull,† rolled mutely in his chair,
 Or only whistled Killiecrankie's air.

Witch-legends Ronald scorned—ghost, kelpie, wraith,
 And all the trumpery of vulgar faith ;
 Grave matrons even were shocked to hear him slight
 Authenticated facts of second-sight—
 Yet never flinched his mockery to confound
 The brutal superstition reigning round.
 Reserved himself, still Ronald loved to scan
 Men's natures—and he liked the old hearty man ;

* God and the devil—a favorite ejaculation of Highland saints.

† Snuff-horn..

So did the partner of his heart and life—
 Who pleased her Ronald, ne'er displeased his wife.
 His sense, 't is true, compared with Norman's son,
 Was commonplace—his tales too long outspun :
 Yet Allan Campbell's sympathizing mind
 Had held large intercourse with humankind ;
 Seen much, and gaily graphically drew
 The men of every country, clime, and hue ;
 Nor ever stooped, though soldier-like his strain,
 To ribaldry of mirth or oath profane.
 All went harmonious till the guest began
 To talk about his kindred, chief and clan,
 And, with his own biography engrossed,
 Marked not the changed demeanor of each host ;
 Nor how old choleric Norman's cheek became
 Flushed at the Campbell and Breadalbane name.
 Assigning, heedless of impending harm,
 Their steadfast silences to his story's charm,
 He touched a subject perilous to touch—
 Saying, "Midst this well-known vale I wondered
 much

To lose my way. In boyhood, long ago,
 I roamed, and loved each pathway of Glencoe ;
 Trapped leverets, plucked wild berries on its braes,
 And fished along its banks long summer days.
 But times grew stormy—bitter feuds arose,
 Our clan was merciless to prostrate foes.
 I never palliated my chieftain's blame,
 But mourned the sin, and reddened for the shame
 Of that foul morn (Heaven blot it from the year !)
 Whose shapes and shrieks still haunt my dreaming ear.
 What could I do ? a serf—Glenlyon's page,
 A soldier sworn at nineteen years of age ;
 T' have breathed one grieved remonstrance to our
 chief,
 The pit or gallows* would have cured my grief.

* To hang their vassals, or starve them to death in a dungeon, was a privilege of the Highland chiefs who had hereditary jurisdictions.

Forced, passive as the musket in my hand,
 I marched—when, feigning royalty's command,
 Against the clan Macdonald, Stair's lord
 Sent forth exterminating fire and sword;
 And troops at midnight through the vale defiled,
 Enjoined to slaughter woman, man, and child.
 My clansmen many a year had cause to dread
 The curse that day entailed upon their head;
 Glenlyon's self confessed th' avenging spell—
 I saw it light on him.

“It so befell:—

A soldier from our ranks to death was brought,
 By sentence deemed too dreadful for his fault;
 All was prepared—the coffin and the cart
 Stood near twelve muskets, levelled at his heart.
 The chief, whose breast for ruth had still some
 room,

Obtained reprieve a day before his doom;—
 But of the awarded boon surmised no breath.
 The sufferer, knelt, blindfolded waiting death,—
 And met it. Though Glenlyon had desired
 The musketeers to watch before they fired;
 If from his pocket they should see he drew
 A hankerchief—their volley should ensue;
 But if he held a paper in its place,
 It should be hailed the sign of pardoning grace:—
 He, in a fatal moment's absent fit,
 Drew forth the handkerchief, and not the writ;
 Wept o'er the corpse and wrung his hands in woe,
 Crying, ‘Here's thy curse again—Glencoe Glencoe!’”

Though thus his guest spoke feelings just and clear,
 The cabin's patriarch lent impatient ear;
 Wroth that, beneath his roof, a living man
 Should boast the swine-blood of the Campbell clan.
 He hastened to the door—called out his son
 To follow; walked a space, and thus begun:—
 “You have not, Ronald, at this day to learn
 The oath I took beside my father's cairn,

When you were but a babe a twelvemonth born;
Sworn on my dirk—by all that 's sacred, sworn
To be revenged for blood that cries to Heaven—
Blood unforgivable, and unforgiven:
But never power, *since then*, have I possessed
To plant my dagger in a Campbell's breast.
Now, here 's a self-accusing partisan,
Steeped in the slaughter of Macdonald's clan;
I scorn his civil speech and sweet-lipped show
Of pity—he is still our house's foe:
I 'll perjure not myself—but sacrifice
The caitiff ere to-morrow's sun arise.
Stand! hear me—you 're my son, the deed is just,
And if I say—it must be done—it must:
A debt of honor which my clansmen crave,
Their very dead demand it from the grave.”
Conjuring then their ghosts, he humbly prayed
Their patience till the blood-debt should be paid.
But Ronald stopped him.—“Sir, Sir, do not dim
Your honor by a moment's angry whim;
Your soul 's too just and generous, were you cool,
To act at once th' assassin and the fool.
Bring me the men on whom revenge is due,
And I will dirk them willingly as you!
But all the real authors of that black
Old deed are gone—you cannot bring them back—
And this poor guest, 't is palpable to judge,
In all his life ne'er bore our clan a grudge;
Dragged when a boy against his will to share
That massacre, he loathed the foul affair.
Think, if your hardened heart be conscience proof,
To stab a stranger underneath your roof!
One who has broken bread within your gate—
Reflect—before reflection comes too late,—
Such ugly consequences there may be
As judge and jury, rope and gallows-tree.
The days of dirking snugly are gone by,
Where could you hide the body privily
When search is made for 't?”

“Plunge it in yon flood,
That Campbells crimsoned with our kindred blood.”
“Ay, but the corpse may float—”

“Pshaw! dead men tell
No tales—nor will it float if leaded well.
I am determined!”—What could Ronald do?
No house within ear-reach of his halloo,
Though that would but have published household
shame,

He temporized with wrath he could not tame,
And said “Come in, till night put off the deed,
And ask a few more questions ere he bleed.”
They entered; Norman with portentous air
Strode to a nook behind the stranger’s chair,
And, speaking nought, sat grimly in the shade,
With dagger in his clutch beneath his plaid.
His son’s own plaid, should Norman pounce his
prey,

Was coiled thick round his arm, to turn away
Or blunt the dirk. He purposed leaving free
The door, and giving Allan time to flee,
Whilst he should wrestle with, (no safe emprise,)
His father’s maniac strength and giant size.
Meanwhile he could nowise communicate
The impending peril to his anxious mate;
But she, convinced no trifling matter now
Disturbed the wonted calm of Ronald’s brow,
Divined too well the cause of gloom that lowered,
And sat with speechless terror overpowered,
Her face was pale, so lately blithe and bland,
The stocking knitting-wire shook in her hand.
But Ronald and the guest resumed their thread
Of converse, still its theme that day of dread.
“Much,” said the veteran, “much as I bemoan
That deed, when half a hundred years have flown,
Still on one circumstance I can reflect
That mitigates the dreadful retrospect.
A mother with her child before us flew,
I had the hideous mandate to pursue;

But swift of foot, outspeeding bloodier men,
 I chased, o'ertook her in the winding glen,
 And showed her palpitating, where to save
 Herself and infant in a secret cave;
 Nor left them till I saw that they could mock
 Pursuit and search within that sheltering rock."
 "Heavens!" Ronald cried, in accents gladly wild,
 "That woman was my mother—I the child!
 Of you unknown by name she late and air*
 Spoke, wept, and ever blessed you in her prayer,
 Even to her death; describing you withal
 A well-looking florid youth, blue-eyed and tall."
 They rose, exchanged embrace: the old lion then
 Upstarted, metamorphosed, from his den;
 Saying, "Come and make thy home with us for life,
 Heaven-sent preserver of my child and wife.
 I fear thou'rt poor, that Hanoverian thing
 Rewards his soldiers ill."—"God save the king!"
 With hand upon his heart old Allan said,
 "I wear his uniform, I eat his bread,
 And whilst I've tooth to bite a cartridge, all
 For him and Britain's fame I'll stand or fall."
 "Bravo!" cried Ronald. "I commend your zeal,"
 Quoth Norman, "and I see your heart is leal;
 But I have prayed my soul may never thrive
 If thou should'st leave this house of ours alive.
 Nor shalt thou; in this home protract thy breath
 Of easy life, nor leave it till thy death."

The following morn arose serene as glass,
 And red Bennevis shone like molten brass;
 While sunrise opened flowers with gentle force,
 The guest and Ronald walked in long discourse,
 "Words fail me," Allan said, "to thank aright
 Your father's kindness shown me yesternight;
 Yet scarce I'd wish my latest days to spend
 A fireside fixture with the dearest friend:

* Scotch for late and early.

Besides, I've but a fortnight's furlough now,
To reach Macallin More,* beyond Lochawe.
I'd fain memorialize the powers that be,
To deign remembrance of my wounds and me;
My life-long service never bore the brand
Of sentence—lash—disgrace or reprimand.
And so I've written, though in meagre style,
A long petition to his Grace Argyle;
I mean on reaching Innerara's shore,
To leave it safe within his castle door."
"Nay," Ronald said, "the letter that you bear
Entrust it to no lying varlet's care;
But say a soldier of King George demands
Access, to leave it in the Duke's own hands.
But show me, first, the epistle to your chief,
'T is nought, unless succinctly clear and brief:
Great men have no great patience when they
read,
And long petitions spoil the cause they plead."

That day saw Ronald from the field full soon
Return; and when they all had dined at noon,
He conned the old man's memorial—lopped its
length,
And gave it style, simplicity, and strength;
'T was finished in an hour—and in the next
Transcribed by Allan in perspicuous text.
At evening, he and Ronald shared once more
A long and pleasant walk by Cona's shore.
"I'd press you," quoth his host—"I need not say
How warmly) ever more with us to stay;
But Charles intends, 't is said, in these same parts
To try the fealty of our Highland hearts.
'T is my belief, that he and all his line
Have—saving to be hanged—no right divine;
From whose mad enterprise can only flow
To thousands slaughter, and to myriads woe.

* The Duke of Argyle.

Yet have they stirred my father's spirit sore,
He flints his pistols—whets his old claymore—
And longs as ardently to join the fray
As boy to dance who hears the bagpipe play. '
Though calm one day, the next, disdaining rule,
He 'd gore your red-coat like an angry bull:
I told him, and he owned it might be so,
Your tempers never could in concert flow.
But 'Mark,' he added, 'Ronald! from our door
Let not this guest depart forlorn and poor;
Let not your souls the niggardness evince
Of lowland peddler, or of German prince;
He gave you life—then feed him as you'd feed
Your very father were he cast in need.'
He gave—you'll find it by your bed to-night,
A leathern purse of crowns, all sterling bright:
You see I do you kindness not by stealth.
My wife—no advocate of squandering wealth—
Vows that it would be parricide, or worse,
Should we neglect you—here's a silken purse,
Some golden pieces through the network shine,
'T is proffered to you from her heart and mine.
But come! no foolish delicacy, no!
We own, but cannot cancel what we owe—
This sum shall duly reach you once a year."
Poor Allan's furrowed face and flowing tear
Confessed sensations which he could not speak.
Old Norman bade him farewell kindly meek.

At morn, the smiling dame rejoiced to pack
With viands full the old soldier's haversack.
He feared not hungry grass* with such a load,
And Ronald saw him miles upon his road.
A march of three days brought him to Lochfyne.
Argyle, struck with his manly look benign,
And feeling interest in the veteran's lot,
Created him a sergeant on the spot —

* When the hospitable Highlanders load a parting guest with provisions, they tell him he will need them, as he has to go over a great deal of *hungry grass*.

An invalid, to serve not—but with pay
(A mighty sum to him), twelve-pence a day.
“But have you heard not,” said Macallin More,
“Charles Stuart’s landed on Eriska’s shore,
And Jacobites are arming?”—“What! indeed!
Arrived! then I’m no more an invalid;
My new-got halbert I must straight employ
In battle.”—“As you please, old gallant boy:
Your gray hairs well might plead excuse, ’t is true,
But now’s the time we want such men as you.”
In brief, at Innerara Allan staid,
And joined the banners of Argyle’s brigade.

Meanwhile, the old choleric shepherd of Glencoe
Spurned all advice, and girt himself to go.
What was ’t to him that foes would poind their
fold,
Their lease, their very beds beneath them sold!
And firmly to his text he would have kept,
Though Ronald argued and his daughter wept.
But ’midst the impotence of tears and prayer,
Chance snatched them from proscription and de-
spair.

Old Norman’s blood was headward wont to mount
Too rapid from his heart’s impetuous fount;
And one day, whilst the German rats he cursed,
An artery in his wise sensorium burst.
The lancet saved him: but how changed, alas,
From him who fought at Killiecrankie’s pass!
Tame as a spaniel, timid as a child,
He muttered incoherent words and smiled;
He wept at kindness, rolled a vacant eye,
And laughed full often when he meant to cry
Poor man! whilst in this lamentable state,
Came Allan back one morning to his gate,
Hale and unburdened by the woes of eild,
And fresh with credit from Culloden’s field.
’T was feared at first, the sight of him might touch
The old Macdonald’s morbid mind too much;

But no ! though Norman knew him and disclosed
Even rallying memory, he was still composed ;
Asked all particulars of the fatal fight,
And only heaved a sigh for Charles's flight :
Then said, with but one moment's pride of air,
It might not have been so had I been there !
Few days elapsed till he reposed beneath
His gray cairn, on the wild and lonely heath ;
Son, friends, and kindred of his dust took leave,
And Allan, with the crape bound round his sleeve.

Old Allan now hung up his sergeant's sword,
And sat, a guest for life, at Ronald's board.
He waked no longer at the barrack's drum,
Yet still you 'd see, when peep of day was come,
Th' erect tall red-coat, walking pastures round,
Or delving with his spade the garden ground.
Of cheerful temper, habits strict and sage,
He reached, enjoyed, a patriarchal age—
Loved to the last by the Macdonalds. Near
Their house, his stone was placed with many a tear,
And Ronald's self, in stoic virtue brave,
Scorned not to weep at Allan Campbell's grave.

NAPOLÉON AND THE BRITISH SAILOR.*

I LOVE contemplating—apart,
From all his homicidal glory,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's story!

'T was when his banners at Boulogne
Armed in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him—I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his longing brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half-way over;
With envy *they* could reach the white,
Dear cliffs of Dover.

A stormy midnight watch, he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm his vessel brought
To England nearer.

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw one morning—dreaming—floating,
An empty hogshead from the deep
Come shoreward floating;

* This anecdote has been published in several public journals, both French and British. My belief in its authenticity was confirmed by an Englishman long resident at Boulogne, lately telling me, that he remembered the circumstance to have been generally talked of in the place.

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
 The live-long day laborious; lurking
 Until he launched a tiny boat
 By mighty working.

Heaven help us! 't was a thing beyond
 Description wretched; such a wherry
 Perhaps ne'er ventured on a pond,
 Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt-sea field,
 It would have made the boldest shudder;
 Untarred, uncompassed, and unkeeled,
 No sail—no rudder.

From neighb'ring woods he interlaced
 His sorry skiff with wattled willows;
 And thus equipped he would have passed
 The foaming billows—

But Frenchmen caught him on the beach,
 His little Argo sorely jeering:
 Till tidings of him chanced to reach
 Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
 Serene alike in peace and danger;
 And, in his wonted attitude,
 Addressed the stranger:—

“Rash man, that would'st yon Channel pass
 On twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
 Thy heart with some sweet British lass
 Must be impassioned.”

“I have no sweetheart,” said the lad;
 “But—absent long from one another—
 Great was the longing that I had
 To see my mother.”

"And so thou shalt," Napoleon said,
"Ye 've both my favor fairly won;
A noble mother must have bred
So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold,
And, with a flag of truce, commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantily shift
To find a dinner, plain and hearty;
But *never* changed the coin and gift
Of Bonaparté.

BENLOMOND.

HADST thou a genius on thy peak,
What tales, white-headed Ben,
Could'st thou of ancient ages speak,
That mock th' historian's pen!

Thy long duration makes our lives
Seem but so many hours;
And likens, to the bees' frail hives,
Our most stupendous towers.

Temples and towers thou 'st seen begun,
New creeds, new conquerors' sway;
And, like their shadows in the sun,
Hast seen them swept away.

Thy steadfast summit, heaven-allied
(Unlike life's little span),
Looks down a mentor on the pride
Of perishable man.

THE CHILD AND HIND.

COME, maids and matrons, to caress
Wiesbaden's gentle bind ;
And, smiling, deck its glossy neck
With forest flowers entwined.

Your forest flowers are fair to show,
And landscapes to enjoy ;
But fairer is your friendly doe
That watched the sleeping boy.

'T was after church—on Ascension day—
When organs ceased to sound,
Wiesbaden's people crowded gay
The deer-park's pleasant ground.

There, where Elysian meadows smile,
And noble trees upshoot,
The wild thyme and the camomile
Smell sweetly at their root ;

The aspen quivers nervously,
The oak stands stilly bold—
And climbing bindweed hangs on high
His bells of beaten gold.*

Nor stops the eye till mountains shine
That bound a spacious view,
Beyond the lordly, lovely Rhine,
In visionary blue.

* There is only one kind of bindweed that is yellow, and that is the flower here mentioned, the *Paniculatus Convolvulus*.

There, monuments of ages dark
Awaken thoughts sublime ;
Till, swifter than the steaming bark,
We mount the stream of time.

The ivy there old castles shades
That speak traditions high
Of minstrels—tournaments—crusades,
And mail-clad chivalry.

Here came a twelve years' married pair—
And with them wandered free
Seven sons and daughters, blooming fair,
A gladsome sight to see.

Their Wilhelm, little innocent,
The youngest of the seven,
Was beautiful as painters paint
The cherubim of Heaven.

By turns he gave his hand, so dear,
To parent, sister, brother ;
And each, that he was safe and near,
Confided in the other.

But Wilhelm loved the field-flowers bright,
With love beyond all measure ;
And culled them with as keen delight
As misers gather treasure.

Unnoticed, he contrived to glide
Adown a greenwood alley,
By lilies lured—that grew beside
A streamlet in the valley ;

And there, where under beech and birch
The rivulet meandered,
He strayed, till neither shout nor search
Could track where he had wandered.

Still louder, with increasing dread,
They called his darling name ;
But 't was like speaking to the dead—
An echo only came.

Hours passed till evening's beetle roams,
And blackbird's songs begin ;
Then all went back to happy homes,
Save Wilhelm's kith and kin.

The night came on—all others slept
Their cares away till morn ;
But sleepless, all night watched and wept
That family forlorn.

Betimes the town-crier had been sent
With loud bell, up and down ;
And told th' afflicting accident
Throughout Wiesbaden's town :

The father, too, ere morning smiled,
Had all his wealth uncoffered ;
And to the wight would bring his child,
A thousand crowns had offered.

Dear friends, who would have blushed to take
That guerdon from his hand,
Soon joined in groups—for pity's sake,
The child-exploring band.

The news reached Nassau's Duke : ere earth
Was gladdened by the lark,
He sent a hundred soldiers forth
To ransack all his park.

Their side-arms glittered through the wood,
With bugle-horns to sound ;
Would that on errand half so good
The soldier oft were found !

But though they roused up beast and bird
From many a nest and den,
No signal of success was heard
From all the hundred men.

A second morning's light expands,
Unfound the infant fair;
And Wilhelm's household wring their hands,
Abandoned to despair.

But, haply, a poor artisan
Searched ceaselessly, till he
Found safe asleep the little one
Beneath a beechen tree.

His hand still grasped a bunch of flowers;
And (true, though wondrous) near,
To sentry his reposing hours,
There stood a female deer—

Who dipped her horns at all that passed*
The spot where Wilhelm lay;
Till force was had to hold her fast,
And bear the boy away.

Hail! sacred love of childhood—hail!
How sweet it is to trace
Thine instincts in Creation's scale,
Even 'neath the human race.

To this poor wanderer of the wild
Speech, reason were unknown—
And yet she watched a sleeping child
As if it were her own;

And thou, Wiesbaden's artisan,
Restorer of the boy,

* The female deer has no such antlers as the male, and sometimes no horns at all; but I have observed many with short ones suckling their fawns.

Was ever welcomed mortal man
With such a burst of joy?

The father's ecstasy—the mother's
Hysteric bosom's swell;
The sisters' sobs—the shout of brothers,
I have no power to tell.

The working man, with shoulders broad,
Took blithely to his wife
The thousand crowns; a pleasant load,
That made him rich for life.

And Nassau's Duke the favorite took
Into his deer-park's centre,
To share a field with other pets
Where deer-slayer cannot enter.

There, whilst thou cropp'st thy flowery food,
Each hand shall pat thee kind;
And man shall never spill thy blood—
Wiesbaden's gentle hind.

THE JILTED NYMPH.

A SONG,

[To the Scotch tune of "Woode and Married and a'."]

I 'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted ;
Yet think not I 'll whimper or brawl—
The lass is alone to be pitied
Who ne'er has been courted at all :
Never by great or small,
Woode or jilted at all ;
Oh, how unhappy 's the lass
Who has never been courted at all !

My brother called out the dear faithless,
In fits I was ready to fall,
Till I found a policeman who, scatheless,
Swore them both to the peace at Guildhall ;
Seized them, seconds and all—
Pistols, powder and ball ;
I wished him to die my devoted,
But not in a duel to sprawl.

What though at my heart he has tilted,
What though I have met with a fall
Better be courted and jilted,
Than never be courted at all.
Woode and jilted and all,
Still I will dance at the ball ;
And waltz and quadrille
With light heart and heel,
With proper young men, and tall.

But lately I 've met with a suitor,
Whose heart I have gotten in thrall,

And I hope soon to tell you in future
 That I 'm wooed, and married, and all:
 Wooed and married and all,
 What greater bliss can befall?
 And you all shall partake of my bridal cake,
 When I 'm wooed and married, and all.

ON GETTING HOME THE PORTRAIT OF A FEMALE CHILD, SIX YEARS OLD.

PAINTED BY EUGENIO LATILLA.

TYPE of the Cherubim above,
 Come, live with me, and be my love!
 Smile from my wall, dear roguish sprite,
 By sunshine and by candle-light;
 For both look sweetly on thy traits:
 Or, were the Lady Moon to gaze,
 She 'd welcome thee with lustre bland,
 Like some young fay from Fairyland.
 Cast in simplicity's own mould,
 How canst thou be so manifold
 In sportively distracting charms?
 Thy lips—thine eyes—thy little arms
 That wrapt thy shoulders and thy head
 In homeliest shawl of netted thread,
 Brown woollen net-work; yet it seeks
 Accordance with thy lovely cheeks,
 And more becomes thy beauty's bloom
 Than any shawl from Cashmere's loom.
 Thou hast not, to adorn thee, girl,
 Flower, link of gold, or gem or pearl—
 I would not let a ruby speck
 The peeping whiteness of thy neck:

Thou need'st no casket, witching elf,
 No gawd—thy toilet is thyself;
 Not even a rose-bud from the bower;
 Thyself a magnet—gem and flower.

My arch and playful little creature,
 Thou hast a mind in every feature;
 Thy brow, with its disparted locks,
 Speaks language that translation mocks;
 Thy lucid eyes so beam with soul,
 They on the canvas seem to roll—
 Instructing both my head and heart
 'To idolize the painter's art.
 He marshals minds to Beauty's feast—
 He is Humanity's high priest
 Who proves, by heavenly forms on earth,
 How much this world of ours is worth.
 Inspire me, child, with visions fair!
 For children, in Creation, are
 The only things that could be given
 Back, and alive—unchanged—to Heaven.

THE PARROT.

A DOMESTIC ANECDOTE.

The following incident, so strongly illustrating the power of memory and association in the lower animals, is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the Island of Mull, from the family to whom the bird belonged.

THE deep affections of the breast,
 That Heaven to living things imparts,
 Are not exclusively possessed
 By human hearts.

A parrot, from the Spanish Main,
Full young, and early caged, came o'er
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But, petted, in our climate cold
He lived and chatted many a day :
Until with age, from green and gold,
His wings grew gray.

At last, when blind and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore ;

He hailed the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied,
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

SONG OF THE COLONISTS DEPARTING FOR NEW ZEALAND.

STEER, helmsman, till you steer our way,
By stars beyond the line ;
We go to found a realm, one day,
Like England's self to shine.

CHORUS.

Cheer up—cheer up—our course we'll keep,
 With dauntless heart and hand;
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
 We'll plough a smiling land.

A land, where beauties importune
 The Briton to his bowers,
 To sow but plenteous seeds, and prune
 Luxuriant fruits and flowers.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, etc.

There, tracts uncheered by human words,
 Seclusion's wildest holds,
 Shall hear the lowing of our herds,
 And tinkling of our folds.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, etc.

Like rubies set in gold, shall blush
 Our vineyards girt with corn;
 And wine, and oil, and gladness gush
 From Amalthea's horn.

Chorus.—Cheer up—cheer up, etc.

Britannia's pride is in our hearts,
 Her blood is in our veins—
 We'll girdle earth with British arts,
 Like Ariel's magic chains.

CHORUS.

Cheer up—cheer up—our course we'll keep,
 With dauntless heart and hand;
 And when we've ploughed the stormy deep,
 We'll plough a smiling land.

MOONLIGHT.

THE kiss that would make a maid's cheek flush
Wroth, as if kissing were a sin,
Amidst the Argus eyes and din
And tell-tale glare of noon,
Brings but a murmur and a blush,
Beneath the modest moon.

Ye days, gone—never to come back,
When love returned entranced me so.
That still its pictures move and glow
In the dark chamber of my heart;
Leave not my memory's future track—
I will not let you part.

'T was moonlight, when my earliest love
First on my bosom dropt her head;
A moment then concentrated
The bliss of years, as if the spheres
Their course had faster driven,
And carried, Enoch-like above,
A living man to Heaven.

'T is by the rolling moon we measure
The date between our nuptial night
And that blest hour which brings to light
The pledge of faith—the fruit of bliss:
When we impress upon the treasure
A father's earliest kiss.

The Moon 's the Earth's enamoured bride;
True to him in her very changes,
To other stars she never ranges:
Though crossed by him, sometimes she dips
Her light, in short offended pride,
And faints to an eclipse.

The fairies revel by her sheen ;
'T is only when the Moon's above
The fire-fly kindles into love,
And flashes light to show it :
The nightingale salutes her Queen
Of Heaven, her heavenly poet.

Then ye that love—by moonlight gloom
Meet at my grave, and plight regard.
Oh ! could I be the Orphéan bard
Of whom it is reported,
That nightingales sung o'er his tomb,
Whilst lovers came and courted.

SONG ON OUR QUEEN.

SET TO MUSIC BY CHARLES NEATE, ESQ.

VICTORIA's sceptre o'er the deep
Has touched, and broken slavery's chain ;
Yet, strange magician ! she enslaves
Our hearts within her own domain.

Her spirit is devout, and burns
With thoughts averse to bigotry ;
Yet she herself, the idol, turns
Our thoughts into idolatry.

CORA LINN, OR THE FALLS OF THE
CLYDE.

WRITTEN ON REVISITING IT IN 1837.

THE time I saw thee, Cora, last,
'T was with congenial friends ;
And calmer hours of pleasure past—
My memory seldom sends.

It was as sweet an Autumn day
As ever shone on Clyde,
And Lanark's orchards all the way
Put forth their golden pride ;

Even hedges, busked in bravery,
Looked rich that sunny morn ;
The scarlet hip and blackberry
So pranked September's thorn.

In Cora's glen the calm how deep !
That trees on loftiest hill
Like statues stood, or things asleep,
All motionless and still.

The torrent spoke, as if his noise
Bade earth be quiet round,
And give his loud and lonely voice
A more commanding sound.

His foam, beneath the yellow light
Of noon, came down like one
Continuous sheet of jaspers bright,
Broad rolling by the sun.

Dear Linn ! let loftier falling floods
Have prouder names than thine ;
And king of all, enthroned in woods,
Let Niagara shine.

Barbarian, let him shake his coasts
 With reeking thunders far,
 Extended like th' array of hosts
 In broad, embattled war !

His voice appalls the wilderness :
 Approaching thine, we feel
 A solemn, deep melodiousness,
 That needs no louder peal.

More fury would but disenchant
 Thy dream-inspiring din ;
 Be thou the Scottish Muse's haunt,
 Romantic Cora Linn.

CHAUCER AND WINDSOR.

LONG shalt thou flourish, Windsor ! bodying forth
 Chivalric times, and long shall live around
 Thy Castle—the old oaks of British birth,
 Whose gnarled roots, tenacious and profound,
 As with a lion's talons grasp the ground.
 But should thy towers in ivied ruin rot,
 There's one, thine inmate once, whose strain re-
 nowned

Would interdict thy name to be forgot ;
 For Chancer loved thy bowers and trode this very
 spot.

Chaucer ! our Helicon's first fountain-stream,
 Our morning star of song—that led the way
 To welcome the long-after coming beam
 Of Spenser's light and Shakspeare's perfect day.
 Old England's fathers live in Chancer's lay,
 As if they ne'er had died. He grouped and drew
 Their likeness with a spirit of life so gay,
 That still they live and breathe in Fancy's view,
 Fresh beings fraught with truth's imperishable hue.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE STATUE OF ARNOLD VON WINK-
ELRIED,* STANZ-UNDERWALDEN.

INSPIRING and romantic Switzers' land,
Though marked with majesty by Nature's hand,
What charm ennobles most thy landscape's face?
Th' heroic memory of thy native race—
Who forced tyrannic hosts to bleed or flee,
And made their rocks the ramparts of the free;
Their fastnesses rolled back th' invading tide
Of conquest, and their mountains taught them
pride.

Hence they have patriot names—in fancy's eye,
Bright as their glaciers glittering in the sky;
Patriots who make the pageantries of kings
Like shadows seem and unsubstantial things.
Their guiltless glory mocks oblivion's rust,
Imperishable, for their cause was just.

Heroes of old! to whom the Nine have strung
Their lyres, and spirit-stirring anthems sung;
Heroes of chivalry! whose banners grace
The aisles of many a consecrated place,
Confess how few of you can match in fame
The martyr Winkelried's immortal name!

* For an account of this patriotic Swiss and his heroic death at the battle of Sempach, see Dr. Beattie's "Switzerland Illustrated," vol. ii. pp. 111-115.

TO THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH
AMERICA.

UNITED STATES, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame ;
Alas, the other that it bears
Reminds us of your shame.

Your standard's constellation types
White freedom by its stars ;
But what's the meaning of the stripes ?
'They mean your negroes' scars.

LINES ON MY NEW CHILD-SWEET-
HEART.

I HOLD it a religious duty
To love and worship children's beauty ;
They've least the taint of earthly clod,
They're freshest from the hand of God ;
With heavenly looks they make us sure
The heaven that made them must be pure.
We love them not in earthly fashion,
But with a beatific passion.
I chanced to, yesterday, behold
A maiden child of beauty's mould ;
'T was near, more sacred was the scene,
The palace of our patriot Queen.
The little charmer to my view
Was sculpture brought to life anew.
Her eyes had a poetic glow,
Her pouting mouth was Cupid's bow :
And through her frock I could descry
Her neck and shoulders' symmetry.

'T was obvious, from her walk and gait
 Her limbs were beautifully straight;
 I stopped th' enchantress, and was told,
 Though tall, she was but four years old.
 Her guide so grave an aspect wore
 I could not ask a question more;
 But followed her. The little one
 Threw backward ever and anon
 Her lovely neck, as if to say,
 "I know you love me, Mister Grey;"
 For by its instinct childhood's eye
 Is shrewd in physiognomy;
 They will distinguish fawning art
 From sterling fondness of the heart.

And so she flirted, like a true
 Good woman, till we bade adieu.
 'T was then I with regret grew wild,
 Oh, beauteous, interesting child!
 Why asked I not thy home and name?
 My courage failed me—more's the shame.
 But where abides this jewel rare?
 Oh, ye that own her, tell me where!
 For sad it makes my heart and sore
 To think I ne'er may meet her more.

THE LAUNCH OF A FIRST-RATE.

WRITTEN ON WITNESSING THE SPECTACLE.

ENGLAND hails thee with emotion,
 Mightiest child of naval art,
 Heaven resounds thy welcome! Ocean
 Takes thee smiling to his heart.

Giant oaks of bold expansion
 O'er seven hundred acres fell,

All to build thy noble mansion,
Where our hearts of oak shall dwell.

'Midst those trees the wild deer bounded,
Ages long ere we were born,
And our great-grandfathers sounded
Many a jovial hunting-horn.

Oaks that living did inherit
Grandeur from our earth and sky,
Still robust, the native spirit
In your timbers shall not die.

Ship to shine in martial story,
Thou shalt cleave the ocean's path,
Freighted with Britannia's glory
And the thunders of her wrath.

Foes shall crowd their sails and fly thee,
Threatening havoc to their deck,
When afar they first descry thee,
Like the coming whirlwind's speck.

Gallant bark! thy pomp and beauty
Storm or battle ne'er shall blast,
Whilst our tars in pride and duty
Nail thy colors to the mast.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL
FOR HER ALBUM.

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original sin.

EPISTLE, FROM ALGIERS,

TO

HORACE SMITH.

DEAR HORACE! be melted to tears,
For I 'm melting with heat as I rhyme;
Though the name of the place is All-jeers,
'T is no joke to fall in with its clime.

With a shaver* from France who came o'er,
To an African inn I ascend;
I am cast on a barbarous shore,
Where a barber alone is my friend.

Do you ask me the sights and the news
Of this wonderful city to sing?
Alas! my hotel has its mews,
But no muse of the Helicon's spring.

My windows afford me the sight
Of a people all diverse in hue;
They are black, yellow, olive, and white,
Whilst I in my sorrow look blue.

Here are groups for the painter to take,
Whose figures jocosely combine,—
The Arab disguised in his haik,†
And the Frenchman disguised in his wine.

* On board the vessel from Marseilles to Algiers I met with a fellow passenger whom I supposed to be a physician from his dress and manners, and the attention which he paid me to alleviate the sufferings of my sea-sickness. He turned out to be a perruquier and barber in Algeria—but his vocation did not lower him in my estimation—for he continued his attentions until he passed my baggage through the customs, and helped me, when half dead with exhaustion, to the best hotel.

† A mantle worn by the natives.

In his breeches of petticoat size
You may say, as the Mussulman goes,
That his garb is a fair compromise
'Twixt a kilt and a pair of small-clothes.

The Mooresses, shrouded in white,
Save two holes for their eyes to give room,
Seem like corpses in sport or in spite
That have slyly whipped out of their tomb.

The old Jewish dames make me sick:
If I were the devil—I declare
Such hags should not mount a broom-stick
In my service to ride through the air.

But hipped and undined as I am,
My hippogriff's course I must rein—
For the pain of my thirst is no sham,
'Though I 'm bawling aloud for champagne.

Dinner's brought; but their wines have no pith—
They are flat as the statutes at law;
And for all that they bring me, dear Smith!
Would a glass of brown stout they could draw!

O'er each French trashy dish as I bend,
My heart feels a patriot's grief!
And the round tears, O England! descend
When I think on a round of thy beef.

Yes, my soul sentimentally craves
British beer.—Hail, Britannia, hail!
To thy flag on the foam of the waves,
And the foam on thy flagons of ale.

Yet I own, in this hour of my drought,
A dessert has most welcomely come;
Here are peaches that melt in the mouth,
And grapes blue and big as a plum.

There are melons, too, luscious and great,
 But the slices I eat shall be few,
 For from melons incautiously eat
 Melancholic effects may ensue.

Horrid pun! you 'll exclaim; but be calm,
 Though my letter bears date, as you view,
 From the land of the date-bearing palm,
 I will palm no more puns upon you.

FRAGMENT OF AN ORATORIO.

FROM THE BOOK OF JOB.

CRUSHED by misfortune's yoke,
 Job lamentably spoke—

“My boundless curse be on
 The day that I was born;
 Quenched be the star that shone
 Upon my natal morn.
 In the grave I long
 To shroud my breast;
 Where the wicked cease to wrong,
 And the weary are at rest.”

Then Eliphaz rebuked his wild despair:

“What Heaven ordains, 't is meet that man
 should bear.

Lately, at midnight drear,
 A vision shook my bones with fear;
 A spirit passed before my face,
 And yet its form I could not trace;
 It stopped—it stood—it chilled my blood,
 The hair upon my flesh uprose
 With freezing dread!
 Deep silence reigned, and, at its close,

I heard a voice that said—
 ‘Shall mortal man be more pure and just
 Than God, who made him from the dust?
 Hast thou not learnt of old, how fleet
 Is the triumph of the hypocrite;
 How soon the wreath of joy grows wan
 On the brow of the ungodly man?
 By the fire of his conscience he perisheth
 In an unblown flame:
 The Earth demands his death,
 And the Heavens reveal his shame.’”

JOB.

Is this your consolation?
 Is it thus that ye condole
 With the depth of my desolation,
 And the anguish of my soul?
 But I will not cease to wail
 The bitterness of my bale.—
 Man that is born of woman,
 Short and evil is his hour;
 He fleeteth like a shadow,
 He fadeth like a flower.
 My days are passed—my hope and trust
 Is but to moulder in the dust.

CHORUS.

Bow, mortal, bow, before thy God,
 Nor murmur at his chastening rod;
 Fragile being of earthly clay,
 Think on God’s eternal sway!
 Hark! from the whirlwind forth
 Thy Maker speaks—“Thou child of earth,
 Where wert thou when I laid
 Creation’s corner-stone?
 When the sons of God rejoicing made,
 And the morning stars together sang and
 shone?
 Hadst thou power to bid above

Heaven's constellations glow;
Or shape the forms that live and move
On Nature's face below?
Hast thou given the horse his strength and
 pride?
He paws the valley, with nostril wide,
He smells far off the battle;
He neighs at the trumpet's sound—
And his speed devours the ground,
As he sweeps to where the quivers rattle,
And the spear and shield shine bright,
'Midst the shouting of the captains
And the thunder of the fight.

TO MY NIECE, MARY CAMPBELL.

OUR friendship 's not a stream to dry,
Or stop with angry jar;
A life-long planet in our sky—
No meteor-shooting star.

Thy playfulness and pleasant ways
Shall cheer my wintry track,
And give my old declining days
A second summer back!

Proud honesty protects our lot
No dun infests our bowers;
Wealth's golden lamps illumine not
Brows more content than ours.

To think, too, thy remembrance fond
May love me after death,
Gives fancied happiness beyond
My lease of living breath.

Meanwhile thine intellects presage
A life-time rich in truth,
And make me feel the advance of age
Retarded by thy youth!

Good night ! propitious dreams betide
Thy sleep—awaken gay,
And we will make to-morrow glide
As cheerful as to-day !

THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

A FRAGMENT.

YET, ere Oblivion shade each fairy scene,
Ere capes and cliffs and waters intervene,
Ere distant walks my pilgrim feet explore,
By Elbe's slow wanderings, and the Danish shore,—
Still to my country turns my partial view,
That seems the dearest at the last adieu !

Ye lawns, and grottos of the clustered plain ;
Ye mountain-walks, Edina's green domain ;
Haunts of my youth, where, oft, by Fancy drawn
At vermeil eve, still noon, or shady dawn,
My soul, secluded from the deafening throng,
Has wooed the bosom-prompted power of song :
And thou, my loved abode,—romantic ground,
With ancient towers and spiry summits crowned !—
Home of the polished arts and liberal mind,
By truth and taste enlightened and refined !—
Thou scene of Scotland's glory, now decayed,
Where once her Senatè and her Sceptre swayed,—
As round thy mouldered monuments of fame
Tradition points an emblem and a name,

Lo! what a group Imagination brings
 Of starred barons, and of thronèd kings!
 Departed days in bright succession start,
 And all the patriot kindles in my heart!

* * * * *

Even musing here, beside the Druid-stone,
 Where British Arthur built his airy throne,
 Far as my sight can travel o'er the scene,
 From Lomond's height to Roslin's lovely green,—
 On every moor, wild wood, and mountain-side,
 From Forth's fair windings to the ocean tide,—
 On each, the legendary loves to tell
 Where chiefs encountered and the mighty fell:
 Each war-worn turret on the distant shore
 Speaks like a herald of the feats of yore;
 And though the shades of dark Oblivion frown
 On sacred scenes and deeds of high renown,
 Yet still some oral tale—some chanted rhyme—
 Shall mark the spot, and teach succeeding time
 How oft our fathers—to their country true—
 The glorious sword of Independence drew;
 How well their plaided clans, in battle tried,
 Impenetrably stood, or greatly died;
 How long the genius of their rights delayed,
 How sternly guarded, and how late betrayed.
 Fair fields of Roslin—memorable name!
 Attest my words, and speak my country's fame!
 Soft as yon mantling haze of distance broods
 Around thy waterfalls and aged woods,
 The south sun checkers all thy birchen glade
 With glimmering lights and deep-retiring shade
 Fresh coverts of the dale, so dear to tread,
 When morn's wild blackbird carols overhead;
 Or, when the sunflower shuts her bosom fair,
 And scented berries breathe delicious air.
 Dear is thy pastoral haunt to him that woos
 Romantic Nature—Silence—and the Muse!
 But dearer still, when that returning time

Of fruits and flowers—the year's Elysian prime—
 Invites, one simple festival to crown,
 Young social wanderers from the sultry town!

Ah, me!—no sumptuous revelry to share,
 The cheerful bosom asks, or envies there;
 Nor sighs for gorgeous splendors, such as wait
 On feasts of wealth, and riots of the great.
 Far sweeter scenes, the live-long summer day,
 On these wild walks when loved companions stray,
 But lost in joys of more enchanting flow
 Than tasteless art or luxury bestow.
 Here, in auspicious moments, to impart
 The first fond breathings of a proffered heart,
 Shall favored Love repair, and smiling Youth
 To gentle Beauty vow the vows of truth.

Fair morn ascends, and sunny June has shed
 Ambrosial odors o'er the garden bed;
 And wild bees seek the cherry's sweet perfume,
 Or cluster round the full-blown apple-bloom.

* * * * *

These fragments are portions of a poem which Campbell planned soon after the publication of the *Pleasures of Hope*. Edinburgh was to be the scene of the poem. The Poet intended to celebrate the glory and independence of Scotland, as recorded in history and tradition; to display in a series of martial episodes, the characters and the achievements of her great men; and to rekindle in the national mind her ancient spirit of freedom. The poem was never completed.

HYMN.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still,
 And silence slept on Zion hill,—
 When Salem's shepherds, through the night,
 Watched o'er their flocks by starry light,—
 Hark ! from the midnight hills around,
 A voice, of more than mortal sound,
 In distant hallelujahs stole,
 Wild murmuring, on the raptured soul.
 Then swift, to every startled eye,
 New streams of glory gild the sky ;
 Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
 Her spirits to the midnight hour.
 On wheels of light, and wings of flame,
 The glorious hosts to Zion came.
 High Heaven with sounds of triumph rung,
 And thus they smote their harps and sung :

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh—
 The joys of Nature rise again—
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
 Pours a glad stream to them that mourn ;
 Behold, she binds, with tender care,
 The bleeding bosom of despair.—

HE comes—HE cheers the trembling heart—
 Night and her spectres pale depart :
 Again the day-star gilds the gloom—
 Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O, Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,
 The long-expected hour is nigh—
 The joys of Nature rise again—
 The Prince of Salem comes to reign !

CHORUS FROM THE CHOEPHORÆ OF
ÆSCHYLUS.

SENT from the Mourners' solitary dome,
I lead the solemn, long parade of woe ;
To lull the sleepless spirit of the tomb,
And hail the mighty Dead, that rest below.

Hail, sacred Dead ! a maiden weeps for you ;
For you I wake the madness of despair !
The deep-struck wounds of woe my cheeks bedew ;
I feed my bosom with eternal care.

Lo ! where the robes, that once my bosom bound,
Rent by despair, fly waving in the wind ;
The ceaseless strokes of anguish rudely sound,
As sorrow heaves tumultuous in my mind.

Heard ye wild Horror's hair-erecting scream
Reëcho, dismal, from his distant cell ?
Heard ye the Spirit of the mighty dream
Shriek, to the solemn hour, a long-resounding yell ?

The females heard him, in the haunted hall,
As shrill his accents smote the slumbering ear—
Prophetic accents—when the proud must fall—
And wrapt in sounds of agonizing fear.

Lo ! Wisdom's lips your nightly dreams divine,
And read the visions of impending woe ;
Blood calls for vengeance on a lawless Line ;
The murdered spirit shrieks in wrath below.

Vain are the gifts the silent mourners send ;
Vain Music's fall, to soothe the sullen Dead ;
The dark collected clouds of Death impend ;—
Shall Ruin spare thy long-devoted head ?

O, sacred dust! O, Spirit, lingering nigh,
I bear the gifts of yonder guilty throne!
My trembling lips the unhallowed strain deny;
Shall mortal man for mortal blood atone?

Mansions of Grief! a long-impending doom
O'erhangs the dark dominions where ye reign
A sunless horror, of unfathomed gloom,
Shall shroud your glory—for a Master slain.

The sceptred pomp, ungovernably grand,
Untamed in battle, in the fields of yore;
That martial glory, blazoned o'er the land,
Is fallen—nor bids the prostrate world adore!

Yet, sure, to bask in Glory's golden day,
Or on the lap of Pleasure to repose,
Unvexed to roam on Life's bewildered way,
Is more than Earth—is more than Heaven bestows.

For Justice, oft, with ready bent arraigns,
And Guilt hath oft deferred his deadly doom—
Lurked in the twilight's slow suspicious pains,
Or wrapped his deeds in Night's eternal gloom.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN MULL.

THE tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
 And billows lash the long-resounding shore;
 In pensive mood I roam the desert ground,
 And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
 O, whither fled the pleasurable hours
 That chased each care, and fired the Muse's powers;
 The classic haunts of youth, forever gay,
 Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of
 day;

The well-known valleys, where I wont to roam;
 The native sports, the nameless joys of home?

Far different scenes allure my wondering eye:—

The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
 The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile;
 The sounding storm, that sweeps the rugged isle;
 The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow;
 The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
 The dark blue rocks, in barren grandeur piled:
 The cuckoo, sighing to the pensive wild!

Far different these from all that charmed before
 The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;
 Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
 Her smooth, blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.

Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
 Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
 Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
 And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

ON THE GLASGOW VOLUNTEERS.

HARK—hark ! the fife's shrill notes arise !
And ardor beats the martial drum ;
And broad the silken banner flies,
Where Clutha's native squadrons come !

Where spreads the green extended plain,
By music's solemn marches trod,
Thick-glancing bayonets marked the train
That beat the meadow's grassy sod.

These are no hireling sons of war !
No jealous tyrant's grimly band,
The wish of freedom to debar,
Or scourge a despot's injured land !

Naught but the patriotic view
Of free-born valor ever fired,
To baffle Gallia's boastful crew,
The soul of northern breast inspired.

'T was thus, on Tiber's sunny banks,
What time the Volscian ravaged nigh,
To mark afar her glittering ranks,
Rome's towering eagle shone on high.

There, toil athletic on the field
In mock array portrayed alarm,
And taught the massy sword to wield,
And braced the nerve of Roman arm.

ON A RURAL BEAUTY IN MULL.

THE wandering swain, with fond delight,
Would view the daisy smile
On Pambemara's desert height,
Or Lomond's heathy pile.

So, fixed in rapture and surprise,
I gazed across the plain,
When young Maria met my eyes
Amid the reaper-train.

Methought, shall beauty such as this,
Meek, modest, and refined,
On Thule's shore be doomed to bless
The shepherd or the hind?

From yon bleak mountain's barren side
That gentle form convey,
And in Golconda's sparkling pride
The shepherdess array.

In studious Fashion's proudest cost
Let artful Beauty shine;
The pride of art could never boast
A fairer form than thine.

Yet, simple beauty, never sigh
To share a prouder lot;
Nor, caught by grandeur, seek to fly
The solitary cot!

* * * * *

1795.

The concluding stanza is illegible in the manuscript.

VERSES ON THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

BEHOLD! where Gallia's captive Queen,
 With steady eye, and look serene,
 In life's last awful—awful scene,
 Slow leaves her sad captivity!

Hark! the shrill horn, that rends the sky,
 Bespeaks the ready murder nigh;
 The long parade of death I spy,
 And leave my lone captivity!

Farewell, ye mansions of despair!
 Scenes of my sad sequestered care;
 The balm of bleeding woe is near,—
 Adieu, my lone captivity!

To purer mansions in the sky
 Fair Hope directs my grief-worn eye;
 Where Sorrow's child no more shall sigh,
 Amid her lone captivity!

Adieu, ye babes, whose infant bloom,
 Beneath Oppression's lawless doom,
 Pines in the solitary gloom
 Of undeserved captivity!

O, Power benign, that rul'st on high
 Cast down, cast down a pitying eye!
 Shed consolation from the sky,
 To soothe their sad captivity!

Now, virtue's sure reward to prove,
 I seek emp'réal realms above,
 To meet my long-departed love,—
 Adieu, my lone captivity!

CHORUS FROM 'THE TRAGEDY OF
JEPHTHES.

GLASSY Jordan, smooth meandering
Jacob's flowery meads between ;
Lo ! thy waters gently wandering
Lave the valleys rich and green !
When the winter, keenly showering,
Strips fair Salem's shade,
There thy current, broader pouring,
Lingers in the leafless glade.
When, O when, shall light, returning,
Chase the melancholy gloom, .
And the golden star of morning
Yonder sable vault illumine ?
When shall Freedom, holy charmer,
Cheer my long-benighted soul ?
When shall Israel, fierce in armor,
Burst the tyrant's base control ?
Ye that boldly bade defiance,
Proud in arms, to Pharaoh's throne,
Can ye now, in tame compliance,
In a baser bondage groan ?
Gallant Nation ! naught appalled you,
Bold, in Heaven's propitious hour,
When the voice of Freedom called you
From a tyrant's haughty power.
When their chariots, clad in thunder,
Swept the ground in long array ;
When the ocean, burst asunder,
Hovered o'er your sandy way.
Gallant race ! that, ceaseless toiling
Trod Arabia's pathless wild ;
Plains in verdure never smiling,
Rocks in barren grandeur piled,—
Whither fled, O altered Nation !
Whither fled that generous soul ?

Dead to Freedom's inspiration,
Slaves of Ammon's base control!
God of Heaven! whose voice, commanding,
Bids the whirlwind scour the deep,
Or the waters, smooth expanding,
Robed in glassy radiance sleep,—
God of Love! in mercy bending,
Hear thy woe-worn captives' prayer!
From thy throne, in peace descending,
Soothe their sorrows, calm their care!
Though thy mercy, long departed,
Spurn thy once-loved people's cry,
Say, shall Ammon, iron-hearted,
'Triumph with impunity?
If the sword of desolation
Must our sacred camp appall,
And thy chosen generation
Prostrate in the battle fall—
Grasp, O God! thy flaming thunder;
Launch thy stormy wrath around!
Cleave their battlements asunder,
Shake their cities to the ground!
Hast thou dared, in mad resistance,
Tyrant, to contend with God?
Shall not Heaven's supreme assistance
Snatch us from thy mortal rod?
Wretch accursed! thy fleeting gladness
Leaves Contrition's serpent sting;
Short-lived pleasure yields to sadness,
Hasty fate is on the wing!
Mark the battle, mark the ruin;
Havoc loads the groaning plain;
Ruthless vengeance, keen pursuing,
Grasps thee in her iron chain!

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

WHEN Scotland's great Regent, our warrior most
dear,

The debt of his nature did pay,
'T was Edward, the cruel, had reason to fear,
And cause to be struck with dismay.

At the window of Edward the raven did croak,
Though Scotland a widow became ;
Each tie of true honor to Wallace he broke—
The raven croaked "Sorrow and shame !"

At Elderslie Castle no raven was heard,
But the soothings of honor and truth ;
His spirit inspired the soul of the bard
To comfort the Love of his youth !

They lighted the tapers at dead of night,
And chanted their holiest hymn ;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with
affright,
Her eye was all sleepless and dim !

And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapped at her window board
To tell of her warrior's doom.

Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
For the soul of my knight so dear !
And call me a widow, this wretched day,
Since the warning of GOD is here.

For a nightmare rests on my strangled sleep ;
The lord of my bosom is doomed to die !

His valorous heart they have wounded deep,
And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
For Wallace of Elderslie.

Yet knew not his country, that ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin-bell was rung,
That the trumpet of death on an English tower,
Had the dirge of her champion sung.

When his dungeon-light looked dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at *his* lowly death-bed,—
No weeping was there when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain.

When he strode o'er the wreck of each well-fought
field,
With the yellow-haired chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shivered on helmet or shield,
And the sword that was fit for archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand.

Yet, bleeding and bound, though "the Wallace-
wight"
For his long-loved country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver knight
Than William of Elderslie.

But the day of his triumphs shall never depart;
His head, unentombed, shall with glory be
palmed:
From its blood-streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Though the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalmed!

EPISTLE TO THREE LADIES.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF THE CART.

HEALTH and Content forevermore abide
The sister Friends that dwell on Cartha's side
Pleased may ye pass your rural life, and find
In every guest a pure, congenial mind !
Blessed be your sheltered cot, and sweet the walk
Where Mira, Helen, and Eugenia, talk !
Where, wandering slow the pendent woods between,
Ye pass no song unheard, no flower unseen ;
With kindly voice the little warbler tame,
And call familiar " Robin " by his name ;
The favorite bird comes fluttering at command,
Nor fears unkindness from a gentle hand.

I bless your sheltered vale and rural cot !—
Yet why my blessing ?—for ye need it not ;
The charm of life forevermore endures,
Congenial Sisters, in a home like yours !
Whatever sweets descend from heaven to cheer
The changeful aspect of the circling year,—
Whatever charms the enthusiast can peruse
In Nature's face, in music, and the Muse,—
'T is yours to taste, exalted and refined,
Beyond the pleasures of a vulgar mind.

When dew-drops glitter in the morning ray,
By Cartha's side, a smiling group, ye stray ;
Or round the tufted hill delight to roam
Where the pure torrent falls in showery foam ;
Or climb the castled cliff, and pause to view
Spires, villas, plains, and mountains dimly blue ;
Then, down the steep, a wood-grown path explore,
And, wandering home by Elspa's cottage-door,
To greet the rustic pair a while delay,
And ask for their poor boy, in India—far away !

Congenial Sisters! when the vesper-bell
Tolls from yon village, through your echoing dell,
Around your parlor-fire your group convenes,
To talk of friends beloved, and former scenes.
Remembrance pours her visions on the sight,
Sweet as the silver moon's reflected light;
And Fancy colors, with her brightest dye,
The musing mood of pensive ecstasy.

Perhaps ye hear in heavenly measure play
The pipe of Shenstone, or the lyre of Gray;
With Eloise deplore the lover's doom;
With Ossian weep at Agandecca's tomb;
Or list the lays of Burns, untimely starred!
Or weep for "Auburn" with the sweetest bard.
Friends of according hearts! to you belong
The soul of feeling—fit to judge of song!
Unlike the clay-cold pedantry, that draws
The length and breadth for censure and applause.

Shame to the dull-browed arrogance of schools!—
Shall apish Art to Nature dictate rules?
Shall critic hands to Pathos set the seal,
Or tell the heart to feel—or not to feel?
No!—let the verse a host of these defy
That draws the tear from one impassioned eye.

Congenial Friends! your Cartha's woody side
How simply sweet, beyond the city's pride!
Who would forsake your green retreat to share
The noise of life—the fashion and the glare!
To herd with souls by no fine feeling moved;
To speak, and live, unloving—unbeloved!
In noisy crowds the languid heart to drown,
And barter Peace and Nature for a town!

O, Nature—Nature! thine the vivid charm
To raise the true-toned spirit, and to warm!

Thy face, still changing with the changeful clime,—
Mild or romantic, beauteous or sublime,—
Can win the raptured taste to every scene—
Kilda's wild shore, or Roslin's lovely green.

Yes—I have found thy power pervade my mind,
When every other charm was left behind;
When doomed a listless, friendless guest to roam,
Far from the sports and nameless joys of home!
Yet, when the evening linnet sang to rest
The day-star wandering to the rosy west,
I loved to trace the wave-worn shore, and view
Romantic Nature in her wildest hue.
There, as I lingered on the vaulted steep,
Iona's towers tolled mournful o'er the deep;
Till all my bosom owned a sacred mood,
And blessed the wild delight of solitude!

Yes—all alone, I loved in days of yore
To climb the steep, and trace the sounding shore;
But better far my new delight to hail
Nature's mild face in Cartha's lovely vale!
Well pleased I haste to view each favorite spot,—
The wood, the stream, the castle, and the cot.
And hear sweet Robin in the sheltered walk,
Where Mira, Helen, and Eugenia, talk!

DEATH OF MY ONLY SON.

FROM THE DANISH.

CAN mortal solace ever raise
 The eroken pillar of my days,
 Or Fate restore a form so dear
 As that which lies unconscious here?
 Ah no, my Darco! latest given,
 And last reclaimed gift of Heaven!
 Possessing thee, I still could bless
 One lingering beam of happiness!

My loved, my lost, my only care!
 I vainly thought with thee to share
 Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
 And mould to worth thy pliant mind;
 Nor, warned of all my future woe,
 Presumed on happiness below!
 But losing thee, my blooming Boy,
 I cannot lose another joy;
 For all that stayed my earthly trust
 With thee is buried in the dust!

Nine charming years had fraught with grace
 Thy sprightly soul and lovely face,
 Where harshness had not planted fear,
 Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear;
 But frank and warm my Darco flew,
 To share each welcome and adieu,—
 Each word, each step, each look to attend—
 My child, my pupil, and my friend!

O, when his gayly-smiling talk
 Endeared my lonely summer walk.
 Or when I sat at day's decline
 And clasped his little hand in mine,
 How many woes were then forgot!
 How blissful seemed his father's lot!

And, breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus, on my dying couch when laid,
Thus shall I bid thee, Darco, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand.

Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
As she who gave thee to my arms!
My buried hopes! your grave is won,
And Mary sleeps beside her son!

Now hush, my heart! afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done, thy solace given!
For mortal hand can never raise
The broken pillar of my days,
Nor earth restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here.

1800.

 LAUDOHN'S ATTACK.

RISE, ye Croats, fierce and strong,
Form the front, and march along!
And gather fast, ye gallant men
From Nona and from Warrasden,
Whose sunny mountains nurse a line
Generous as her fiery wine!

Hosts of Buda! hither bring
The bloody flag and eagle wing:
Ye that drink the rapid stream
Fast by walléd Salankème.
Ranks of Agria!—head and heel
Sheathed in adamantine steel—
Quit the woodlands and the boar,
Ye hunters wild, on Drava's shore;
And ye that hew her oaken wood,
Brown with lusty hardihood—
The trumpets sound, the colors fly,
And Laudohn leads to victory!

Hark! the summons loud and strong,
 "Follow, soldiers! march along!"
 Every baron, sword in hand,
 Rides before his gallant band!
 Grenadiers! that, fierce and large,
 Stamp like dragons to the charge—
 Foot and horseman, serf and lord,
 Triumph now with one accord.
 Years of triumph shall repay
 Death and danger's troubled day.
 Soon the rapid shot is o'er,
 But glory lasts forevermore!
 Glory, whose immortal eye
 Guides us to the victory.

TO A BEAUTIFUL JEWISH GIRL OF ALTONA.

A FRAGMENT.

O, JUDITH! had our lot been cast
 In that remote and simple time
 When, shepherd swains, thy fathers past
 From dreary wilds and deserts vast
 To Judah's happy clime;

My song upon the mountain rocks
 Had echoed of thy rural charms;
 And I had fed thy father's flocks,
 O Judith of the raven locks!
 To win thee to my arms.

Our tent, beside the murmur calm
 Of Jordan's grassy-vested shore,
 Had sought the shadow of the palm,
 And blessed with Gilead's holy balm
 Our hospitable door!

At falling night, or ruby dawn,
Or yellow moonlight's welcome cool,
With health and gladness we had drawn,
From silver fountains on the lawn,
Our pitcher brimming full.

How sweet to us at sober hours
The bird of Salem would have sung,
In orange or in almond bowers,—
Fresh with the bloom of many flowers,
Like thee forever young!

But ah, my Love! thy father's land
Presents no more a spicy bloom!
Nor fills with fruit the reaper's hand;
But wide its silent wilds expand—
A desert and a tomb.

Yet, by the good and golden hours
That dawned those rosy fields among,—
By Zion's palm-encircled towers,
By Salem's far forsaken bowers,
And long-forgotten song—

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1800.

FAREWELL

TO MY SISTER, ON LEAVING EDINBURGH.

FAREWELL, Edina! pleasing name, —
 Congenial to my heart!
 A joyous guest to thee I came,
 And mournful I depart.

And fare *thee* well, whose blessings seem
 Heaven's blessing to portend!
 Endeared by nature and esteem—
 My sister and my friend!

EPITAPHS.

I.

IN deep submission to the will above,
 Yet with no common cause for human tears,
 This stone to the lost partner of his love,
 And for his children lost, a mourner rears.

One fatal moment, one o'erwhelming doom,
 Tore, threefold, from his heart the ties of earth:
 His Mary, Margaret, in their early bloom,
 And HER who gave them life, and taught them
 worth.

Farewell, ye broken pillars of my fate!
 My life's companion, and my two first-born
 Yet while this silent stone I consecrate
 To conjugal, paternal love forlorn,

O, may each passer-by the lesson learn,—
 Which can alone the bleeding heart sustain
 Where Friendship weeps at Virtue's funeral urn,—
 That, to the pure in heart, *To die is gain!*

II.

He pointed out to others, and he trod
 Himself, the path to virtue and to God;
 The Christian's practice and the preacher's zeal
 His life united: many who have lost
 Their friend, their pastor, mourn for him; but most
 The hearts that knew him nearest, deepest, feel.
 And yet, lamented spirit! we should ill
 The sacred precepts of thy life fulfil,
 Could we—thy mother and thy widowed wife—
 Consign thy much-loved relics to the dust
 Unsolaced by this high and holy trust—
There is another and a better life!

III.

Man! shouldst thou fill the proudest throne,
 And have mightiest deeds enacted,
 Thither, like steel to the magnet-stone,
 Thou goest compelled—attracted!

The grave-stone—the amulet of trouble—
 Makes love a phantom seem;
 Calls glory but a bubble,
 And life itself a dream.

The grave's a sealed letter,
 That secrets will reveal
 Of a next world,—worse or better,—
 And the gravestone is the seal!

But the *seal* shall not be broken,
 Nor the *letter's* secrets read,
 Till the last trump shall have spoken
 To the living and the dead!

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

UPON the plains of Flanders,
Our fathers, long ago,
They fought like Alexanders
Beneath brave Marlborough !
And still, in fields of conquest,
Our valor bright has shone
With Wolfe and Abercrombie,
'And Moore, and Wellington !

Our plumes have waved in combats
'That ne'er shall be forgot,
Where many a mighty squadron
Reeled backward from our shot :
In charges with the bayonet
We lead our bold compeers,
But Frenchmen like to stay not
For the British Grenadiers !

Once boldly, at Vimiera,*
They hoped to play their parts,
And sang *fal-lira-lira*,
To cheer their drooping hearts :
But, English, Scots, and Paddy Whacks,
We gave three noble cheers;
And the French soon turned their backs
To the British Grenadiers !

At St. Sebastiano's,
And Badajos's town,
Where, raging like volcanoes,
The shot and shells came down,

* At Vimiera, the French ranks advanced *singing*; the British only cheered.

With courage never wincing,
 We scaled the ramparts high,
 And waved the British ensign
 In glorious victory !

And what could Bonaparté.
 With all his cuirassiers,
 At Waterloo, in battle do
 With British Grenadiers ?—
 Then ever sweet the drum shall beat
 That march unto our ears,
 Whose martial roll awakes the soul
 Of British Grenadiers !

TRAFALGAR.

WHEN Frenchmen saw, with coward art,
 The assassin shot of war
 That piercéd Britain's noblest heart,
 And quenched her brightest star,

Their shout was heard,—they triumphed now
 Amidst the battle's roar,
 And thought the British oak would bow,
 Since Nelson was no more.

But fiercer flamed old England's pride,
 And—marked the vengeance due !
 “Down, down, insulting ship,” she cried,
 “To death, with all thy crew !

“So perish ye for Nelson's blood !—
 If deaths like thine can pay
 For blood so brave, or ocean wave
 Can wash that crime away !”

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

O, DEATH! if there be quiet in thine arms,
 And I must cease—gently, O, gently come
 To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
 But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
 Senseless, and breathless!—And thou, sickly life,
 If the decree be writ that I must die,
 Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
 Nor pull me downwards to mortality
 When it were fitter I should take a flight——
 But whither?—Holy Pity! hear, O, hear!
 And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
 Where I may wander in celestial light:
 Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
 To quit the things I have so loved when seen,—
 The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green,—
 Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
 Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

LINES ON THE STATE OF GREECE,

OCCASIONED BY BEING PRESSED TO MAKE IN A
 SUBJECT OF POETRY, 1827.

IN Greece's cause the Muse, you deem,
 Ought still to plead, persisting strong;
 But feel you not 't is now a theme
 That wakens thought too deep for song?

The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,
 Heroic on your ramparts fall;
 The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
 And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.

Even England brooks that, recking hot,
 The ruffian's sabre drinks your veins,
 And leaves your thinning remnant's lot
 The bitter choice of death or chains.

O! if we have nor hearts nor swords,
 To snatch you from the assassins' brand,
 Let not our pity's idle words
 Insult your pale and prostrate land!

No! be your cause to England now,
 That by permitting acts the wrong,
 A thought of horror to her brow,
 A theme for blushing—not for song!

To see her unavenging ships
 Ride fast by Greece's funeral-pile,
 'Tis worth a curse from Sibyl lips!
 'Tis matter for a demon's smile!

LINES

ON JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND, WHO FELL AT THE
 BATTLE OF FLODDEN

'T WAS he that ruled his country's heart
 With more than royal sway;
 But Scotland saw her James depart,
 And saddened at his stay.
 She heard his fate—she wept her grief—
 That James her loved, her gallant chief,
 Was gone forevermore:
 But this she learnt, that, ere he fell,
 (O men! O patriots! mark it well),

His fellow-soldiers round his fall
 Enclosed him like a living wall,
 Mixing their kindred gore!
 Nor was the day of Flodden done
 Till they were slaughtered one by one;
 And this may serve to show,
 When kings are patriots, none will fly;—
 When such a king was doomed to die,
 O, who would death forego?

TO JEMIMA, ROSE, AND ELEANORE,

THREE CELEBRATED SCOTTISH BEAUTIES.

ADIEU, Romance's heroines!
 Give me the nymphs who this good hour
 May charm me not in fiction's scenes,
 But teach me Beauty's living power;—
 My harp, that has been mute too long,
 Shall sleep at Beauty's name no more,
 So but your smiles reward my song,
 Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore,—

In whose benignant eyes are beaming
 The rays of purity and truth;
 Such as we fancy woman's seeming,
 In the creation's golden youth;—
 The more I look upon thy grace,
 Rosina, I could look the more,
 But for Jemima's witching face,
 And the sweet voice of Eleanore.

Had I been Lawrence, kings had wanted
 Their portraits, till I'd painted yours,
 And these had future hearts enchanted
 When this poor verse no more endures;

I would have left the congress faces,
 A dull-eyed diplomatic corps,
 Till I had grouped you as the graces,
 Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore!

The Catholic bids fair saints befriend him
 Your poet's heart is catholic too,—
 His rosary shall be flowers ye send him,
 His saint-days when he visits you.
 And my sere laurels, for my duty,
 Miraculous at your touch would rise,
 Could I give verse one trace of beauty
 Like that which glads me from your eyes.

Unsealed by you, these lips have spoken,
 Disused to song for many a day;
 Ye've tuned a harp whose strings were broken,
 And warmed a heart of callous clay;
 So, when my fancy next refuses
 To twine for you a garland more,
 Come back again and be my Muses,
 Jemima, Rose, and Eleanore.

SONG.

'T IS now the hour—'t is now the hour
 To bow at Beauty's shrine;
 Now, whilst our hearts confess the power
 Of women, wit, and wine;
 And beaming eyes look on so bright,
 Wit springs, wine sparkles in their light.

In such an hour—in such an hour,
 In such an hour as this,
 While Pleasure's fount throws up a shower
 Of social sprinkling bliss,
 Why does my bosom heave the sigh
 That mars delight?—She is not by!

There was an hour—there was an hour
 When I indulged the spell
 That love wound round me with a power
 Words vainly try to tell;—
 Though love has filled my checkered doom
 With fruits and thorns, and light and gloom—

Yet there 's an hour—there 's still an hour
 Whose coming sunshine may
 Clear from the clouds that hang and lower
 My fortune's future day:
 That hour of hours beloved will be
 The hour that gives thee back to me!

LINES TO EDWARD LYTTON BULWER,

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS CHILD.

MY heart is with you, Bulwer! and portrays
 The blessings of your first paternal days.
 To clasp the pledge of purest, holiest faith,
 To taste one's own and love-born infant's breath,
 I know, nor would for worlds forget the bliss.
 I've felt that to a father's heart that kiss,
 As o'er its little lips you smile and cling,
 Has fragrance which Arabia could not bring.

Such are the joys, ill mocked in ribald song,
 In thought even freshening life our life-time long,
 That give our souls on earth a heaven-drawn
 bloom;
 Without them, we are weeds upon a tomb.
 Joy be to thee, and her whose lot with thine
 Propitious stars saw truth and passion twine!

Joy be to her who in your rising name
Feels Love's bower brightened by the beams of
fame!

I lacked a father's claim to her—but knew
Regard for her young years so pure and true,
That, when she at the altar stood your bride,
A sire could scarce have felt more sire-like pride.

CONTENT.*

[*Air*—"The Flower of North Wales."]

O CHERUB Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I'd all the gay hopes of my bosom resign;
I'd part with ambition thy votary to be,
And breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and thee!

But thy presence appears from my wishes to fly,
Like the gold-colored clouds on the verge of the sky;
No lustre that hangs on the green willow tree
Is so sweet as the smile of thy favor to me.

In the pulse of my heart I have nourished a care
That forbids me thy sweet inspiration to share;
The noon of my life slow departing I see,
But its years as they pass bring no tidings of thee.

O cherub Content! at thy moss-covered shrine
I would offer my vows, if Matilda were mine;
Could I call her my own, whom enraptured I see,
I would breathe not a sigh but to Friendship and
thee!

* These verses were addressed to Matilda Sinclair, who afterwards became Campbell's wife.

LINES

ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

HAIL to thy face and odors, glorious Sea !
 'T were thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
 Great beauteous Being ! in whose breath and smile
 My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
 Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
 Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world !
 Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
 To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.
 Even gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes
 With all the darling field flowers in their prime,
 And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
 Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
 For these wild headlands, and the sea-mew's clang —

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea,
 I long not to o'erlook earth's fairest glades
 And green savannahs—Earth has not a plain
 So boundless or so beautiful as thine ;
 The eagle's vision cannot take it in :
 The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
 Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird :
 It is the mirror of the stars, where all
 Their hosts within the concave firmament,
 Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
 Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
 Of rural landscape are there lights and shades
 Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
 How vividly this moment brightens forth,
 Between gray parallel and leaden breadths,
 A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
 Flushed like the rainbow, or the ringdove's neck,
 And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
 The semblance of a meteor.

Mighty Sea !

Cameleon-like thou changest, but there 's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy Mistress ; from her brow
Thou tak'st thy moods and wear'st her colors on
Thy faithful bosom ; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve ;
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element,
Have such divine complexion—crisp'd smiles,
Luxuriant heavings and sweet whisperings,
That little is the wonder Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—
Creation's common ! which no human power
Can parcel or inclose ; the lordliest floods
And cataracts that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee that could'st subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves—

Yet, potent Sea !

How placidly thy moist lips speak even now
Along yon sparkling shingles. Who can be
So fanciless as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the homebound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking even the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child ?—

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity ; and is he not
A blind worm in the dust, great Deep, the man
Who sees not or who seeing has no joy
In thy magnificence ? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre !

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
 Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
 The eternal, graceful, and majestic life
 Of nature, and the natural human heart
 Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.
 Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling
 sea

Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
 Men's volant homes that measure liquid space
 On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land
 With pained and panting steeds and clouds of dust
 Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
 Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
 Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
 Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the
 night,

Moored as they cast the shadows of their masts
 In long array, or hither flit and yond
 Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
 Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
 These waters to the imaginative power
 That links the viewless with the visible,
 And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
 Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
 When by her tall and triple mast we know
 Some noble voyager that has to woo
 The trade-winds and to stem the ecliptic surge.
 The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,
 Where she will cast her anchor and reflect
 Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
 And under planets brighter than our own:
 The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
 Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
 Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
 The pomp of nature, and the inspiring
 Varieties of life she has to greet,
 Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
 His darker tints; but where's the element
 That chequers not its usefulness to man
 With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes
 Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
 Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
 Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
 As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?
 Walks not Contagion on the Air itself?
 I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days
 And roaring nights of revelry and sport
 With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing;
 For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
 Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
 Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
 Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
 Their freshening dews, gay fluttering breezes cool
 Their wings to fan the brow of fevered climes,
 And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
 For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was

Infinity of ages ere we breathed
 Existence—and he will be beautiful
 When all the living world that sees him now
 Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
 Quelling from age to age the vital throb
 In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
 The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
 Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound
 In thundering concert with the quiring winds;
 But long as Man to parent Nature owns
 Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
 The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
 Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA.

1831.

THE DEAD EAGLE.

WRITTEN AT ORAN.

FALLEN as he is, this king of birds still seems
 Like royalty in ruins. Though his eyes
 Are shut, that look undazzled on the sun,
 He was the sultan of the sky, and earth
 Paid tribute to his eyry. It was perched
 Higher than human conqueror ever built
 His bannered fort. Where Atlas' top looks o'er
 Zahara's desert to the equator's line :
 From thence the winged despot marked his prey,
 Above th' encampments of the Bedouins, ere
 Their watchfires were extinct, or camels knelt
 To take their loads, or horsemen scoured the plain,
 And there he dried his feathers in the dawn,
 Whilst yet th' unwakened world was dark below.

There's such a charm in natural strength and power,
 That human fancy has for ever paid
 Poetic homage to the bird of Jove.
 Hence, 'neath his image, Rome arrayed her turms
 And cohorts for the conquest of the world.
 And figuring his flight, the mind is filled
 With thoughts that mock the pride of wingless man.
 True, the carred aeronant can mount as high ;
 But what's the triumph of his volant art ?
 A rash intrusion on the realms of air.
 His helmless vehicle, a silken toy,
 A bubble bursting in the thunder-cloud ;
 His course has no volition, and he drifts
 The passive plaything of the winds. Not such
 Was this proud bird : he clove the adverse storm,
 And cuffed it with his wings. He stopped his flight
 As easily as the Arab reigns his steed,
 And stood at pleasure 'neath Heaven's zenith, like

A lamp suspended from its azure dome,
 Whilst underneath him the world's mountains lay
 Like mole hills, and her streams like lucid threads,
 Then downward, faster than a falling star,
 He neared the earth, until his shape distinct
 Was blackly shadowed on the sunny ground ;
 And deeper terror hushed the wilderness,
 To hear his nearer whoop. Then, up again
 He soared and wheeled. There was an air of scorn
 In all his movements, whether he threw round
 His crested head to look behind him ; or
 Lay vertical and sportively displayed
 The inside whiteness of his wing declined,
 In gyres and undulations full of grace,
 An object beautifying Heaven itself.
 He—reckless who was victor, and above
 The hearing of their guns—saw fleets engaged
 In flaming combat. It was nought to him
 What carnage, Moor or Christian, strewed their
 decks.

But if his intellect had matched his wings,
 Methinks he would have scorned man's vaunted
 power

To plough the deep ; his pinions bore him down
 To Algiers the warlike, or the coral groves,
 That blush beneath the green of Bona's waves ;
 And traversed in an hour a wider space
 Than yonder gallant ship, with all her sails
 Wooing the winds, can cross from morn till eve.
 His bright eyes were his compass, earth his chart,
 His talons anchored on the stormiest cliff,
 And on the very light-house rock he perched,
 When winds churned white the waves.

The earthquake's self

Disturbed not him that memorable day.
 When, o'er yon table-land, where Spain had built,
 Cathedrals, cannoned forts, and palaces,
 A palsy stroke of Nature shook Oran,
 Turning her city to a sepulchre,

And strewing into rubbish all her homes ;
Amidst whose traceable foundations now,
Of streets and squares, the hyæna hides himself.
That hour beheld him fly as careless o'er
The stifled shrieks of thousands buried quick,
As lately when he pounced the speckled snake,
Coiled in yon mallows and wide nettled fields
That mantle o'er the dead old Spanish town.

Strange is the 'imagination's dread delight
In objects linked with danger, death and pain !
Fresh from the luxuries of polished life,
The echo of these wilds enchanted me ;
And my heart beat with joy when first I hear
A lion's roar come down the Lybian wind,
Across yon long, wide, lonely inland lake,
Where boat ne'er sails from homeless shore to shore
And yet Numidia's landscape has its spots
Of pastoral pleasantness—though far between,
The village planted near the Maraboot's
Round roof has aye its feathery palm trees
Paired, for in solitude they bear no fruits.
Here nature's hues all harmonize—fields white
With alasum, or blue with bugloss—banks
Of glossy fennel, blent with tulips wild,
And sunflowers, like a garment pranked with gold ;
Acres and miles of opal asphodel,
Where sports and couches the black-eyed gazelle.
Here, too, the air's harmonious—deep-toned doves
Coo to the fife-like carol of the lark ;
And when they cease, the holy nightingale
Winds up his long, long shakes of ecstasy,
With notes that seem but the protracted sounds
Of glassy runnels bubbling over rocks.

SONG.

To Love in my heart, I exclaimed t' other morning,
'Thou hast dwelt here too long, little lodger, take
warning;

Thou shalt tempt me no more from my life's sober
duty,

To go gadding, bewitched by the young eyes of
beauty.

For weary's the wooing, ah, weary!
When an old man will have a young dearie.

The god left my heart, at its surly reflections,
But came back on pretext of some sweet recollec-
tions,

And he made me forget what I ought to remember,
'That the rose-bud of June cannot bloom in Novem-
ber.

Ah! Tom, 't is all o'er with thy gay days—
Write psalms, and not songs for the ladies.

But time's been so far from my wisdom enriching,
That the longer I live, beauty seems more bewitching;
And the only new lore my experience traces,
Is to find fresh enchantment in magical faces.

How weary is wisdom, how weary!
When one sits by a smiling young dearie!

And should she be wroth that my homage pursues
her,

I will turn and retort on my lovely accuser;
Who's to blame, that my heart by your image is
haunted—

It is you, the enchantress—not I, the enchanted,
Would you have me behave more discreetly,
Beauty, look not so killingly sweetly.

LINES

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF LA PEROUSE'S
VOYAGES.

LOVED Voyager! his pages had a zest
More sweet than fiction to my wondering breast,
When, wrapt in fancy, many a boyish day
I tracked his wanderings o'er the watery way,
Roamed round the Aleutian isles in waking dreams,
Or plucked the *fleur-de-lys* by Jesso's streams—
Or gladly leaped on that far Tartar strand,
Where Europe's anchor ne'er had bit the sand,
Where scarce a roving wild tribe crossed the plain,
Or human voice broke nature's silent reign;
But vast and grassy deserts feed the bear,
And sweeping deer-herds dread no hunter's snare.
Such young delight his real records brought,
His truth so touched romantic springs of thought,
That all my after-life—his fate and fame
Entwined romance with La Perouse's name.—
Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse,—
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim:
He ploughed the deep to bind no captive's chain—
Pursued no rapine—strewed no wreck with slain;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes plucked no wreath from human woe.
'T was his the earth's remotest bound to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man—
Enrich the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplify the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific—'midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded and gave charts to many a shore
And gulf of Ocean new to nautic lore;

Yet he that led Discovery o'er the wave,
 Still fills himself an undiscovered grave.
 He came not back,—Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
 Year after year—in no propitious gale,
 His liliated banner held its homeward way,
 And Science saddened at her martyr's stay.
 An age elapsed—no wreck told where or when
 The chief went down with all his gallant men,
 Or whether by the storm and wild sea flood
 He perished, or by wilder men of blood—
 The shuddering Fancy only guessed his doom,
 And Doubt to Sorrow gave but deeper gloom.
 An age elapsed—when men were dead or gray,
 Whose hearts had mourned him in their youthful
 day;

Fame traced on Mannicolo's shore at last,
 The boiling surge had mounted o'er his mast.
 The islemen told of some surviving men,
 But Christian eyes beheld them ne'er again.
 Sad bourne of all his toils—with all his band—
 To sleep, wrecked, shroudless, on a savage strand!
 Yet what is all that fires a hero's scorn
 Of death?—the hope to live in hearts unborn:
 Life to the brave is not its fleeting breath,
 But worth—foretasting fame, that follows death.
 That worth had La Perouse—that meed he won;
 He sleeps—his life's long stormy watch is done.
 In the great deep, whose boundaries and space
 He measured, Fate ordained his resting-place;
 But bade his fame, like th' Ocean rolling o'er
 His relics—visit every earthly shore.
 Fair Science on that Ocean's azure robe
 Still writes his name in picturing the globe,
 And paints—(what fairer wreath could glory
 twine?)
 His watery course—a world-encircling line.

IMPROMPTU.

IN COMPLIMENT TO THE EXQUISITE SINGING OF MRS.
ALLSOP.

A MONTH in summer we rejoice
To hear the nightingale's sweet song ;
But thou—a more enchanting voice—
Shalt dwell with us the live year long.
Angel of Song ! still with us stay !
Nor, when succeeding years have shone,
Let us thy mansion pass and say,
The voice of melody is gone !

TO THE COUNTESS AMERIGA VESPUCCI.

DESCENDANT of the chief who stamped his name
On earth's Hesperian hemisphere—I greet
Not only thy hereditary fame,
But beauty, wit, and spirit, bold and sweet,
That captivates alike, where'er thou art,
The British and the Transatlantic heart !
Ameriga Vespucci ! thou art fair
As classic Venus ; but the Poets gave
Her not thy noble, more than classic, air
Of courage. Homer's Venus was not brave—
She shrieked and fled the fight. You never fled,
But in the cause of Freedom fought and bled.

TRANSLATIONS FROM PETRARCH.

PROEMIO.

Voi, ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono.

YE who shall hear amidst my scattered lays
 The sighs with which I fanned and fed my heart,
 When, young and glowing, I was but in part
 The man I am become in later days,—
 Ye who have marked the changes of my style
 From vain despondency to hope as vain,
 From him among you who has felt love's pain
 I hope for pardon, ay, and Pity's smile.
 Though conscious, now, my passion was a theme
 Long idly dwelt on by the public tongue,
 I blush for all the vanities I 've sung,
 And find the world's applause a fleeting dream.

SONNET XXIII.

Quest' anima gentil che si diparte.

THIS lovely spirit, if ordained to leave
 Its mortal tenement before its time,
 Heaven's fairest habitation shall receive,
 And welcome her to breathe its sweetest clime.
 If she establish her abode between
 Mars and the planet-star of Beauty's queen,
 The sun will be obscured, so dense a cloud
 Of spirits from adjacent stars will crowd
 To gaze upon her beauty infinite.
 Say that she fixes on a lower sphere,
 Beneath the glorious Sun, her beauty soon
 Will dim the splendor of inferior stars—
 Of Mars, of Venus, Mercury, and the Moon.
 She'll choose not Mars, but higher place than Mars;
 She will eclipse all planetary light,
 And Jupiter himself will seem less bright.

SONNET LX.

Io non fu d'amar voi lassato unquanco.

TIRED, did you say, of loving you? O, no!
 I ne'er shall tire of the unwearying flame.
 But I am weary, kind and cruel dame,
 With tears that uselessly and ceaseless flow,
 Scorning myself, and scorned by you. I long
 For death; but let no gravestone hold in view
 Our names conjoined; nor tell my passion strong
 Upon the dust that glowed through life for you.
 And yet this heart of amorous faith demands,
 Deserves, a better boon; but cruel, hard
 As is my fortune, I will bless Love's bands
 Forever, if you give me this reward.

SONNET LXVIII.

Erano i capei d'oro all' aura sparsi.

TIME was her tresses by the breathing air
 Were wreathed to many a ringlet golden bright,
 Time was her eyes diffused unmeasured light,
 Though now their lovely beams are waxing rare.
 Her face methought that in its blushes showed
 Compassion, her angelic shape and walk,
 Her voice that seemed with Heaven's own speech to
 talk,—

At these, what wonder that my bosom glowed!
 A living sun she seemed—a spirit of Heaven.
 Those charms decline: but does my passion? No!
 I love not less—the slackening of the bow
 Assuages not the wound its shaft has given.

SONNET CXXV.

In qual parte del Ciel', in quale idea.

IN what ideal world or part of heaven
 Did Nature find the model of that face
 And form, so fraught with loveliness and grace,
 In which, to our creation, she has given

Her prime proof of creative power above?
What fountain nymph or goddess ever let
Such lovely tresses float of gold refined
Upon the breeze, or in a single mind
Where have so many virtues ever met—
E'en though those charms have slain my bosom's
weal?

He knows not love who has not seen her eyes
Turn when she sweetly speaks, or smiles, or sighs,
Or how the power of love can hurt or heal.

SONNET CCXX.

Cercato ho sempre solitaria vita.

IN solitudes I've ever loved to abide,
By woods and streams, and shunned the evil-hearted,
Who from the path of heaven are foully parted.
Sweet Tuscany has been to me denied,
Whose sunny realms I would have gladly haunted,
Yet still the Sorgue his beauteous hills among
Has lent auxiliar murmurs to my song,
And echoed to the plaints my love has chanted.
Here triumphed too the poet's hand that wrote
These lines—the power of love has witnessed this.
Delicious victory! I know my bliss,
She knows it too—the saint on whom I dote.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MOBIADE.*

AN EPIC POEM, IN THREE BOOKS.

ARGUMENT.—Invocation to the *Poissardes*—Description of the influence of scarcity on New-Year's Day, 1801—Bold interference of the *Poissardes* in public affairs—First assembly and march of the insurgents—Their progress to the neighborhood of Bridewell—Speech of the prisoners to the insurgents—Description of the Calton Hill beside Bridewell—From thence the Poet makes a familiar transition to his old lodgings on the High-Terrace, opposite these scenes—He describes his visionary musings at his window that overlooked them—His subsequent orders for dinner, delivered in *Iambics*—He returns to the proper subject of his Poem—Compliments Count Rumford—and concludes Book the First.

* * * * *

STAY your rude steps, whose hands have never
thrown

Th' avenging flight of turnip or of stone;
Whose tiny hearts with no delirium throb,
When Heaven's dread justice arms the mighty mob!
But come, ye vocal nymphs, whose roseate feet
Print, with unslipped steps, the miry street;
Whose serenades at morning-tide begin,
From lips bedewed with aromatic gin!
Nymphs! your bold hands, in dearth's alarming
hour,

Swing the huge jorden, hurl the flinty shower;
Drag the scared miser from his hoarded crops,
And storm the hucksters in their barrèd shops;
Deal the brown loaves, sweet grain, and mealy
roots,†

And pelt proud provosts in their gala suits!

* In 1801, owing to the dearness of provisions, riots took place in Edinburgh, which it required military interference to suppress. These riots were called "meal mobs," and were generally composed of fish-women—"the *Poissardes* of New Haven and Musselburgh"—against whom the magistrates found it very difficult to act.

† Barley-loaves and potatoes.

Thus, when Monopoly's briarean hands
Had dragged her harrow o'er a hundred lands ;
But chief, the terrors of her gorgon frown
Had scared Edina's faint and famished town ;
Then Want, the griffin, champed with iron claws,
Our shuddering hearts and agonizing maws ;
Chased from our plundered boards each glad regale
Of vermeil ham, brown beef, and buxom ale !
Ah me ! no strepent goose, at Christmas-tide,
Hissed in the strangler's hand, and kicked and
died !

No trembling jellies, nor ambrosial pie,
Regaled the liquorish mouth and longing eye.
Red sunk December's last dishonored sun,
And the young YEAR'S-DAY passed without a bun !

Nymphs ! in that hour with pattering steps ye ran,
And roused to nobler deeds the soul of man ;
Called the fierce tribes, impatient of their doom,
From shadowy booth, dark shop, and sounding
loom ;
Lured the young 'prentice with seductive art,
And trained to glory his enamoured heart !

Then sprung each patriot from his lowly den ;
Even tailors would avenge the rights of men !
Huzzaing barbers swell the marching line,
Whose nice hands trim "the human face divine."
Sweeps, in their panoply of soot revealed,
The glorious besom of destruction wield ;
Their leathern aprons Crispian heroes stock
With tingling brick, huge tiles, and massy rock !

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Now in divisions march the marshalled band,
Troop follows troop, and blackens all the land :
Man shouts to man, on thousands thousands rush,
Toes tramp on toes, and neighbors neighbors crush.

Siliceous showers in dread collision blend;
 High hurled in air th' unburied cats descend!
 Bold hands in vain from windowed heights o'erturn
 Th' unblestèd waters of the nameless urn;
 From street to street their dreadful route they steer,
 Rage in their van, and rapine in their rear?

* * * *

Nymphs! in that hour ye spread your parted train
 By winding walk, dark arch, and gloomy lane;
 These to the trembling South's remotest bound,
 And *those* to Bridewell's sand-encircled ground.
 Thrice by that rock—whose stern Bastile appalls
 Heroic worth, and hems in marble walls—
 Indignant stopt, the roaring cavalcade
 Swung their waved hats, and long and loud huzzaed!
 Thrice from the hollow vaults, responsive rise
 Hoarse shouts of manly throats, and virgin's sweeter
 cries!

“Down—down with Provosts, and their tyrant
 sway!”

Each caged warbler said, or seemed to say—
 “March on, ye champions of the public weal!
 Revenge or ruin! death—or cheaper meal!
 Oh, could ye burst but those obdurate bands
 That clasp our gates, and bind our brawny hands!
 Then, what a host of aid would rush to crown!
 Your glorious work, and rob the ravaged town
 Then should no sceptred beadle dare provoke
 Our hearts of iron, and our clubs of oak!
 Nor listed bayonet, nor the loud platoon
 Of ‘Volunteer, town-guard,’ or ‘light dragoon’
 Should screen the big-wigged Justice, timely caught
 Even in the noose* these toiling hands have
 wrought.

Tyrant should balance tyrant, dangling high,
 And Bridewell's *hemp* avenge her slavery!”

* * * *

* Alluding to the *ropes*, etc., made as task-work in the ‘Bridewell.’

So sung the prison-birds; but all in vain,
 As Yorick's starling waked his plaintive strain!
 No battering beam, loud axe, or sounding saw,
 Burst on the dragon-guarded doors of law!
 For them no friendly portal shall expand,
 Nor high deliverer wave his angel wand;
 No visitant for them the path prepares
 Thro' sentried gates, dark vaults, and winding
 stairs;
 Save when that dreadful foe—who oft reveals
 Dismantled heroes at his chariot wheels—
 With red-robed spearmen, and the sound of
 drums,
 Nine-tailed Bashaw, the savage Hangman comes!

* * * *

But say, fair Heroines of my vent'rous song!
 Where next your stormy thousands rushed along?
 For fainter now the groans of Bridewell grew,
 And more remote the mountain streamer flew,
 Whose airy length, expanded to the blast,
 Waves o'er the tall and telegraphic mast!
 Here (but a mightier voice recalls her home!)
 My desultory Muse would love to roam:
 And other charms than yours, sweet nymphs, to
 sing,
 Rest on the Calton height her wearied wing! . .

* * * *

Fair salutary spot! where Health inhales
 Her freshest fountains, and her purest gales;
 I love thy homely name's familiar sound,
 Thou green Parnassus of my native ground!
 Haunt of my youth! while yet the poet's head
 Peeped from yon high and heaven-aspiring shed,
 O'erlooking far Edina's gilded vanes,
 And all her dusky wilderness of lanes.
 What time, sublimely lodged! he mounted higher
 Than Attic station with his Scotian lyre;

And, warm in fancy's castle-building hour,
 Sung to the shelter of his sky-light bower.*
 'T was then, sweet hill ! imagination drew
 Thy winding walk some paradise in view ;
 Each white-robed nymph that sailed thy terrace
 round,
 Seemed like a goddess on Elysian ground.
 Then spread Illusion, with her pencil warm,
 Unearthly hues on every meaner form ;
 Wings on the grazing horse appeared to grow,
 And Delphian woods to wave, and Helicon to flow.

Nor ceased my day-dream till the waning hours
 Had shook fair Fancy from her throne of flowers ;
 And o'er my heart emotions, less divine,
 Imperious warned the esurient bard to *dine* :
 Yet—when my bell its awful summons rung,
 And menial Mary heard its iron tongue—
 Not in plebeian prose, I spoke aloud,
 When mortal wants th' immortal spirit bowed :
 Ill would it suit to ask a *poet's* food
 In vulgar phrase, ignobly understood !
 Then stood the culinary maiden dumb,
 And slowly twirled each circumvolvent thumb,
 Astounded—listening to the voice sublime
 Of oral thunders, and Iambic rhyme :

Bring me the beef—the dulcet pudding bring !
 Or fry the mud-lark's† odoriferous wing ;
 Or simmering greens, with soft rotation turn,
 Champed in the luscious treasure of the churn !
 Then pour the brown ale, rich as ever ran
 From Balder's horn, or Odin's creamy can !
 Blest in that honest draught, let none repine
 For nee'trous noyeau, or ambrosial wine ;

* The Poet's lodgings on the High-terrace, Leith Walk.

† The poetical name for a pig, principally used in the elegant phraseology of Kilmainham jail.

But—lest my waning wealth refuse to raise
 So fair a feast, in these degenerate days—
 Take from this splendid shilling, what may find
 Some sweet reflection of a sober mind—
 Yon earth-born apple, vegetable grace
 Of Erin's sons—a blunder-loving race;
 Well could that food of bulls delight me now,
 Mixt with the mantling beverage of the cow;
 My vaccine milk, on 'tatoes sweet should pour,
 And fruit and liquor charm one fairy-footed hour!

* * * * *

Such were my humble themes of other time,
 Ye red-armèd heroines of my native clime!
 Ere yet the Muse of unambitious days
 Had ever sung, or hoped to sing, *your* praise.
 For other nymphs beguiled my busy brains
 To love-sick odes, and honey-suckle strains;
 What time, erratic o'er my nightly roof,
 Grimalkin-warblers caterwauled aloof;
 Or sportive, through the groves of chimneys sprung,
 And "all night long their am'rous descant sung."
 Then lower themes for *you*, the Poet spurns;
 Sole in his heart the patriot passion burns!

* / * * * *

MARY'S RETURN.

WHY mourns the wind, why leafless lies the track,
 Why breaks no sun, or sings no bird to cheer
 The morn, beloved friends, that welcomes back
 Your Mary to her home of Sydenham dear?
 Could painter's hand appropriate landscape form,
 Were she to seem the Genius of the place;
 There would not, sure, be there a shade or storm,
 But all, herself resembling, bloom and grace.

And yet, dear maid, though loveliest scenes of earth
 Might suit *thee*; more, they could not make us
 prize
 The voice—like music to our wintry hearth;
 The smile—like summer's gladness to our eyes.

November 20, 1807.

EXTEMPORE VERSES.

FROM A LETTER TO MISS MAYOW.

HARK! from yon corner rings the supper-bell—
 Adieu! adieu!—dear Fanny, fare thee well!
 Oppressed by hunger, I must walk up stairs;
 Then go to bed, when I have said my prayers.
 But that same *rat** will still his visit pay—
 So I'll be forced to watch as well as pray;
 Yet watching—sleeping—doomed to sup or dine,
 However faring—still, fair friend, I'm thine—

THE GLORIES OF A SUMMER DAY.

FROM A LETTER TO MISS MAYOW, 1808.

In revenge for your absence, I mean to debar you from the sight of a beautiful poem, which I have written in blank-verse, upon "The Glories of a Summer Day:"—

OH, for a muse of fire, to celebrate
 The sweltering glories of a summer's day!

*To-day I must be half dead with the old bad sleep, in consequence of an impudent rat who laid his teeth like a saw to the vainscot near my bed, and kept grinding genteelly till day-break. Duels have been fought in saw-pits; but, surely, sleeping in a saw-pit is impossible, and so I found it. All my knocks and hisses, and rapping, till my knuckles were sore, did not disconcert the engineer. I expect the same felicity to-night.—*From the Letter containing the above verses.*

Now the thermometer of Fahrenheit—
 Too far-in-height, alas!—is seventy-five.
 Red-faced, and dripping transpirations dews,
 The morning stranger visits your abode,
 And mutual plainings of the sultry weather
 Follow the gratulations of the day.
 Now Beau hangs out his tongue, and drops his
 jaw—
 (Oh, that less honest brutes would drop *their* jaw!)
 The animal creation quit their sports,
 All but the playful kitten. She, alone,
 Her tiger-origin of climes adust
 Betraying, wantons in the solar blaze, etc., etc.

FROM ANACREON.

AN IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION.

— Τὸ ρόδον τότῳ. Ερώτων—

THE rose, to love that sacred grows,
 To Bacchus let us bring,
 And, crowned with garlands of the rose,
 Exulting quaff, and sing,
 And laugh away the happy hours—
 The rose, the paragon of flowers—
 The rose, the nursling of the spring!

Roses, the gods themselves enjoy,
 And Venus's delightful Boy,
 His lovely ringlets to attire,
 With rosy wreaths his brow embraces,
 When he dances with the Graces.
 Then crown me, and I'll strike the lyre, etc.

LINES, ON TELLING HER FAULTS TO
MISS F. W. MAYOW,

WHO HAD ACCUSED HIM OF NOT BEING ABLE TO READ
ANY WRITING BUT HIS OWN.

IN Fanny's praise let others talk ;
I 'll tell the blemish of her nature—
It is not in her speech or walk,
Her conversation or her stature.

I like her heart ; 't is warm to friends ;
Her face I could not wish to vary ;
And, polished to her finger ends,
Her form has something statuary.

Her taste—I 'm vain enough to deem—
Is good, because with mine it tallies ;
Her wit, I very much esteem—
Save when my own dear self it rallies!

And yet—I will not while I live
For all your worth and virtues many—
I will not one *sad* fault forgive ;
You *write illegibly*, my Fanny!

1809.

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'T is morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

1802.

 GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and
 wail?
 'T is the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
 And her sire, and the people, are called to her
 bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
 Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not
 aloud:
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
 They marched all in silence,—they looked on the
 ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
 To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and
 hoar:
 "Now here let us place the gray stone of her
 cairn:
 Why speak ye no word!"—said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your
 brows?"
 So spake the rude chieftain:—no answer is made,
 But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and
loud:

"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no lady was
seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in
scorn,

'T was the youth who had loved the fair Ellen of
Lorn:

"I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne—
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
 For his country he sighed, when at twilight repair-
 ing

To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
 He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger;
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me.
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet
 hours,
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no
 more!

Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase
 me?

Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
 They died to defend me or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood ?
Sisters and sire ! did ye weep for its fall ?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ;
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?
Oh ! my sad heart ! long abandoned by pleasure,
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure ?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw ;
Erin ! an exile bequeathes thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields,—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
tion,—
Erin mavournin—Erin go bragh !*

1800.

* Ireland my darling, Ireland for ever.

SWITZERLAND.

WRITTEN FOR A MOTTO TO SWITZERLAND ILLUSTRATED.

THE Switzer's land! where Glory is encamped,
Impreguably, in mountain tents of snow;
Realms, that by human footprint ne'er were
stamped—

Where the eagle wheels, and glacial ramparts
glow!

Seek, Nature's worshipper, those landscapes! Go
Where all her fiercest, fairest, charms are joined!
Go to the land where TELL drew Freedom's
bow!

And in the Patriot's Country thou shalt find
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal
mind!—

1834.

ODE,

ON THE BIRTH OF FIVE KITTENS IN THE HOUSE OF HER
BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL-GENERAL AT ALGIERS.

[Tune—"The Campbells are coming."]

THE cat she has kittened, Ohon! Ohon!
In the Consular house of St. John, St. John;

Of her five little cats

(They are all blind as bats)

There are two to be drowned, that are gone, are
gone!

But the rest 't were a pity to drown, to drown;
Zugasti* and Campbell, and Brown, and Brown,†

* The Chevalier Zugasti, Spanish Consul at Algiers.

† Mr. Brown, Consul of the United States, America.

Are to save all the three
 From this *cat-as-trophee*,
 And to rear them as cats of renown, renown.

These three pretty kittens, so sleek, so sleek,
 There 's Campbell to teach them their *Greek*;
 their *Greek*!

Brown will train them to mew
 "Yankee doodle, doo, doo!"
 And Zugasti in Spanish to speak, to speak.

Five lives they shall have, every one, one, one;
 Faine's domestics shall beat a rattan, rattan,
 On the Barbary coast,
 Of their beauty to boast,
 From the shores of Bougie to Oran, Oran!

Musicians their cat-gut shall bring, shall bring,
 And our kittens shall caper and sing, and sing,
 To the glorious years
 Of the French in Algiers,
 And the *health* of her CITIZEN KING, king, king!

* * * * *

1835.

MY NATIVE LAND.

MY native land! my native land!
 Now near thy coast-crag high and hoar,
 I see the surf that strikes the strand—
 I hear its hoarse and restless roar.
 Before the breeze we gaily send
 With straining stay and swollen sail,
 And while we stir the foaming flood,
 All hail! my native land, all hail!

Through Afric's sands the gold ore gleams,
On Asia's shores the diamond shines,
But there, beneath their sun's bright beams,
The black, a bondsman, pants and pines.
Proud parent of the FAIR and FREE,
O'er roaring surf and rolling swell,
With happy heart I look on thee,
All hail! my native land, all hail!

What Briton's breast but deeply draws
The breath that sighs thy shores adieu!
But throbs, as oft a thought he throws
From far, on days of youth and you?
You! whom my heart hath sighed to see,
When hope was faint and health was frail,
How gladly now I look on thee,—
All hail! my native land, all hail!

Bound on, bold bark! with powerful prow,
Through whitening waves that round thee roar!
From port the pilot hails us now;
Hark! hark! I hear the plunging oar,
The anchor drags the clanking chain;
The seaman furls the flapping sail,
Thick throbs my heart—and yet again
All hail! my native land, all hail!

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

A TALE.

WHEN honest men confessed their sins,
And paid the church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They marched about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation ;
And mended broken consciences
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemned to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit, he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation ;
And mortal man ne'er cleared a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon—

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On fagots briskly crackling :
The friars entered, with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bowed, and blessed the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that even on Lent days
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supped on crusts, I fear,
You 'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laughed like two hyænas.

Alternately, the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-ganger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons conveyed
With aëronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipt her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'T was partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the Frères
Went on to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and a tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good-night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host was nigh—
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two Confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, Friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when you should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look back with consternation.

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the Frères,
The fat one, and the lean one.

To-morrow by the break of day,
He orders too, salt-petre,
And pickling-tubs; but, reader, stay,
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Gave pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they'd trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his lardners!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he salt-petres Friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die !—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly ;—
Yes, Boniface, 't is time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation,
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bowed like weeping willows,
And told the Saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadillos.

Yet midst this penitential plight
A thought their fancies tickled,
'T were better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of Saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scampered off like Jehu,
Nor stopped to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who being by nature more designed
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broadened with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's scone
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bonze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Brayed like a donkey up and down
Ass-ass-ass-assination!

Men left their beds, and night-capped heads
Popped out from every casement;
The cats ran frightened on the leads;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors banged, dogs bayed, and boys hurrahed,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly?

Ass—quothe the priest—ass-assins, Sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes house
Of twenty men rode sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's-house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, Rascal, hold thy whinyard.

'T was Boniface, as mad 's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery :—
“And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?”

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubbered with the vapors,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, Help, hollo, the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig, but, 'no!
They shall not barbacue me.

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, Murderer, stop, ahoy, oh!
Jacquez was comforting the frère
With a good glass of noyeau—

Who beckoned to them not to kick up
A row; but, waxing mellow,
Squeezed Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, You're a d——d good fellow.

Explaining lost but little breath;—
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henry Quatre!

The gens-d'armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they had known the joke,
Their horses neighed thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawned weary, worn, and moody;
So may my readers, too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good-day.

JUVENILE POEMS.

ON THE SEASONS.

A FRAGMENT WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TEN.

OH, joyful Spring, thy cheerful days prolong,
(The feathered songsters thus begin the song)
Lo, smiling May doth now return at last,
But ah! she runs, she runs along too fast,
The sultry June arrives, May's pleasure 's short,
Yet July yields some fruit for cool resort:
Blest Autumn comes, arrayed in golden grain,
And bounteously rewards the lab'ring swain.

1788.

ON FINISHING VERSIONS FROM THE CLASSICS.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF TEN.

Now farewell my books and also my Versions,
I hope now I will have some time for diversions.
The labor and pains you have cost me 's not small,
But now by good luck I've got free of you all.

When the pen was not good I blotted the paper,
And then my father cried, Tom, what's the matter?
Consider but once what items you need,
My purse it must suffer or you must take heed.

So adieu to rebukes and also to Versions,
I hope I'll now have some time for diversions.

1788.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE
PARROT.

I.

IN Caledonia lives a youth
Of genius and of fame,
Whose company yields me delight,
Will Irvine is his name.

II.

A chattering parrot he possessed
Whose each diverting jest
For weary lessons cheered him up
And soothed his anxious breast.

III.

Poll's chattering lays and curious jokes
And rhymes well got by rote
Were sweeter far to him than lark's
Or Philomela's note.

IV.

When from the grammar school he came
With Poll he oft made sport;
The parrot mimicked all he said—
With fun the nights seemed short.

V.

Short were they then but now they're long
Poll's dead; he's left to mourn
And weep without a comforter
That Poll can ne'er return.

VI.

For Poll was but an hourly joy
A gift soon to decay
Emblem of all our earthly bliss.
That only lasts a day.

VII.

Once in December's gloomy month
This same youth did sit down
With aching heart for to relate
Of Death's dart lately thrown.

VIII.

That dart which thrown at poor Poll's heart
Caused him to weep and cry
"Oh may that day of the year be dark
On which my Poll did die."

IX.

"But let me moralize" he said
"Death overtakes us all
The haughtiest tyrant ever lived
Did by his arrows fall.

X.

"None can escape his powerful arm
Or shun the fatal blow
Thus powerful kings as well as Poll
His victims are laid low."

FROM ANACREON.

TRANSLATED AT THE AGE OF TWELVE.

Θέλω λέγειν Ατρείδας.

IN sooth, I'd with pleasure rehearse
 The Atridæ and Cadmus's fame,
 If my lute would accord to my verse,
 And sound aught but Venus's name!
 'T was in vain that I changèd each string,
 To alter its amorous tone;
 And began of Alcides to sing,
 But my lute warbled Venus alone!
 I therefore my strains must renew
 And accord to the lays of my lute—
 So ye heroes, for ever adieu!
 Love alone is the theme that can suit.

Η γῆ μ λαινα πίνει.

The sable earth imbibes the rain;
 The trees and shrubs drink it again;
 The sea into his spacious breast,
 Imbibes the gales of air compressed:
 The sun, in his prodigious cup,
 Drinks all the seas and rivers up:
 The silver light the moon displays,
 Is but a draught from Phœbus' rays.
 Why then, companions, chide my choice
 Who wish to drink, and still rejoice!

Λεγουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες.—Ode xi.

Anacreon, the ladies say
 Your pate is bald, your beard is gray!
 Take you a looking-glass; forsooth
 You'll find what they say is truth.

But whether this be true or not,
 As little do I care as wot ;
 But this I know—'t is best to rhyme
 Thus o'er my jokes while suits the time.

SUMMER.

A STRAIN sublime, that now my breast inspires,
 Ye nymphs of Sicily ! your aid requires.
 The golden season crowned with joy appears ;
 The grand dispeller of our winter cares !
 No more the student, at the glimmering light,
 Shall pore his senses, moping day and night ;
 For now the tasks and exercises stale,
 Shall cease the Muse's pinions down to nail.
 From toil and college hardships free, no more
 Τυπτω shall tease you—that vile monster 's o'er ! .

The iron age of winter, stern and dread,
 At length he has hid his grisly baneful head ;
 The golden age appears that Virgil sung—
 An age that well might claim his tuneful tongue—
 Unbidden flowers with bloom spontaneous grow ;
 Wide spreads the ivy for the poet's brow ;
 The modest lily and the full-blown rose,
 And grander tulip, all their sweets disclose ;
 The feathered choir, that tune the song of love,
 Invite the Muse's fancy forth to rove.
 Now, now, ye bards, let every lyre be strung,
 Nor let the flower its sweets disclose, unsung. . .

'T is true some poets that unguarded sing,
 The golden age would fain ascribe to Spring ;
 For me, I see not how wits e'er so starch
 Could prove the beauties of the bleak-eyed March,

Nor February, clad in horrid snow,
 Nor April when the winds relentless blow;
 These chilly months, it sure alone belongs
 To those who sing, to frame unmeaning songs . . .
Oct. 4, 1790.

ON MISS MARY CAMPBELL.

By many a strange neglect diverted,
 The Muse and I had long been parted;
 At length by chance we met at last
 At eve, when every toil was past.

The Muse, insinuating maid,
 Soon set me to my ancient trade—
 Says she—"Since I my service proffer,
 'Tis hard that you should spurn the offer;
 Believe me, tho' unkind you be,
 You 'll not find every one like me."

I shrunk to hear my Muse thus scold,
 And sorrow made my heart grow cold;
 At length I trembling scarce could say—
 "I fear I shall not know the way;
 I 'm at a dreadful loss, dear Maâm,
 To know how I may find a theme?"

"Lives there not now, in Scotia's land,
 The fairest of the female band?
 A maid adorned with every grace
 E'er known among the female race!
 Use all my aid—if that can tell
 Her praise, and virtues that excel.
 No fiction here you will require
 The swelling note of praise to fire;

But ah ! her virtues to rehearse
Is sure unequal for thy verse ;
Then cease—but let resounding fame
Tell that *Maria* is the name !”

1790.

THE PONS ASINORUM; OR, THE ASSES’ BRIDGE.

SONG, WRITTEN IN MR. J. MILLER’S MATHEMATICAL CLASS.

As Miller’s Hussars marched up to the wars,
With their captain in person before ’em ;
It happened one day that they met on their way,
With the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !*

Now see the bold band, each a sword in his hand,
And his Euclid for target before him ;
Not a soul of them all could the dangers appall
Of the hazardous *Pons Asinorum* !

While the streamers wide flew, and the loud trumpets blew,
And the drum beat responsive before ’em ;
Then Miller their chief thus harangued them in brief,
’Bout the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !

“ My soldiers,” said he, “ though dangers there be,
Yet behave with a proper decorum ;
Dismiss ev’ry fear, and with boldness draw near
To the dangerous *Pons Asinorum* !”

Now it chanced in the van stood a comical man,
Who, as Miller strode bravely before him,

* Fifth Proposition of the First Book of Euclid.

To his sorrow soon found that his brains were
wheeled round,
As he marched to the *Pons Asinorum*!

O sorrowful wight, how sad was his plight,
When he looked at the *Pons Asinorum*!
Soon the fright took his heels, like a drunkard he
reels,
And his head flew like thunder before him.

So rude was the jump, as the mortal fell plump,
That not Miller himself could restore him;
So his comrades were left, of "Plumbano" bereft,
O pitiful plight to deplore him!

1791.

THE FIRST OF MAY, 1793.*

PHÆBUS has risen; and many a glittering ray
Diffuses splendor o'er the auspicious day.
This is the day—sure, Nature well may smile—
When present glory crowns forgotten toil;
When honor lifts aloft the happy few,
And laurelled worth attracts the wondering view.
Th' appointed hour, that warns to meet, is near;
A mixed assemblage on the Green appear;
Some in gay clubs, and some in pairs advance,
An hundred busy tongues are heard at once.
Some, on the long-extended gravel-walk,
Joined friend to friend, in serious converse talk.
Their tones are different, one content proclaims;
And one, in frantic jealousy, declaims
Against a rival's name—"T is quite absurd:
He write the theme? he never wrote one word!

* In a note, in the handwriting of the poet's sister Mary, it is recorded that this poem was written in his *twelfth* year—though not given in until 1793.

Sir, I assure you, 't was a tutor wrote it!
 And he to class—a shameful forgery—brought it.”
 Such, Disappointment, is thine empty strain;
 So, crossed Ambition vents his inward pain!

Meanwhile the destined victor, through th
 throng

Elate with conscious glory, moves along:
 Joy glistens in his eye, erects his mien,
 And fills his bosom with th' approaching scene.
 He sees the massy volume, feels its weight,
 And views himself advance—in visionary state!

From yonder spire is heard the solemn bell:
 The distant crowds are summoned at the knell!
 See, at the narrow outlet, where they push,
 All, all is tumult; to the courts they rush:
 With hasty steps, I see them seek the gate
 Where countless swarms before the doors await:
 Spectators, here convened awhile to gaze,
 Glad for some friend th' applauding shout to raise,
 And some, perhaps, to hear a brother's name
 Full proud at heart, amidst the lists of fame.

At last the doors unfold:—fast, fast within
 Compacted numbers rush with bustling din;
 Rude the assault, and boist'rous is the fray,
 And nought but trampling force secures a way.
 Thus, if things mighty can compare with small,
 Before the opening of some battered wall,
 Thus, at the breach, in dread, defenceless hour,
 With rushing might, embattled squadrons pour.

Now up the stairs ascend the jarring crew,
 And the long hall is opened to the view:
 There, on the left, the pulpit clad in green;
 And there, the bench of dignity is seen,
 Where Wisdom sits, with equitable sway,
 To judge the important merits of the day.

The doors are fastened, silence reigns within,
 Now, memorable day! thy joys begin.—
 The reverend voice of power is heard proclaim,
 In solemn tone, the votaries of fame.

Near him the glittering silver medal lies
 All bright to view—'t is Elocution's prize.
 Three rival youths, by emulation fired,
 To tempt the dubious contest are inspired :
 See, in yon distant corner, while they stand.
 Hope, fear, and doubt, by turns, their breast command.

The first steps forth, amid the silent gaze,
 Mounts the tall rostrum, and his parts displays :
 A second rival, and a third ascend ;
 You know not which to praise, or which to discommend,

But skill, superior judgment, hath decreed—
 The anxious rivals from suspense are freed !
 And thou, thrice happy youth, the victor found,
 Approach ! while plaudits to the roof resound.
 Approach ! and to thy heart that beats with pride,
 Gay, glittering honor, be the riband tied !

'Thus is the first important conquest done ;
 More youthful honors shall be soon begun.
 See yon bright store of volumes in a row,
 Where gold and Turkey's gayest honors glow !
 The first, the brightest volume's reared on high ;
 Probando, prince of youths, is bid draw nigh.
 The youth draws nigh, and, hailed with loud
 applause,

Receives the boon, and modestly withdraws.
Probando is a youth well known to fame ;
 Nor e'er inglorious will you hear his name.
 'T is his the problem's deep abyss to sound,
 Nor e'er to leave the hidden truth unfound ;
 'T is his, the syllogist's dark rule to ply,
 And prove absurd the sophism e'er so sly,
 Or, if you please, with deep mysterious skill,
 Make you talk nonsense even against your will.
Tonillus, next, is summoned from the throng,
 His head light tosses as he moves along :
 No mean reward is his,—but why so vain ?
 What means that strutting gait and crested mane ?

Away with all thy light affected airs,
For honor vanishes when pride appears.

The third, gay glittering volume, high is reared :
Mysterious Jove ! *Plumbano's* name is heard :

With lazy steps, the loiterer quits his place—

While wonder gazes in each length of face—

Accepts the gift, with stunted scrape and nod,

And slow returns with an unworthy load.

And does Plumbano bear this bright reward,

Himself unworthy !—Justice unimpaired ?

'T is strange to tell ! and yet it has been so ;

The seeming paradox attend, and know

Plumbano is a youth, as fame reports,

The palm of victory who seldom courts ;

Full many a race inglorious has he run,

Passed for a dunce, but 't was to him all one.

But though the youth ambition ne'er possessed,

Neglect and scorn could touch the parents' breast.

It grieved their pride to see their favorite boy

No mark of honor with the rest enjoy ;

They sought the cause that kept his spirits low,

And fixed a glumness on his vacant brow.

All, who had skill, declared without a pause,

That nat'ral dulness was the only cause !

Can aught remove it ? Yes, a tutor 's got !

Plumbano's past appearance is forgot ;

A masterpiece of skill each theme appears,

The tutored dolt outstrips his best compeers ;

Merit is brought to light, before unknown,

Ah ! merit truly, had it been thine own,

Had not another penned the admired theme,

Nor thou, at truth's expense, procured thy fame !

'T is hard, indeed, but yet it must be so,

Well-honored as he is, the dunce may go.—

But, let me tell thee, vain deluded boy,

Small is the glory of thy glittering toy !

Two shining boards is all about the book

At which with pleasure, numskull, thou canst
look

Though wisdom's ample stores its leaves contain,
 By thee, unrifled, they shall there remain.
 Go, dunce! to all the world thy gift be shown,
 We cannot grudge thee what is not thine own!

Thick pass the honored victors of the day,
Ingenio shrewd, and *Alacer* the gay:
Durando grave, *Acerrimo* the wit,
Profundo serious, with his eyebrows knit.
 Countless they pass: applauded, each returns;
 While o'er his cheek the conscious pleasure burns.
 Meanwhile, I see each one a joy impart
 'To some glad father's, friend's, or brother's heart!
 Full glad they view the youth's distinguished praise,
 And, midst applauding bursts, in silence fondly gaze.
 A well pleased smile is seen on every face,
 Save where, afar, in yonder secret place,
 Foul Envy, blasted at another's fame,
 O'er the pale visage casts a sickly gleam.
 There sit a silent, solitary few,
 Destined, unseen, another's fame to view;
 For whom no glittering boon is raised on high,
 Nor shouts of praise, nor dusty volumes fly!
 Hard lot, while knitted brows and bitten nails
 Disclose the envy which the wretch inhales.

Here end the honors that to worth are due:
 The pleased spectator takes his last adieu!
 The youth are left alone:—let all attend
 To what sage wisdom now may recommend,*
 And hear the advice that fain would profit all,
 The good encourage, and the bad recall.
 Long may these precepts warn the youthful heart,
 And long, through life, their influence impart!
 Now, go! ye prosp'rous, be not too elate,
 And let contentment soothe the adverse fate!

* The Exhortation annually given by the Principal.

ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

PART I.—EVILS ARISING FROM IMPERFECTION.

GIVEN IN AS AN EXERCISE IN THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY
CLASS, GLASGOW, APRIL 25, 1794.

WHILE Nature's gifts appear a jarring strife,
And Evil balances the Good of life;
While varied scenes, in Man's estate, disclose
Delusive Pleasure, mixed with surer woes:
Bewildered Reason, in the dubious maze
Of human lot, a feeble wand'rer strays,
Sees destined ills on Virtue vent their force,
Dash all her bliss, and wonders whence the source.

Sure Heaven is good, no further proof we need,
In Nature's page the doubtless text we read.
Lo! at thy feet earth's verdant carpet spread,
Heaven's azure vault o'ercanopies thy head;
For thee the varied seasons grace the plain,
The vernal floweret, and the golden grain;
For thee all-wise Beneficence on high
Bade Day's bright monarch lighten in the sky,
And Night's pale chariot, o'er the vault of blue,
With silver wheels the silent path pursue.

Yes, Heaven is good, the source of ample bliss;
In spite of ills, creation teaches this.
The simple, yet important truth to spy,
We need no Plato's soul, no sage's eye;
A native faith each distant clime pervades,
And sentiment the voice of reason aids.
The shuddering tenant of the Arctic Pole
Adores revolving suns that round him roll:
No sceptic bosom doubts the hand of Heaven;
And, though misplaced, still adoration's given.
Search distant climates, at the thirsty line,
There still devotion thanks a power divine;

Still, though no Science treads on Libyan plains,
The inborn gratitude to God remains ;
And shall the soul, by Science taught to view
Truth more refined, call inborn faith untrue ?
No—should misfortune cloud thy latest days,
Still view this truth through life's perplexing
maze ;

While Nature teaches, let not doubt obtrude,
But own with gratitude that God is good.

Yet whence, methinks, repining mortal cries,
If Heaven be good, can human ill arise ?
Man's feeble race, what countless ills await,
Ills self-created—ills ordained by fate.

While yet warm youth the breast with passion fires,
Hope whispers joy, and promised bliss inspires,
In dazzling colors future life arrays,
And many a fond ideal scene displays.

The sanguine zealot promised good pursues,
Nor finds that wish, but still the chase renews :
Still lured by Hope, he wheels the giddy round,
And grasps a phantom never to be found.

Too soon the partial bliss of youth is flown,
Nor future bliss, nor Hope itself is known ;
No more ideal prospects charm the breast,
Life stands in dread reality confessed ;

A mingled scene of aggravated woes,
Where Pride and Passion every curse disclose !

Cease, erring man ; nor arrogant presume
To blame thy lot or Heaven's unerring doom.
He who thy being gave, in skill divine,
Saw what was best, and bade that best be thine.

But, count thy wants and all thine evils name,
Still, He that bade them be, is free from blame ;
Tell all the imperfections of thy state,
The wrongs of man to man—the wrongs of Fate ;
Still Reason's voice shall justify them all,
And bid complaint to resignation fall.

If HEAVEN be blamed, that imperfection's thine,
As just to blame that man is not divine.

Of all the tribes that fill this earthly scheme,
 Thy sphere is highest, and thy gifts supreme ;
 Of mental gifts, Intelligence is given,
 Conscience is thine, to point the will of Heaven ;
 The spur of Action, Passions are assigned,
 And Fancy, parent of the soul refined.

"T is true, thy Reason's progress is but slow,
 And Passion, if misguided, tends to wo ;
 'T is true, thy gifts are finite in extent,
 What then ? can nought that 's finite give content ?
 Leave, then, proud Man ! this scene of earthly
 chance ;

Aspire to spheres supreme, and be a god at once !

"No," you reply ; "superior powers I claim,
 Though not perfection, or a sphere supreme ;
 In Reason more exalted, let me shine ;
 The lion's strength, the fox's art be mine ;
 The bull's firm chest, the steed's superior grace,
 The stag's transcendant swiftmess in the chase.
 Say, why were these denied, if Heaven be kind,
 And full content to human lot assigned ?"—

The reason 's simple ; in the breast of man
 To soar still upward dwells th' eternal plan ;
 A wish innate, and kindly placed by Heaven,
 That man may rise, through means already given.
 Aspiring thus, to mend the ills of fate,
 To find new bliss and cure the human state,
 In varied souls its varied shapes appear—
 Here, fans desire of wealth—of honor, there ;
 Here, urges Newton Nature to explore,
 And promises delight by knowing more :
 And there, in Cæsar, lightens up the flame
 To mount the pinnacle of human fame.

In spite of Fate, it fires the active mind,
 Keeps man alive, and serves the use assigned ;
 Without it, none would urge a favorite bent,
 And man were useless but for *Discontent*.

Seek not perfection, then, of higher kind,
 Since man is perfect in the state assigned ;

Nor perfect, as probation can allow,
Accuse thy lot, although imperfect now.

PART II.—MORAL EVILS.

But, grant that Man is justly frail below,
Still Imperfection is not all our wo :
If final good be God's eternal plan,
Why is the power of ill bestowed on man ?—
Why is Revenge an inborn passion found ?
And why the means to spread that passion round ?
Whence in Man's breast, the constant wish we find,
That tends to work the ruin of his kind ?
Whence flows the ambition of a Cæsar's soul,
Or Sylla's wish to ravage and control ?
Whence, monster Vice ! originates thy course ?
Art thou from God ?—is purity thy source ?

No ; let not blasphemy that cause pursue !
A simpler source in Man himself we view :
If Man, endowed with freedom, basely act,
Can such from blameless purity detract ?
An ample liberty of choice is given,
Man chooses ill—and where the fault of Heaven ?
Say not the human heart is prone to sin,
Virtue, by Nature, reigns as strong within :
The passions, if perverted, tend to wo.—
“What then ? did God perversion, too, bestow ?”
No ; blame thyself if Guilt distract thy lot ;
Man may be virtuous—Heaven forbids it not.
Blind as thou art, in this imperfect state,
Still conscious Virtue might support thy fate ;
Give Reason strength, thy passions to control—
Vice is not inborn ; drive it from thy soul !

Yet you reply,—“Though ample freedom's mine,
The fault of Evil still is half divine ;
If Heaven foresaw that, from the scope of choice,
Perversion, vice, and misery should rise ;
Why then on Man, if prone to good, bestow
The possibility of working wo !”

Ask not; 'tis answered: arrogantly blind
 To scan the secrets of the eternal Mind!
 If Heaven be just, then Reason tells us this—
 That Man, by merit, must secure his bliss.
 Cease, then, with Evil to upbraid the skies;
 That, to the vice of mortals, owes its rise;
 Is God to blame, if Man's inhuman heart
 Deny the boon that Pity should impart?
 If patriots to brutality should change,
 And grasp the lawless dagger of Revenge—
 If frantic murderers mingle from afar,
 To palliate carnage by the name of war—
 If pampered Pride disdain a sufferer's fate,
 And spurn imploring misery from her gate?
 No! Heaven hath placed Compassion in the breast
 The means are given—and ours is all the rest.

But what, to ease thy sorrow, shall avail
 For human lot the misanthropic wail?
 Since all complain, and all are vicious, too,
 Each hates the vile pursuit, but all pursue,
 Let actions, then, and not complaints prevail;—
 Let each his part withdraw, the whole shall fail.

PART III.—NATURAL EVILS.

Yet, grant that Error must result from choice,
 Still man has ills besides the ills of vice;
 Griefs unforeseen; Disease's pallid train;
 And Death, sad refuge from a world of pain!
 Disastrous ills each element attend,
 And certain woes with every blessing blend!

Lo! where the stream in quivering silver plays,
 There, slippery Fate upon its verge betrays;
 Yon sun, that feebly gilds the western sky,
 In warmer climes bids arid nature die.
 Disgusted Virtue quits her injured reign.
 Vice comes apace, and Folly leads her train!
 But not alone, if blissful all thy lot,
 Were Vice pursued, and Gratitude forgot.

Defects still further in the scheme we view,
Since Virtue, willing, scarce could man pursue.
Say, if each mortal were completely blest,
Where could the power of aiding wo exist?
If, at the gate, no suppliant sufferer stand,
Could e'er Compassion stretch her liberal hand?
Did never winter chill the freezing waste,
Could kindness e'er invite the shuddering guest?
What boots—if good the changeless lot of man—
The philanthropic wish, the patriot's plan?
Or what could goodness do? Nought else, 't is plain,
But rage to bridle, passion to restrain;
A virtue negative, scarce worth the name,—
Far from the due reward that generous actions claim.

Still less the scope of Fortitude we find,
Were pain dismissed, and Fortune ever kind.
The path of merit, then, let ills be viewed,
And own their power, if virtue be thy good.
Nor on that scheme let lawless wishes run,
Where vice had all her scope, and virtue none;
But rest contented with thy Maker's plan,
Who ills ordained, the means of good to man.
Nor, midst complaint of hardships, be forgot
The mingled pleasures of thy varied lot!

What, though the transient gusts of sorrow come—
Though passion vex, or penury benumb;
Still bliss, sufficient to thy hope, is given
To warm thy heart with gratitude to Heaven!
Still mortal Reason darts sufficient day
To guide thy steps, through life's perplexing way;
Still Conscience tells—'t is all we need to know—
"Virtue to seek, and vice to shun below."
Hear, then, the warnings of her solemn voice,
And seek the plaudit of a virtuous choice!

ODE TO MUSIC.

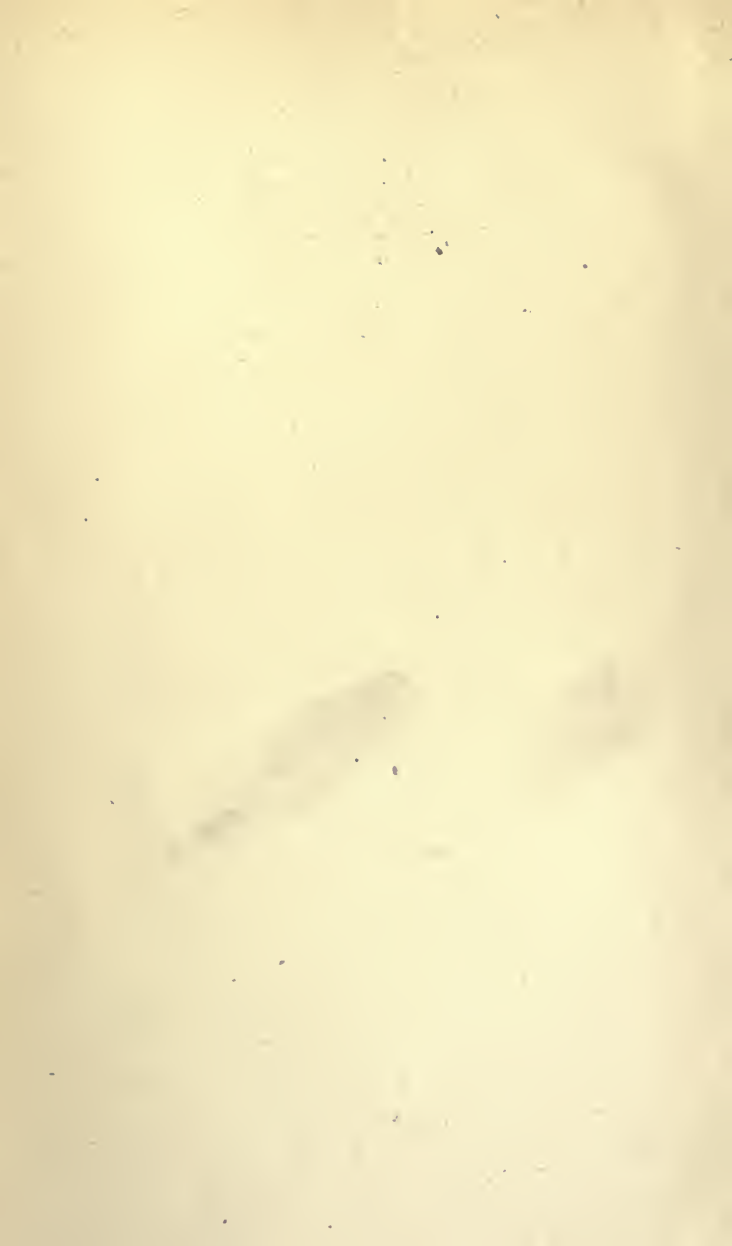
ALL-POWERFUL charmer of the soul,
Each mood of fancy formed to please;
To bid the wave of Passion roll,
Or tune the languid breast to ease.
Come, in thy native garb arrayed,
And pour the sweetly simple song:
And all the Muse's breast pervade,
And guide the fluent verse along.
What time the moon, with silver beam,
Shall sparkle on the light-blue lake;
And Hope with sympathetic gleam,
And silent pleasure, shall awake:
Then, as thy quivering notes resound
From lively pipe and mellow horn;
And quick-paced marches breathe around,
Shrill thro' the ringing valleys borne—
Then, swelled with every winding tone,
Tumultuous shall my heart rebound;
And ardor o'er my bosom thrown,
Shall kindle at the rising sound.
Or, oft at evening's closing hour,
When deeper purple dyes the cloud;
When Fancy haunts the silent bower,
And pensive thoughts the bosom crowd.
What time the softening zephyr flies,
Thy notes shall aid the gentle theme
That lonely Meditation tries,
And, grateful, soothe her placid dream.
Far from the world's assiduous throng,
Then let the mellow warbling flute,
In slow, sad numbers, pour the song,

The best this solemn hour may suit.
And thou, O Thomson,* skilled to 'wake
The wild notes Scotia loves so dear;
Oft let me these with thee partake,
And oft thy silver cadence hear!

1794.

* One of Campbell's classmates.

THE END.



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